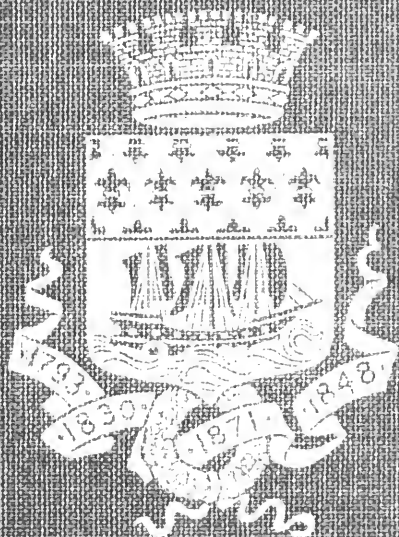


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The Red Republic

A Romance of the Commune

By ROBERT W. CHAMBERS

Author of "Lorraine," "The Maid at Arms,"
"The Conspirators," "Maids of Paradise,"
Etc.



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TO MY MOTHER.

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THE author's acknowledgments are due to MM. Philibert Audebrand, le Comte d'Hérisson, Jules Clère, Ferdinand Dugué, and Charles Virmaître, for their valuable volumes; also to "A 'Proscrit' of the Commune," for his "Truth about the Commune."

The author has also made use of information volunteered by his revolutionary friends of Belleville, La Villette, and the Faubourgs Montmartre and St. Antoine; but acknowledgements are especially due to certain good comrades of the XIXe Arrondissement.

Through the kindness of Geo. Haven Putnam, the author has been able to consult a copy of the official records of the Commune.

Occasionally the author has deemed it best to change the names of certain streets, and also of officers and battalions. The separation of the romance from the facts would leave the historical basis virtually accurate.

R. W. C.

“ Above the bayonets mixed and crossed
Men saw a gray gigantic ghost
Receding through the battle cloud,
And heard across the tempest loud
The death-cry of a nation lost !”

THE RED REPUBLIC.

CHAPTER I.

THE CAFÉ CARDINAL.

“**A**LL Englishmen are pigs!” observed a young man who stood swaying in the doorway of the Café Cardinal. Nobody replied to this criticism. The café was full. The young man advanced unsteadily to the centre of the long room and looked about for a seat. His lustreless eyes travelled from table to table until they became fixed on a group of people in the embrasure of one of the windows which opened on the rue des Écoles. Toward these people he shuffled, but when he laid a heavy hand on the shoulder of one, a woman, she cried out and shrank away. A man sitting beside her started up angrily, but sat down again when he saw who it was, and resumed his jaunty air.

“It’s Isidore Weser,” he chuckled.

Room was made at the marble-topped table.

“Sit down, Isidore,” said the jaunty man. “Your legs seem very, very tired.”

But Weser still stood swaying before the table,

turning his eyes from one to another; then he addressed each in turn: "Bon jour, Faustine, bon jour, Tribert, bon jour, Sarre, bon jour——"

"Sit down! Sit down!" said Tribert, impatiently.

Weser replied with a yell that drew the attention of the whole café. This seemed to be what he wanted. "When I came in," he explained, "I made a remark to which nobody paid the slightest attention. I advanced a proposition which called for comment. There was no comment." He paused, fixing a glassy eye on Landes, who from a distant table was looking curiously at him over the edge of a newspaper. "I will repeat my remark," he resumed. "All Englishmen are pigs!"

Landes half rose, hesitated a moment, and then sat down again. This seemed to amuse the jaunty man, whose name was Sarre.

"Certainly, Englishmen are pigs!" he cried, dragging Weser into a chair beside him, "and Izzy has religious scruples." His voice was perfectly audible to every one in the café. Several people laughed. Landes threw down his paper, and walked over to the group at the window.

"My name is Philip Landes," he said, looking straight at Sarre. "I am an American."

Sarre grinned, but before he could reply the girl beside him cried:

"They all know you are an American, Monsieur Landes. They mean *you* no discourtesy."

Sarre waved his hand jauntily.

"You must n't take offence. Weser's drunk, is n't he, Tribert?"

"All the same, I'm not fond of Americans," said Tribert, impudently.

"Shame!" cried the girl. "I, Faustine Courtois, say it. Pagot, Sarre, have you no excuse to offer Monsieur Landes?"

Pagot looked frightened, Sarre grinned, Georgias, the Greek, sneered openly. Landes waited.

"Sarre," he said at length, "I am waiting for your explanation."

"If I have said anything that might seem offensive, I am sorry, and withdraw it," grinned Sarre, emphasizing each word with a pat of his hand on his fat legs.

"And I," shouted Weser, struggling to his feet—"I tell you——"

"You tell me! Canaille!" cut in Landes, coldly.

Tribert dragged Weser back into his chair, and turned to meet the stern eyes of Landes. "I said nothing," he muttered, shifting his glance.

"I'm glad to hear it," said Landes.

At that moment a man approached the table, nodded to everybody, and sat down.

"Bon jour, Raoul," grunted Tribert.

The other acknowledged the greeting and, drawing a pair of glasses from a case, adjusted them and looked up at Landes. "Ah," he said, "it's Monsieur Landes. What's the trouble?"

"Monsieur Landes thinks we are not polite enough!" chuckled Sarre.

"And he will instruct us perhaps," said Raoul Rigault.

"If necessary," said Landes.

Rigault looked at him. "Americans are not favorites in Paris," he said brusquely.

"That," replied Landes, "is of no consequence to Americans."

"Who says Americans are not favorites in Paris?" demanded Faustine. "They are favorites with me."

Philip glanced at her kindly, but his eyes returned directly to Rigault. Rigault drew a paper from his pocket, and held it in his hand.

"Monsieur Landes," he began, "I have something to say to you."

"Whatever you say, Rigault," Philip answered, "don't forget that in the siege just over we Americans served with the ambulance corps and the American Minister was the only foreign representative in Paris who stuck to his post."

"Ah! Yes! The American Minister," said Rigault. "You may as well know what we Parisians think about your Minister——"

"I don't care a d—n what you Parisians think about our Minister," retorted Landes, "but I want to know what you mean, you Raoul Rigault, and you, André Sarre, both of you students of the Latin Quarter, by insulting a fellow student, a member of the Students Association?"

"Monsieur is right," said a tall young artillery officer at a neighboring table.

"What's that?" cried Rigault.

The officer rose leisurely, buttoned his astrakhan-trimmed dolman, and, picking up his sabre, snapped the clasp to the short silver chain which dangled from his sword belt. Then walking over to Landes,

he bowed, saying, "I, Monsieur, admire Americans," and with a pleasant salute to Faustine, turned his back on the rest and walked out.

Raoul Rigault's eyes glittered through his glasses. "En voilà un qu'il faut saigner," he muttered.

Disgusted with the whole scene, Philip turned to go also. Rigault sprang up and barred the way; his baby mouth under the thick, crisp beard looked moist and venomous. He began, speaking slowly at first, but before he had uttered half a dozen sentences he was snarling, his cheeks purple and swollen, his eyes growing paler and harder until they had lost every vestige of color, and were nothing but a malignant sparkle.

"You have been expelled from the Students Association, Monsieur Landes," he began, "and for this reason—you are an American. We want no Americans"—louder—"and no Prussians,"—still louder,—“do you understand me?” Here he burst into a roar. Sarre caught his arm.

"Give him the letter, Raoul," he said; "don't make a scene."

Raoul thrust the paper he had been holding at Philip, who took it mechanically, but Rigault, shaking off Sarre, went on violently:

"Your American Minister has taught us who are our enemies!—your Minister Washburn——"

"Are you crazy?" said Landes, astonished at this outburst.

"Rigault is right," growled Tribert.

"Am I crazy!" mimicked Rigault. "Do you want proofs? Did your Minister Washburn receive the

American papers during the siege? And did he erase with ink everything in them that could be of service to France before he would let them be seen by us?"

"He could not do otherwise," said Philip, gravely; "a Foreign Minister could not distribute to the garrison of a besieged town news which he was able to receive only through the courtesy of the besiegers." To cut short the violent and foolish scene, he would have turned away once more, but Rigault drowned his last words in a torrent of half-articulate blasphemy, out of which came distinctly the words, "American Minister, American students—paid Prussian spies!"

Without a sound, Landes sprang at him. Tribert jerked Rigault back against the wall, and shoved the table in front of him, while Monsieur Cardinal, alarmed for the crockery in his café, threw his arms around the American's waist, and shouted for the police. Landes struggled, white with passion, overturning tables and chairs, but Monsieur Cardinal held fast, while Sarre and Pagot each draped himself over an arm.

"Raoul Rigault," he said, between his gasps, "you lie! Let me go, Monsieur Cardinal! I will not touch him here,—let go, André Sarre, or I'll break your neck. On my honor I won't touch him, Monsieur Cardinal,—not here, to-night,—let me go, I tell you!"

"On your honor, Monsieur Landes?" whined Cardinal.

"I said it," panted Landes.

They released him, and the tumult in the café

died away as he took a step forward and faced Rigault.

“I’ll break my cane over your head, when next we meet, you mongrel liar! Keep out of my way, Sarre!—and you too, whatever your name is,” turning on Tribert, who scowled back in reply. “As for this canaille you call Weser, and this Greek here, who seems so ready with that thin knife he’s just slipped back into his pocket—pfui!” He made a gesture of disgust, and walked out into the street, trembling with excitement.

He crossed the Boulevard St. Michel, and entering Ferdinand’s ordered dinner, but when it was brought he felt too upset to eat, and drawing out the paper he had received from Rigault, he looked at it. It bore the seal of the French Students Association and was addressed :

MONSIEUR PHILIP LANDES,
Artiste Peintre,
École des Beaux Arts,
En Ville.

The black-eyed waitress who had served him for three years felt that something indeed serious must be the matter, when a young man who has just been through a siege of six months, living on government demi-rations of horse meat and straw bread, reads a letter before looking at the juicy Châteaubriand which a black-eyed waitress sets before him.

“Are you ill, Monsieur Landes?” she inquired.

“No,—oh, no,” he replied, smiling. “I’ll eat presently. Has Monsieur Ellice come in yet?”

Ellice entered as he spoke, with Ynès Falaise, and Landes rose to welcome them.

"Bon soir, Mlle. Ynès. Hello, Jack! Sit down here, I'm just beginning."

Ynès seated herself with a graceful shake of her fluffy skirts, and the two young men dropped into chairs on either side of her.

"Well," said Ellice, after the dinner was ordered, "any news?"

"Nothing of interest," replied Landes, thinking of the scene just past in the Café Cardinal. "What do the evening papers say?"

"Whatever they say, they don't say it in English," observed Mlle. Falaise, whom that language bored. The young men laughed and begged her pardon, then chatted on in French.

"They still keep talking about that mysterious Central Committee," said Ellice. "What is the Central Committee, Ynès?"

"Politics!" cried the girl. "What a pity, before dinner!"

"Ynès is of Lewis Carroll's mind," said Ellice. "Politics to-morrow, politics yesterday, but never politics to-day."

"Then give me a glass of that Chambertin," she said evasively, "and talk your politics by and by with Monsieur Philip."

"I have heard of the Comité Central every day since the surrender," persisted Landes. "What is it, anyway? Who compose it?"

"Do you know," interrupted Ynès, "that the Prussians stole all the cuckoo clocks in the Champs Élysées quarter?"

“ Ah, bah ! ” laughed Ellice. “ Every one knows they behaved themselves very well while they were in Paris.”

“ But they stole the cuckoo clocks,” persisted Mlle. Falaise,—“ the barbarians ! ”

“ Barbarians as much as you like,” said Ellice, “ and their native tongue——”

“ And their French ! I suppose they ’d call it the Gomidé Zendrale,” mimicked Mlle. Falaise, making her mouth very round.

“ Jack,” said Landes, “ I ’ll tell you all I know about the Central Committee. Do you remember last month, while the peace was being arranged, a placard was stuck all over the walls,—a big, square, red placard, blood-red ? ”

“ Yes, I remember it.”

“ It ’s a wonder you do, considering the thousands of placards of every shape and color that we used to see pasted up every day during the siege.”

“ Oh, I remember this one. It said the National Guard had elected the ‘ undersigned ’ as a Committee to intervene in the situation.”

“ Yes, and they declared they would intervene in the name of three hundred thousand citizens. It is n’t a small detail, three hundred thousand citizens. And the ‘ undersigned ’ were sixteen names absolutely unknown, unless you except that fellow Assi, who came into prominence during the Creuzot troubles. Well, that was the beginning of the Comité Central. Nobody paid the slightest attention to it then. So far as I know, no one does now, and yet it seems to be there, all the same. What is it, what does it want, Ynès ? ”

“What the Comité Central wants,” said Ynès, impaling and eating a single pea, “is the Republic. That’s what I want also.”

“It’s what all France wants,” said Ellice.

“Except Monsieur Thiers,” said the girl, scornfully.

“Well, yes, I’d like to know what Monsieur Thiers wants too, while I’m asking for information,” yawned Ellice.

“What he wants,” flashed out Ynès, “is to insult Paris. First he holds the National Assembly at Bordeaux, and then he carries it to Versailles! Imbecile!”

“He said he did n’t want to go there,” said Landes. “Versailles is the city of kings,” he said.

“Oh, pour celà, Versailles is well enough, said Ynès. “It’s only a suburb of Paris now, thanks to the railroad. But Monsieur Thiers blows hot and cold with the same mouth, that is my opinion,” she added, with a gay smile, and held out her glass to touch Philip’s.

They pledged the Republic, and, at her command, drank confusion to all Germans, “and may their stolen cuckoo clocks go wrong forever,” said Ellice.

Ynès kissed her hand to him, and made him a compliment on his esprit, but Landes harked back to the first theme.

“This Central Committee bothers me,” he said. “What common end holds them together? Are they afraid Thiers will betray the Republic? Are they—is it the Commune they are after?”

“The Commune,” murmured Ellice. “That would mean Thermidor!” Their eyes met, they looked at Ynès, who was sipping an ice. Her pretty teeth showed in a careless smile, a fluffy mass of silk and lace framed her pointed foot. She glanced aside, caught them looking at her, and became injured and expostulatory.

“Mais, mon Dieu! What is this? Politics, politics, always politics! And that is how you make yourselves agreeable to ladies, you Americans!”

“Would Mademoiselle perhaps find this more amusing?” smiled Philip, handing her the letter which he had kept beside his plate. “Read it too, Jack,” he added.

Ellice leaned over with a “pardon, Ynès,” and glanced at the paper which she unfolded. When he saw its contents he started back and stared at Landes. “What in thunder!” he exclaimed, “where did you get that?”

“From Raoul Rigault, just now in the Café Cardinal. He was there with André Sarre and a miscellaneous collection of scum that I never saw before. He made a nasty scene and then handed me this. He said it was because I was an American——”

“Ah, bah!” said Ynès, angrily.

“Well, did you say anything to him?” asked Jack.

“I started to make a few suitable remarks, but had to desist because of the shrieks of old Cardinal.”

“Raoul Rigault knows all about the Comité Central,” observed Ynès, in a low voice.

“Oh, he does. I thought as much.”

After a short silence Landes resumed.

“Do you remember, Jack, how they celebrated the twenty-fourth of February in the Place de la Bastille, last month?”

“I did n’t see it but I heard about it.”

“What would you say was the prominent feature in that celebration?”

“If you like to call a prominent feature what was the only feature,” mocked Ynès, recovering her gaiety, “I should say La Garde Nationale.”

“Well, I watched the whole business,” Philip went on, “from six in the morning till six in the evening the battalions of the National Guard passed without intermission, bands playing, bugles and drums, and officers at their head. They carried wreaths of immortelles, tied with crape and red ribbons, and placed them around the statue of Liberty in the Place de la Bastille. During the next five days a hundred and fifty battalions came and did the same thing. Each one did exactly as all the rest. The delegates, preceded by drummers and buglers or by bands, with their officers and flags, entered through the gate opposite the rue Saint-Antoine and passed around the column inside the railing. The commissaires wore a red cocarde. When they halted, these fellows in red took the wreaths and flags, each inscribed with the number of the company and battalion, and placed them before the pedestal. Then the commandant uncovered, the drums beat the long roll, the bands played a patriotic air, and everybody shouted, ‘Vive la République!’ Usually an officer made a speech, which always began in the same way, something like this: ‘The people of Paris,

honoring the memory of those illustrious victims who died in defending Liberty, mean to defend the Republic to the death.' ”

“ They kept up their parades too,” said Ellice, “ every day, and toward the end of the month they grew rather—rather menacing, I thought——”

“ More patriotic, you mean,” interposed Mademoiselle Ynès.

“ Well,” said Landes, “ I heard an officer of the 238th battalion say : ‘ Monopolists and tyrants think the people under age, but sometimes the people wake up and claim their majority unexpectedly. We speak,’ he said, ‘ of ’93, of 1830 and ’48 ; who knows if our children will not add to these, 1871 ? ’ I thought it was only blow at the time but now I ’m not so sure.”

“ After all,” said Ellice, “ this National Guard is a pretty poor organization, seems to me. They only grew war-like after the Prussians had left Paris. I ’d back one regiment of the Line against the whole two hundred and fifty battalions of the National Guard.”

“ They certainly have a fondness for blowing bugles and it is very tiresome,” laughed Ynès, “ but I think they are good republicans.”

“ Blowing bugles and parading,” repeated Ellice, “ they parade every day and all day.”

“ Yes,” said Landes drily, “ and the other day they paraded their cannon out of sight.”

“ Out of sight ? ” cried the girl. “ Oh, pas du tout ! They are quite easy to be seen winking and blinking in the sun up on Montmartre. You must take me up there to-morrow, Jack, every one is going.”

“ Now, see how these Parisians play with danger,” said Landes. “ Do you think it amusing that an organized militia seizes two hundred and fifty odd pieces of cannon from the park in the Cours-la-Reine and drags them up to the heights of Montmartre and trains them on the city ? ”

“ It was to save them from being handed over to the Germans,” said Ynès ; “ Thiers would have given them up to Bismarck.”

“ Oh, never ! ” protested Landes.

“ Pardon,” murmured Ynès, obstinately.

Landes smiled and waived the question.

“ Anyway, Ynès,” said Jack Ellice, “ you must confess it ’s making pretty free with government property.”

“ Pardon,” said Mademoiselle Falaise again and set her pretty teeth. “ The cannon belong to the National Guard. Every soldier in each battalion gave something toward paying for them, so did the families and friends of the soldiers. I gave ten francs, all I had at the time. They were built during the siege for the National Guard and paid for as I have just told you. They don’t belong to the government at all ! ” and Mademoiselle tossed her head and looked very decided.

“ All the same, Thiers ought to have shown spirit enough to prevent their removal and placing where they are. It ’s a menace pure and simple,” said Ellice.

“ Who gave the order for their removal ? ” inquired Landes, picking up a pear and smiling at Ynès’ impatience of their seriousness.

“The Central Committee,” she answered.

“Precisely! And the Parisians say that the Central Committee does not exist! And Montmartre bristles with artillery which could lay Paris in ashes, and you think it a good joke. The illustrated papers make caricatures about it. If Thiers is n’t a fool, he’ll send a Line regiment up there to fetch them within the next twenty-four hours.”

“Monsieur Thiers is a nobody,” announced Mademoiselle Falaise. “Monsieur Ellice, are you going to take me to the theatre?”

They all rose. Landes walked with the others to the door, and they stood a moment chatting on the Boulevard St. Michel, then crying: “Au revoir! À demain donc!” they separated, Landes turning up toward the Luxembourg Gardens, and Ellice, escorting Mademoiselle Falaise to the Folies-St-Antoine, where she had a speaking part in the new farce, “Paris Upside Down,” and was receiving fifty francs a week and some applause.

CHAPTER II.

PHILIP ACTS AS ESCORT.

AFTER taking leave of Jack and Ynès, Philip walked slowly up the St. Michel and sat down on a Boulevard bench. Mechanically he took off his hat to enjoy the spring breeze.

“The first soft air,” he thought to himself, “that has entered the sad city, since her gates closed in autumn and the state of siege was proclaimed.” This started several trains of thought at once, which he followed, not because he wanted to, but because they persisted, getting themselves more or less mixed up and intertwined as trains of thought will; the scene in Café Cardinal, the talk with Jack and Ynès, and now this first touch of returning spring, reminding him of light-hearted springtimes that came and went before the troubles began.

It was the 16th day of March, 1871.

On the 20th of January preceding, General Trochu, Governor of Paris, had lost his last battle under the walls, and had published the following despatch :

NOTICE !

IT IS NOW URGENTLY NECESSARY TO SEND A FLAG OF TRUCE TO SÈVRES, DEMANDING AN ARMISTICE OF TWO DAYS, FOR THE REMOVAL OF THE WOUNDED, AND THE BURIAL OF THE DEAD.

WAGONS, STOUTLY BUILT AND WELL EQUIPPED, ARE WANTED, ALSO THE LARGEST POSSIBLE NUMBER OF STRETCHERS.

LOSE NO TIME, BUT WORK !

Landes went out with the American ambulance. Before he returned, Paris had surrendered.

Poor General Trochu! In the beginning he had cried, "The Governor of Paris will not surrender!" but hunger, bitter cold, and a dissatisfied public told heavily on the resolution of the Governor of Paris. *Sortie* after *sortie* failed to break the ring of German bayonets. The people clamored for another and still another effort. He sent out thousands of men to face their fate. They went gladly. Few of them ever returned. Yet even when the shattered remnants of their troops crept back through the gates of the fortifications, the people cried, "The Governor of Paris must not surrender!"

On the 21st of January, the people read in placards on the walls that the Government of National Defence had decided to separate the offices of Commander-in-chief of the Army and President of the Government, that General Vinoy was appointed Commandant of the Army of Paris, that the title and functions of Governor of Paris were suppressed,

and that General Trochu was to remain President of the Government.

On the 1st day of March, as the morning bells sounded eight o'clock, the first German of the advanced guard passed the fortifications of Neuilly. At half-past ten, the German army being massed on the meadow of Longchamps, the Crown Prince passed along the cheering lines. At ten minutes to eleven, the cheers rolled out in a deafening "*Hoch dem König!*" and King William galloped across the meadow to the windmill, where his son was waiting to receive him. Then all the splendid German bands crashed out with the hymn "*Heil dir in Siegeskranz!*"

The echo of that triumphant music was still sounding in Paris over the Seine, among the shell-torn houses of the left bank, and in the bitter hearts of the people. Landes heard it, now, as he sat musing, his eyes bent on his cane, with which he was absently beating a tattoo on the curb.

"Monsieur Philip," whispered a voice behind him. He swung around and jumped up.

"Faustine!" he exclaimed "What's the matter? What are you crying for?"

At first she would do nothing but lean against a tree and sob quietly. After a while he persuaded her to sit down, and then lighting a cigarette, he waited for her to speak when she should be ready. He knew she would not have come to him if she had not had something to say.

The Place de Medici was not well lighted. The petroleum lamps, which had hung from the gilded

iron railing of the Luxembourg Gardens during the siege were now removed, and the gas burned dimly, at long intervals, on some of the gas posts. The light from the Café d'Iena on the opposite side of the Boulevard St. Michel illumined the fountain in the Place de Medici, but hardly penetrated to the Gardens. Under the black arcades of the Odéon, a lantern or two glimmered feebly. Few people passed; no one paid the slightest attention to them. A woman's sobs could scarcely attract attention in a city which for six months had heard little else. Landes smoked and waited, still beating a gentle tattoo on the curbstone.

After a while, Faustine stopped crying and sat up, drying her eyes, and arranging her veil. Then he leaned toward her with a pleasant, "anything I can do for you, Faustine?"

"Nothing," she smiled, but her lip trembled; "nothing, unless you can bring back old times, Monsieur Philip."

"Oh, they'll come back all right," he said cheerfully, not in the least believing it. "It will be just the same when the chestnuts are in blossom—our own set, you know, when we can get together again, you, Ynès, Jack Ellice, Georges Carrière——"

"Killed at Champigny!"

"I forgot," said Landes, soberly. "Well, there are Alfred d'Aunay, and Armand Rivière——"

"Armand! Oh, Monsieur Philip, he was sabred by the Prussians!"

"I never heard that," Landes said, and then there was a long silence.

“Everyone—everything is changed, is changing,” she began again. “Friends are no longer friends, comrades turn on one, people one would not have spoken to in the old days give orders now, and—strike!” Her voice was very low and full of bitter resentment. Landes looked up sharply, as if he would ask a question, but changed his mind and waited.

“No,” she went on, “I shall never be happy again. Do you remember how gay we were here in the Quarter, Francine and Wyeth Vernon, Mariette and Georges Carrière;—then you, Jack Ellice, Ynès Falaise, and I, who were nothing but good comrades and oh! so happy!” She laid a gloved hand on his arm.

“My poor Philip, don’t you understand? That is all over. Can you make this the same city it was then? Can you make us the same people we were then? Can you bring Georges back from the field of Champigny,—and the smile to Mariette’s eyes? If one dragged the bottom of the Loiret, there would be Armand with a sabre cut across his face. And when we go down the rue de Bac, we pass the place where Francine was killed by a shell,—you saw her lying in the street with her pretty gray jacket all ripped and splashed;—Wyeth Vernon was walking so near her, that his sleeve was drenched with her blood. He used to blush when she called him stupid, and follow her about everywhere. He does n’t know what to do with himself now. You may see him any day on a bench in the Gardens there. I tell you,” she went on excitedly, “the shadow of the

Prussian eagle wraps the city still, and his talons are in my heart !”

“ Oh ! Oh ! Come, Faustine, not so tragic,” said Landes, speaking very gently. “ And by the way, I don’t wonder you think the decent people are all dead, if you take up with the sort I saw you with to-day.”

“ Yes ! Why do I lower myself to become the comrade of such men as Sarre and Rigault, I, Faustine Courtois !”

“ That ’s what I want to know,” he replied sharply.

“ Because they are Revolutionists,” she cried recklessly. “ Because they plot——”

“ À la Grande Duchesse,” put in Landes.

She checked herself and asked quietly, “ my poor Philip, do you think it is a farce ? ”

“ I think that anything Sarre and Rigault manage will be a farce fit for the Palais Royal. But that is not the point at present. Low as they are, their friends are lower. What is a girl like you doing in the company of a creature like Tribert ? ”

Faustine hung her head.

“ I thought I could endure him because he works for the Republic, and I hate—mon Dieu, how I hate the Empire—the Germans and Thiers. I had nothing else to give, so I gave myself.”

“ That was a mistake.” Landes spoke very dryly. His tone seemed to sting Faustine beyond endurance.

“ A mistake,” she cried, “ and what will you call it when I tell you that to-day he struck me ? ”

Philip was silent. “ Faustine,” he said at length, “ this is dropping pretty low.”

She began to sob again, violently.

“When did the creature strike you, and why?” he demanded.

“This evening, after I—we had gone home.”

“But why,” insisted Philip.

“Because I took your part in the *Café Cardinal* to-day, and because of something I said last night.”

“What did you say?”

“I told them——”

“Them?”

“Yes. Rigault, Sarre, Tribert, and the rest, that the Revolution would never prosper on crimes like those they were planning. He said he would beat me if I said that again, and to-night he did so.”

Landes listened, shocked beyond measure. “What crimes, Faustine?”

For answer she only wept and kept repeating, “I am not a traitress! but neither am I a thief,” and he could get nothing else from her. Presently he said: “You and crime! My poor Faustine! I never thought of you and crime together.”

“C'est bien!” she cried hysterically. “If you call robbing the Bank of France to get money for the Revolution a crime, then you may call me what you will; for when they talked of that, I did not oppose them. And they'll do it, too, some day. But when it comes to picking pockets, and murdering old men——”

“What's that?” cried Landes.

“Oh, do you think they would stop at that? It was Tribert who planned it, and then I told him I

hated him, and then—the rest happened. He struck me,—that canaille !”

“And the murder?—”

“Yes, of your friend’s father, Colonel the Count de Brassac !”

Landes stood up.

“This is too much,” he said sternly.

Faustine winced at his tone, and her head sank lower than ever.

“It is that I came to warn you,” she said humbly.

“Go on,” he said, and again she shrank at his tone. She spoke from that moment in a suppressed voice of intense suffering. Philip remembered afterward, but at the time he was wholly preoccupied with what she had to tell him.

“Go on, Faustine,” he repeated.

She began in a dull, mechanical voice, but clearly :

“Colonel the Count de Brassac, father of Victor de Brassac, your friend, n’est ce pas?—who won the Prix de Rome and died three years ago—”

“Well?”

“Colonel de Brassac led the cavalry at Klarbrunnen, and was taken prisoner. He was paroled to his home in Chartres. Three days ago he arrived in Paris. You know all this?”

“Yes, I know it. His arrival was in all the papers.”

“Last night, Sarre came to us in the Café Cardinal, and took us to his own place. There he told us that the Count de Brassac had brought with him some family jewels to place for safe keeping in the Bank of France. He would not tell us how he knew it, but he said the Count was very careless with the

jewels, carrying them in a small bag in his pocket, and often going out alone. Then Tribert said it would be very easy to rob him, and that he had better be killed too, as that would make less trouble."

"I shall warn Colonel de Brassac!" said Philip, contemptuously.

"It is what I wished. But I am not a traitress, I am not!"

Landes was so preoccupied with disgust and indignation, as well as alarm, that he failed to notice her painful self-defence, but he recalled it afterward.

"Mazas and the guillotine will find your friends all in good time, Faustine. Meanwhile, had n't you better cut loose from them?"

"I must go back to them," she replied doggedly, "and work for the Republic; without crime and Tribert if I can, with them if I must. Dear Monsieur Philip," she broke out pitifully, "you stare at me so strangely!"

Landes looked at her, puzzled. How changed she was. The associate of criminals?—he could not believe it. Yet if she was indeed that, why did she betray them? Was it revenge for the blow? If so, the revenge was worthy of the company she kept. The thought sickened him. She read it in his eyes, turned very pale, and rose.

"No," she said gently, "you are wrong. It is not revenge. I have told you because the Count de Brassac is your friend, and you are Philip Landes,—whom I love!"

Landes started and stepped back. "Nonsense!" he began, but Faustine was already hurrying away.

He stood and watched her while she crossed the Boulevard St. Michel, and turned into the rue Souflot. He believed she had told the truth, both about the facts and her motive for revealing them. For one thing, Faustine never lied. He could see that, for the time at least, Faustine loved him, but that did not strike him as of much importance. He was used to the caprices of Latin-Quarter girls, and being of a healthy mind, he did not regard them very seriously as a rule. He had never cared for one of her kind, except in the way of good comradeship. Looking now after Faustine, he felt for one moment a touch of the tenderness which always moves a man toward a woman who loves him,—unless she interferes with his love for some other woman. The feeling was gone before she had disappeared, hurrying down the rue Souflot, but he stood a moment longer, musing upon the gay times which she had just reminded him could never be recalled, and thinking regretfully how she was changed for the worse. Six months ago she had been a girl of the Quarter, educated, clever, charming, full of gaiety, never sentimental, a perfect comrade for a young student occupied in making day and night a masterpiece of pleasure as he understood it. Landes had inherited healthy blood, and his idea of pleasure did not include the craving ache of vice, but it did include an undue proportion of childish play. He found perfect satisfaction for some of his needs in galloping through Meudon woods, in fishing the still pools of the Caillette, in romping over the fragrant meadows of Versailles.

Faustine galloped, fished, and romped, yet she was never vulgar, never tiresome, she never lost a certain dainty politeness, even when she lost her temper. He supposed she had various affairs about which he knew nothing, and cared less, but for him she was merely an excellent playmate, in those days when he was still a boy at heart.

Sometimes he found his reputation for morality a little irksome in the Quarter, where good morals and white blackbirds are equally rare. He chafed a little now and then, when it became too evident that St. Anthony was considered to be nowhere compared with him, but hard work in the *École des Beaux Arts*, and hard play outside of the school, left him not much interest for what others were saying of him. And now he stood watching Faustine as she disappeared down the *rue Soufflot*, and it seemed a dream that less than one year ago life had been so young and irresponsible and gay.

Throwing away his cigarette, he sighed and buttoned his overcoat close, for the spring balm was gone from the air, and the night winds were rising. Walking swiftly down the *rue de Medici*, he turned the corner of the *rue de Vaugirard* to the *Odéon*, and entered the telegraph office in the *Palais du Sénat*. Taking up some blanks, he began to compose a message, then stopped short. It rushed upon him all at once that he had not the *Count de Brassac's* address. He had forgotten to ask it, and Faustine had suddenly broken away without remembering to tell him if she knew it. The *hôtel* where the family had formerly lived when in Paris had

been sold since Victor's death, followed very shortly by the death of his mother. The old Count and his daughter had been living at Chartres when the war began, and Landes had not an idea where the Count would be stopping now. His eye fell on the military operator who was looking sharply at him, and he promptly walked into the inner office, and saluted this gentleman with one of those bows which a Frenchman knows how to perform and to appreciate. When in excellent French Landes asked for the address of Colonel the Count de Brassac, Thirtieth Hussars of the Guard, Division d'Hericourt, late prisoner of war at Klarbrunnen, the operator was no longer suspicious, and politely begged him to wait. He brought out a bulky volume, and ran over the pages, Landes watching him with interest, a sentry with loaded chassepot peering in at Landes through the barred window.

"Monsieur le Comte de Brassac is domiciled at Chartres, subject to orders from General Vinoy," he said, after a long search.

"But I know that," said Landes, "he came to Paris recently, and I thought you might be able to tell me where I could get his address. The operator set the keys clicking. Almost immediately answering clicks came back, and he reappeared at the post-office window.

"I have telegraphed to the Ministry of War," he said; "Colonel de Brassac has just left General Vinoy to return to his hôtel in the rue Faublas, Number 13."

"Ah! Then I know the house well. Many

thanks, mon capitaine," and with another ceremonious salute Landes departed, leaving the official thoroughly delighted at having been mistaken for a captain by such a distinguished gentleman.

Philip crossed the street, and, entering the rue Monsieur le Prince, cut through the rue des Mauvais Ménages, crossed the Impasse Lombard, and turned up the rue Faublas.

Four years ago his friend of the Atelier, Victor de Brassac, had invited him to spend the Christmas holidays with his family in the little hôtel there on the corner. One year later Victor died in Rome, at the Villa Medici. Landes had attended his friend's funeral at St. Sulpice, and had been affectionately received by his friend's parents when he went to them afterward. But in a few days they left for Nice, and soon after the mother died. Only the Count was left and his daughter Jeanne. They went to live at Chartres, and Philip had never seen them since.

Landes walked slowly up to the gate and rang the bell. The same old porter came toddling out of his lodge, and admitted him into the court, where a servant met and led him through the garden, and into the house.

When the servant had gone away with his card, Landes stood and looked about the drawing-room. It had never been refurnished. There stood the same piano where Victor's young sister Jeanne, home for her school holidays, had played her little convent pieces, but there was no warm glow of a sea-coal fire in the empty grate, and in the light

from a single lamp the familiar colors looked pale and faded. The Colonel entered, and Landes was shocked at the change in him. He had grown old and white and small. His uniform glittered on him like a jewelled case on a mummy. He came to Philip with both hands outstretched.

"My son's friend! You are welcome, Monsieur Landes." Then they sat down and spoke of Victor and the Prix de Rome and his first envoi, of his death, and of his mother's death.

"My wife died of a broken heart," said the Colonel.

"I know it, Monsieur le Comte," said Philip, and they were silent, looking sadly at each other in the faded room.

"And Mademoiselle de Brassac?" said Philip, after a while; "happily, she escaped the siege. I hope she is well."

"My daughter is well, and is with me in Paris, though not at this hôtel. I sold it at the time, and we have lived ever since at Chartres. But the present owner, who lives in London since the troubles, placed the house at my disposal, when I returned to Paris. But I only come here sometimes from the War Office, because it is so near. The house is too full of memories for my little girl. Jeanne and I are stopping in the Hôtel Perret in the Place Pigalle, but we return to Chartres on the 18th of March, the day after to-morrow. All our friends are gone from Paris. There is not one left to whom I could confide Jeanne, and she can't be here alone. Come to us before we go. Come to Chartres when

you can, to the Château de Brassac." And then they spoke of war, of humiliation and disaster and defeat, of the siege and its horrors, the insubordination of the National Guard, the removal of the cannon, and what it threatened.

All this time Landes had been wondering how he should say what he had come to say. He felt his youth, and had a horror of seeming officious. He cast about in his mind for a way to approach the subject, and ended by going straight to the point.

"Count de Brassac," he said, standing up, "I heard an hour ago that you are in personal danger. Some ruffians have learned, or think they have, that you carry about with you some valuable diamonds, and they have planned to waylay and rob you."

The Count rose too. "That is true," he said quietly, "however it has become known. I did bring a small bag of diamonds up with me to deposit in the Bank of France. They are about all Jeanne will have at my death. I have almost nothing else left except the Château, and old châteaux don't bring much in the market nowadays," he added, rather bitterly. "There were two attempts at burglary made at our house in Chartres, showing some one knew they were there, so I came up to Paris with them."

"But, pardon!—it is such a risk to carry them about."

"I did not mean to. I have tried twice already to see the Marquis de Ploeuc of the Bank of France. To-night I have an appointment to meet him at the Luxembourg. Perhaps he will receive and put them somewhere in safe keeping to-night; if not, to-

morrow they will be deposited in the Bank of France."

"The sooner the better," said Landes, unable quite to restrain his impatience. "The criminal element here is growing more openly threatening than I have ever seen it. I never before encountered, in all Paris, so many hang-dog faces as I now meet daily in the Latin Quarter. Pardon, Count, but, indeed, it is not safe to carry these jewels on your person. You see there are already some thieves and cut-throats who know about them."

"So it appears," said the old soldier, dryly. "Would it interest you to look at what Messieurs the pickpockets find so desirable?" He drew a small leather bag from the pocket of his dolman and handed it to Philip. "Open it," he said, smiling. A small cascade of flashing stones fell on to a table beside them. The gems were large and of splendid lustre. The sight increased Landes' uneasiness and he ventured to press his warning more urgently.

"Well," said the Count, "I confess I cannot feel that there is really any danger, but if there is, it will soon be over. Either to-night, or to-morrow at the latest, they will be in safe keeping. And, pardon me, but it only wants a quarter of the hour when I must be at the Luxembourg."

"Will you let me accompany you?"

"With the greatest pleasure. I shall be delighted to have your company,—one moment to change my uniform. But first permit me—" and he offered Landes a glass of wine from a tray the servant placed before him. They bowed to each other and

drank in silence. As the Count set down his glass, he said once more: "Monsieur, you were my son's friend." He excused himself and withdrew, quickly returning in a simple fatigue jacket without a sword belt. Philip noted this, but as a young man and a civilian he felt it impossible to say anything; besides he could not but hope that the Colonel would at least have a revolver in his pocket. All the more that now he saw how few precautions of that sort his old friend was inclined to take, he regretted bitterly his own habit of going unarmed.

They traversed the court, and, passing through the gate, entered the dark street. It was quite deserted. They walked along in silence, the Colonel's spurs ringing faintly with the rhythmic tap of Landes' cane. A single gas jet illuminated the rue Faublas, but when they turned into the narrow Impasse Lombard not a ray of light remained. The tall old houses were closed and silent; the stream of water running along the gutter rippled like a mountain brook in the silence.

"Do I walk too fast?" asked Philip.

"No, my child," said the old officer, and his voice showed that he was smiling. "Do you think I am a pensionnaire of the Invalides?"

"Not after Klarbrunnen," began Philip, but just then they had reached the corner of the rue des Mauvais-Ménages, and he stopped short.

"Well, mon enfant?" inquired the Colonel, striding ahead.

"I thought we were followed," said Landes, peering back into the darkness.

“I thought so too,” said the Colonel.

They went on quietly but heard nothing except their own footsteps. They reached the rue Monsieur le Prince.

“How dark it looks,” murmured Landes, “and not a thing stirring, not even a cat.”

“You ate all the tabbies last winter,” began the Colonel, laughing. Philip laid a hand on his arm.

“There come the steps again, always on the opposite side of the street.” They stared into the shadows behind them. “You have your revolver?” said Landes.

“No, I have not. I am to blame Philip, but you——?”

“No, I never carry one, and to-night I did not know that one would be needed. I came to you on very short notice,—the moment I was warned myself. But my stick is heavy——”

“I am to blame,” repeated the old soldier; “it was a foolish act to leave the revolver. But I think after all we were mistaken. Listen, we are not followed.” They listened; not a step could be heard. They turned into the rue Monsieur le Prince; that was better lighted, and a few people were afoot there. Landes drew a long breath as they came in sight of the gilded iron railing of the Luxembourg. “Now!” he thought, but to his amazement the Count kept straight on, and entered the Gardens by the gate of the Fountain of Marie de Medici. Landes followed, protesting earnestly.

“Mon Dieu!” said the Count, laughing, “what would you have? It is the short cut.”

“But it is only a few moments longer by the street,” urged Landes, “and these trees are too thick for a dark night.”

“Not for young eyes like yours and mine,” persisted the old soldier, and Philip chafed to hear the smile in his voice. But he followed without another word, and they crossed together the strip of turf which separates the shrub-grown path from the long, square pool of the fountain. Here gigantic sycamores threw their shadow on the gravel, and a thicket of shrubs, dense, although leafless, cast a deep gloom over the shallow reaches of the pool.

“There are the barracks,” said the Count, taking off his fatigue cap, and passing a handkerchief over his forehead. “Mon Dieu! How you walk, Monsieur the American. Have all the young men in America legs like that?”

Landes did not answer. His eyes were fixed on the thicket close behind him. Quick as a flash he raised his stick and at the same moment Sarre felled him from behind.

When he recovered consciousness, and the roaring in his ears had partly died away, he heard Tribert's voice very near:

“Throw that American into the water. No, don't search him. I did that. What the devil are you doing, Sarre? Leave the Count alone.” Then he swore frightfully, cursing Sarre and Georgias by name.

“The Count did n't have the diamonds on him, after all,” snarled Georgias, delivering a kick at Landes' body.

“You lie, you bungling Greek! I tell you I heard them fall into the water.”

“If you would look more carefully in his clothes,”—suggested Sarre, with an anxious snicker.

“Oh, you make me sick, you scented, fat-headed bungler! The bag fell into the water, I heard it. I told you to keep him away from the edge. Unless Pagot comes back with that light pretty d——d quick, we ’ll lose the diamonds, and if he does come, they ’ll see it at the corps de garde and be down on us. Georgias, do you hear? Help me drop this American pork overboard.”

“On the bag of diamonds,” giggled Sarre, nervously. “Only wait till Pagot brings a light. Damn the lazy fool, why don’t he hurry? Shall I slip my knife into the American? He ’s breathing and trying to turn over,” said Georgias.

“Yes,” muttered Tribert, “stick him deep behind the ear.—Hark!—is that Pagot?”

“Qui vive?”

“Friends,” stammered Georgias.

“Halt!” shouted a voice behind them, with a rattle of accoutrements and the stamp of horses’ hoofs.

“The cavalry!” whispered Tribert. “They are on the grass among the trees. Stick the American!—stick the American, quick! What are you shaking for?—idiot! fool!—Give me the knife!—Give it, I say!”

“Advance three paces, friends of France,” came the order close beside them.

Tribert seized the knife. A lantern flashed in his face.

“À l’assassin!” “À l’assassin!” came the startled cry of the vedette, and bang! bang! bang! rang the cavalry carbines, while the drums crashed out in the guard-house below, and a bugle sent the echoes flying among the trees.

“Au secours!” gasped Landes, and fainted dead away.

“Cochon!” panted Tribert, hurling the knife at his throat. “Attrape ton secours!”

* * * * *

Lights were dancing before Philip’s eyes when consciousness returned again, and tall figures moved slowly about him, in apparently aimless circles. After a while his mind grew clearer, and he began to remember. Then a sudden fear chilled him and he tried to rise on his elbow.

“The Count,” he said weakly. “Where is the Count de Brassac?”

The moving figures seemed to be struck motionless. Some one brought a light close to him, and he saw that he was lying on a military cot covered with soldiers’ blankets. He was in a big gray room and all about him soldiers moved. Their motion and the light pained his eyes, and his head ached as if the skull would fly into splinters.

A white-haired officer came, and another, a surgeon, readjusted a bandage about his throat, and laid something cool over his eyes and forehead.

“Can you speak?” asked the officer.

“Yes,” said Landes, but his own voice jarred his head, and the jar sickened him.

“You were attacked. Do you remember how?”

“I was with the Count de Brassac. He stopped a moment by the fountain to rest. He was laughing because I walked so fast. Then—then I don’t remember—oh, yes—something looked out from the thicket—the face of a thief—Tribert. I struck at him with my cane—then—then—I don’t remember.” The pain was severe and he had to stop and wait until the throbbing of his brain subsided a little.

“What is his name, the man you saw in the thicket?”

“Tribert.”

“Where does he live?”

“I don’t know. I have seen him in the *Café Cardinal*. There were other—other thieves. I heard them talking when I lay on the ground.”

“Who were the others?”

“Georgias, the Greek; André Sarre, student in the *École de Médecine*; and a man they called Pagot.”

“Who are you?”

“Philip Landes, citizen of the United States, living at 70 rue Notre Dame, student of painting in the *École des Beaux Arts*.” Pain forced him to stop again.

“Make one more effort,” said the officer. “There is no danger?”—turning to the surgeon.

“Oh, no, he is not badly injured. There is no fracture, and the knife only grazed the skin of his throat, but the pain confuses him.”

“Try, again then, Monsieur Landes. Try to tell me all you know about the affair.”

Philip made a desperate effort to concentrate his

mind, and succeeded. As his mind grew clear, he realized that he must speak warily, or he should compromise Faustine, and he was resolved not to do that if it could be avoided. So when at last he told his story in a weak voice, with long pauses, he left her out of it altogether.

He said in substance that he could not mistake the thieves for he had met the whole lot of them that afternoon in the *Café Cardinal*, and been insulted by them because he was an American. Their voices were unmistakable. After dinner, he had wanted to call on his old friend, the Count de Brassac, returned three days ago to Paris,—“Monsieur knew?”

Oh, yes, the officer knew all about that.

Well, Landes said, he had found the Count's address at the telegraph office in the *Palais du Sénat*. The Count was in the old hôtel of the family, *rue Faublas*. Philip had gone there after dinner and had found him. The Count had shown him a small bag of diamonds which he had brought up to Paris to place for safekeeping in the Bank of France. He was going to keep an appointment to meet the *Marquis de Ploeuc* this evening.

“It seemed to me,” said Landes, “that he carried the diamonds rather recklessly, and when I found that he was going to the *Luxembourg* quite alone, I begged permission to accompany him.” Then he related the rest, and at last resolutely asked the question whose answer he had been dreading to hear.

“And the Count de Brassac?”

“Monsieur le Comte is very badly hurt.”

“He is dead?”

"He was killed by a knife-thrust."

"That was Georgias," whispered Landes, and fainted away again.

They would not let him talk any more, and to that end kept him well under the influence of morphine. He slept heavily all the next day, and only woke at night long enough to passively take some soup. Next morning he awoke from a dreamless slumber and looked at the white-haired officer who was standing by watching him.

"Good!" said that gentleman. "Monsieur is better."

Philip sat up. There was plenty of lassitude and stiffness in his muscles, and his head felt queer, but he answered: "I am quite well. I must get up."

"When you like, but first a word, if you please."

The officer took some papers from his pocket. "Those are the papers found upon you two nights ago. One is a letter notifying you of your expulsion from the Students League, on account of your being an American. It is signed by Raoul Rigault and countersigned by André Sarre. And this is the telegram you wrote to the Count de Brassac, without sending, at the office of the Palais du Sénat, the same night. The operator in charge remembers you and corroborates your account." After a pause the officer went on: "The Count de Brassac died about half-past eleven on the night of the assault. He recovered consciousness before he died. His daughter was summoned and was with him. He was able to speak with her."

"Poor little Jeanne!" Philip suddenly saw the

desolate child and his eyes filled with tears. He had not spoken, but the white-haired officer said, kindly :

“You are right, Monsieur !”

“We are anxious about the jewels,” he went on. “They were found in the basin of the fountain, and should have been given at once to the Marquis de Ploeuc, but by some mistake they were left in the hands of Mademoiselle de Brassac’s maid, and are now in the de Brassac apartments at the Hôtel Perret.”

“Oh, that is wrong ! Some harm will come to the young lady if the thieves know she has those jewels in her possession !”

“That is what we fear, although at present an orderly is on guard there subject to her commands ; but when you are able to go there, Monsieur, I think you can be of great service to her. The Count spoke to her of you before he died.”

The officer bowed, and Landes felt that he was trusted.

“Have the murderers been caught ?” he asked.

“No, and it will be a difficult matter to take them. Listen, Monsieur Landes. They are the soul and centre of a widespread conspiracy. There is more than murder in it. We have stumbled upon a plot whose ramifications give great cause for anxiety. The government has been notified, the police are working secretly, the newspapers have been prevented from publishing any account of the murder. They reported the Count’s death from a stroke of paralysis. The Count was buried yesterday at Montrouge, privately. If possible, Mademoiselle de Brassac should leave Paris for Chartres to-day.”

“What is to-day?”

“The 18th.”

“Then I have been ill two nights and a day?”

“Exactly.”

Landes sprang up without further ceremony. When he was dressed and was shaking hands with the surgeon, who pronounced him all right, but advised him to keep his head cool and avoid excitement for the present,—“for,” said the doctor, laughing, “they did n’t crack your skull, but they came very near it,”—just at that moment an orderly entered and handed a note to the white-haired officer.

“What are you doing away from the Hôtel Perret?” asked that gentleman, sharply.

“Mademoiselle insisted, mon capitaine.”

The captain shrugged and turned abruptly to Landes.

“Mademoiselle is now entirely alone with her maid in the Hôtel Perret. She sends a note asking if Mr. Philip Landes will be well enough to call upon her before she leaves for Chartres. If not, she says she’ll come here with her maid. She wishes to thank you, Monsieur, and to give you a message from her father. She should have found some other messenger than the orderly who was there to protect her. Perhaps there is no time to lose, Monsieur.”

“Will you do me the favor to send for a cab?” said Philip.

While he was waiting, stick and hat in hand, after he had made the proper acknowledgments and exchanged very cordial adieus, the captain said to him, drily:

“Well, the troops left this morning to retake the cannon on Montmartre.”

“Ah!” exclaimed Landes, “it was time.”

“Yes, it was time, and do you know what convinced M. Thiers also that it was time? They say it was the revelations which reached him in connection with this murder of the Count de Brassac.”

“The conspiracy of which you spoke alarms M. Thiers?”

“Let us hope so,” answered the captain, with a glance at the surgeon.

A dragoon entered and announced the cab. They shook hands once more cordially. Philip hurried out and jumped into the cab, crying: “Hôtel Perret, Place Pigalle. Drive quickly.” The white-haired captain watched him to the end of the street, then turned back into the guard-room with a curse.

“And you are—blessing whom, *mon capitaine*?” blandly inquired the surgeon, lighting a cigarette.

“Louis XVI., of course,” growled the other.

The surgeon blew several smoke rings out of the barred window, removed the cigarette from his lips, whistled a little, and then, looking straight at the captain, he deliberately sang the following remarkable couplet:

“C'est Adolphe Thiers qu'on me nomme,
Sacré nom d'un petit bonhomme!”

This being rank treason, the captain walked out of ear-shot.

CHAPTER III.

AN HISTORICAL INTERLUDE.

PARIS had been singing Rochefort's couplet now for several weeks.

On the 27th of the month preceding this, in which our story begins, a proclamation was sent by the National Assembly at Bordeaux to the citizens of Paris, urging them to accept quietly the hard terms of the surrender. The German army would enter Paris, it said, and occupy the zone, from the bridge of Courbevoie, with the Place de la Concorde, and the gardens of the Tuileries as the extreme limit.

"If the terms of surrender are not respected," continued the proclamation, "the truce will be broken. The enemy, already master of the forts, will seize by violence the entire city. Your property, your public works, your chefs-d'œuvre of art will no longer be guaranteed by the agreement. This misfortune will fall on all France. The terrible ravages of war, which have not yet passed the Loire, will then reach the Pyrenees. It is therefore the exact truth that with you rests the safety of France."

Ernest Picard followed this with a despatch. "The Germans offered to renounce entry into Paris if Belfort were ceded to them forever. We replied

that if anything could console Paris in her suffering and humiliation it would be the thought that our suffering saved Belfort to France." Comforted by this, the Parisians quietly prepared to endure the occupation. The city was ready to accept the terms. The *city* was, but the *faubourgs* were not. In many of the suburbs, especially in revolutionary Montmartre and Belleville, the turbulent population, seeing the city patient, began to call for blood. These quarters had distinct ideas as to whose blood they wanted shed. During the siege, when it was necessary to repel invasion at the cost of their own, the battalions of Montmartre and Belleville were not distinguished for reckless bravery. There was even some scandal. They were not mentioned enthusiastically in the orders from headquarters, and in some cases disciplinary measures were employed; and now, when all good citizens had reconciled themselves to the inevitable, these battalions cocked their caps, polished up their gold facings, and yelled for Prussian blood. The mysterious Central Committee incited and supported them, proving that the roots of this organization were imbedded in anarchism. It gloated over the prospect of what was sure to follow on the firing of the first shot. The Prussians would throw themselves on the city like mad men; Mont Valérien would pound the fashionable quarters to powder. What pickings! during the sack of the city which would follow! The first and last article of faith for the Central Committee and those whom it represented was the ruin of the Bourgeoisie. Montmartre and Belleville listened and howled approval.

Then for two nights battalions, hastily formed, but numbering in all thirty thousand men, massed themselves in the Champs Élysées as far as the Avenue de la Grande-Armée with the avowed purpose of preventing the entry of the Germans, but General Vinoy, who was commander-in-chief of the National Guard, as well as of the regular army, put a stop to this grotesque fanfaronade.

“The rappel was beaten last night,” he said, “but the drummers had no orders, and they will be court-martialed. Some battalions took up arms with treasonable intent, but the majority of the Guard remained quiet. They understood what is the duty of all good citizens.”

This sobered the faubourgs, and when the German newspapers announced that if there should be any disorder in Paris during the occupation, the Prussian army, with King William at its head, would take possession of the entire city, and would bring back Napoleon III. to the Tuileries, that produced a still more profound impression in the suburbs. Belleville was silent, Montmartre thoughtful, and the insidious Central Committee urged the discontented battalions to retire with dignity, *but to keep their arms*. Next day, not a National Guardsman was to be seen in the Champs Élysées. Then the Central Committee, from its obscurity, spread broadcast throughout Paris this printed circular:

“Where are the cannon of the National Guard? Soldiers of the battalions of Belleville and Montmartre! these cannon are yours. You paid for them, your sisters, wives, and children contributed

to them,—are they to be surrendered to the Prussians?”

It was a thunder-clap from a clear sky. Nobody had thought about the cannon. At that time the National Guard numbered 150,000 men, divided into 250 battalions, and each battalion possessed a cannon. In spite of General Vinoy's orders, this immense mass of men felt their power and now they began to clamor.

“We bought them, they are ours, they shall not fall into the hands of the Prussians!” the cry went up.

That was the time when Monsieur Thiers should have shown his teeth. He may have had none; he certainly did not exhibit any. He temporized. Jules Favre in the preliminaries of peace had begged Bismarck to allow the National Guard to retain their rifles. Bismarck grinned and politely acceded to the request, thinking, “what an ass, this M. Favre.” Now the National Guard not only possessed 300,000 rifles with sabre bayonets, but was also reaching for 250 pieces of cannon and mitrailleuses. Monsieur Thiers thought this amusing. The National Assembly was bickering over the question of permitting the Orleans princes to return, and paid no attention to the cannon. Col. Schoelcher, commanding the artillery, begged Thiers to interfere. Thiers refused. The poor Colonel then attempted to stem the rising tide himself. He offered to give the battalions their pieces if, one by one, each battalion would receive its pieces from him in the Jardin de l'Archevêché, but they laughed in his face. These 250 cannon

and mitrailleuses were assembled in ranks of fifty in the Cours-la-Reine. One day an order came, from whom perhaps no one but the Central Committee knew. The cannon were seized by the National Guard, who, with drums and bugles sounding, marched as convoy, while hundreds of horses dragged the guns up the hill of Montmartre. Thiers was very much amused, it appeared, and the comic journals rang the changes on the joke, until one day a staff officer went up the hill of Montmartre to see these famous cannon, and came back with his hair on end and his sabre between his legs. This startled Monsieur Thiers who was by nature timid, and when the staff officer had told his tale, the hair on Monsieur Thiers' head rose likewise. Two hundred and fifty guns of 7 and 12 concentrated upon Paris! It was not, after all, very amusing. The city began to look serious. People cast sidelong glances at this hill glittering with loaded guns. "The Prussians have gone," they said to each other, "why are the cannon still there?" Thiers heard these murmurs, and—temporized. The public grew more and more anxious, the Radical newspapers began to give Monsieur Thiers advice. He listened—and temporized. "Take away the cannon," cried the people. "Please give me your cannon," mumbled the chief of the Executive Power. When refused with taunts and jeers of "Come and take them," he turned with a senile snarl on the newspapers and suppressed six, the "Vengeur," the "Cri du Peuple," Henri Rochefort's "Mot d'Ordre," "Père Duchene," and two humble sheets, "La Caricature" and the

“Bouche de Fer.” This was attacking the liberty of the Press, a bad precedent for the party of order and toleration to establish. General d’Aurelle de Paladines, the victorious leader at Coulmiers, and actual general in command of the National Guard, worked with heart and soul to restore discipline. The government arrived in Paris from Bordeaux on its way to Versailles. The people begged that it might stay. Thiers refused and ordered Versailles to be made ready. It would take some weeks to prepare for the reception of the Ministers there, so meanwhile the National Assembly remained in Paris. Thiers occupied the Ministry of Foreign Affairs.

Montmartre was guarded by 500 men and 250 cannon. There were no leaders, unless Assi and Lullier could be called such. Leaders were needed, and the stupidity of the government at once furnished them. The “Third Court-Martial” had been sitting for the last four months in connection with the affair of the 31st of October. Thiers refused to allow them to retain, for the present, their verdict, and Paris presently received the news that Blanqui, Flourens, Levraut, and Cyrille were condemned to death, Doctor Goupil to two years’ imprisonment, and Jules Vallés to six months’. The others were acquitted. The condemned might as well have been acquitted also, as they were all in hiding, and as soon as the news came that judgment had been pronounced the insurgent National Guard welcomed them with open arms. Thiers might have known this. *He may have known it.* Gustave Flourens came out of his hole and showed himself publicly in the midst of the Belleville battalions in a fantastic

costume of major-general and a uniform spangled with gold braid. Regere, Ranvier, Jaclard, and Eudes followed his example. *Thiers had given the insurgents their officers.*

But now the President of the Council and the Ministers had become seriously frightened. They sent officers of the artillery from the Pépinière barracks to Montmartre to parley.

“What the h—l do you want?” demanded the sentinels.

“We want the cannon,” replied these innocent officers.

“What for?”

“To distribute them, day by day, to the battalions.”

“Have you the countersign?”

“No, two lines from the Governor of Paris will be sufficient.”

“Passez au large! We don't know any Governor but the Central Committee.”

The officers slunk back to Monsieur Thiers.

“This is very embarrassing,” observed that gentleman, and called a council of war.

Montmartre was evidently a hotbed of conspiracy. One hundred and fifty thousand National Guards and three hundred thousand women and children owed allegiance to the Central Committee, which brooded like a thunder cloud over the hill of cannon. Attracted by the disorder, the worst elements, the very dregs and scum of Paris, were congregating on Montmartre to join the revolt. Mobiles, Franc-Tireurs, renegade Line soldiers, all came and clamored for the uniform of the National Guard and the five francs a day. Where the money came from was a

mystery. Some spoke of Bismarck, some of an Englishman who scattered twenty thousand francs in French money among the hordes.

Rain fell in torrents and the famous pieces of 7 and the mitrailleuses began to rust. To amuse the Guard, the Central Committee ordered the red flag to be hoisted on the Buttes Chaumont, and down came the tricolor. Paris stared, Monsieur Thiers was almost galvanized into action. Monsieur Roger, chief of staff, urged him to attack with the regular troops and what remained of the loyal National Guard. He said he would and—temporized.

On the morning of the 18th of March, 1871, the people of Paris read this placard pasted over the dead walls of the unhappy city.

TO THE PARISIANS.

For some time past certain irresponsible people under the pretext of resisting the Prussians, who are no longer within your walls, have constituted themselves masters of a portion of the city of Paris. They collect arms, throw up intrenchments, mount guard, and force you to aid them by order of a mythical Committee which pretends to govern a section of the National Guard. This is defiance to the authority of the legal government instituted through universal suffrage. These men, who have already caused so much evil, and whom you yourselves dispersed on the 31st of October, under pretence of defending you against the Prussians, who are no longer in Paris, have mounted and aimed cannon which, if fired, would annihilate your houses, your children, and yourselves. If France once believes that the necessary accompaniment of the Republic is disorder, then the Republic will be lost.

Monsieur Thiers wrote well, but two words, concise and unmistakable, addressed to the disaffected, would have answered the purpose better.

People read the placard and wondered what was coming next. "It is easy," they grumbled, "to crush those insurgents. One regiment of the Line and horses to drag away the cannon would do it; manifestos and placards won't."

This was true. At that late hour, it would still have been easy to quell the insurrection. The insurgents were fatigued, enervated, confused. Discipline was almost entirely wanting. Strife had arisen in the Central Committee, and Karl Marx, the founder of the International Society of Workingmen, from which the Central Committee took orders, was opposed to the insurrection. From England, where he had taken refuge after his condemnation to death at Berlin, he launched thunderbolts of invective against the revolt. This puzzled and discouraged the National Guard. Thiers believed that this famous letter of Marx would end the trouble. Monsieur Thiers nourished another illusion. He imagined that at the first drum-roll the loyal party of Paris would spring to arms. He gave his orders. About two o'clock in the morning, the drums crashed out in the streets in every quarter of Paris. It was the call to arms, the *rappel*. Not a battalion arose. At three o'clock the alarm was repeated. Paris slept. At five o'clock, at dawn, the third and last appeal thundered along the streets, while the bugles rang from every square. People were astonished and puzzled. How were they to know who was

beating the alarm? After their last response to the call, General Vinoy had threatened them. If they responded now, would he not carry out his threats?

Thiers, pressing his nose against a window pane in the Ministry of Foreign Affairs, saw his aides-de-camp come galloping into the courtyard.

"Well?" he said, when they entered.

"Scarcely two hundred National Guards have responded," was their report.

"Gentlemen," observed Monsieur Thiers, with solemn conviction, to the members of his Cabinet who entered at that moment, "this affair really begins to look serious."

Then a gamin passed along under the window singing :

"C'est Adolphe Thiers, qu'on me nomme,
Sacré nom d'un petit bonhomme."

A great stillness fell on the company. A staff officer coughed gently behind his immaculately gloved hand.

At two o'clock in the morning, the sky was one dazzling sheet of clustered stars. A soft wind blew over the fortifications, bringing with it a breath of awakening spring. The streets were deserted, the houses dark and silent. Behind the Palais de l'Industrie, a small camp-fire smouldered among the trees of the Park.

At half-past two, the Avenue Malakoff and the Place de l'Étoile were suddenly filled with shadowy marching legions. At the same hour, masses of silent men issued from the Bois de Boulogne and

swept up the avenue toward the Champs Élysées, and from the Palais de l'Industrie cavalry appeared, followed by the clink! clink! of moving cannon. It was General Lecomte's brigade under orders from Thiers on their way to capture the cannon on the heights of Montmartre.

Silently the troops moved down the deserted avenue, lighted only by the stars, swung across the Place de la Concorde, through the rue de la Paix, and then separating into detachments took the small winding streets which lead to the hill of Montmartre. The cavalry halted in the Place Pigalle before the fountain. The 76th of the Line occupied the rue Houdon and the rue l'Abbaye. A mitrailleuse was planted to sweep the rue des Martyrs. Then General Lecomte sent out a detachment of police to seize the important post of the Moulin de la Galette, which guarded the cannon. The police crept up in the darkness, until one of them stumbled and fell with his sabre and rifle clanking on the pavement.

"Qui vive?" shouted the startled insurgent sentry.

A shot answered him and he fell. The post ran out but were seized and disarmed. The guard at No. 6 rue des Rosiers were captured asleep at their posts, and the troops and police closed in about the cannon. At five o'clock in the morning General Lecomte sent word to General d'Aurelle de Paladines that the cannon were taken, and sappers were demolishing the intrenchments, and he begged him at once to bring horses to remove the cannon to the city below. De Paladines came himself, and wanted

to know what General Lecomte meant ; Thiers had given him no orders for horses.

“ Good God ! ” cried General Lecomte, “ has he neglected to send the horses ? ”

D’Aurette de Paladines shouted to his men to move the cannon by hand, and the soldiers at once began to drag a piece of 7 through the mud and down the steep, slippery street to the foot of the hill. A great crowd of men, women, and children had gathered to watch them, and from every house National Guards ran out, rifle in hand, crying : “ Thiers has betrayed us ! A coup d’état ! Lecomte is robbing us of our cannon ! ”

De Paladines sent messenger after messenger in hot haste to Thiers, begging and imploring him to send horses and harness.

“ It will take my men a day to move seven or eight of these guns by hand,” he wrote. “ Our force is small, and our men have not been fed. We have no provisions, and every second may mean life or death.”

At eight o’clock the equipages and horses had not arrived. The crowd grew more menacing. The regular troops, tired and hungry, waited for their food to arrive. General Vinoy came up, demanding the reason of delay, and more messengers were despatched to Thiers.

“ Treason ! Robbery ! Down with Vinoy ! Down with Paladines ! Down with Thiers ! Down with the cannon thieves ! ” yelled the crowd.

“ Go to h—l,” replied a small bugler of the 76th, and the crowd set up a shout of laughter.

“ Sonny,” cried a handsome young woman, in

sabots and a red skirt, "do you want this cake?" and she handed the bugler a bit which the poor little fellow devoured eagerly.

"Good for you!" shouted the crowd. "Wait! You are our brothers! If you are hungry we will get you food!"

In an instant loaves of bread and bottles of wine were brought to the troops who, half-starved, received them with delight. In vain their officers interfered and threatened. "We are hungry, the National Guard give us food, why should we fire on them? They are our brothers!"

"Vive la Ligne!" shouted the crowd.

"Vive la Garde Nationale!" shouted the Regulars. The soldiers of two companies of the 76th, recently recruited from Belleville, began to fraternize with the crowd. An officer ordered them back, but they laughed in his face. A throng of women and children pressed around the artillerymen who were moving the cannon away. The artillerymen resisted, laughing, but the crowd hoisted them on their shoulders, crying "hurrah for the artillery!" and others dragged the cannon back to the intrenchments. A company of foot chasseurs were ordered to fire on the National Guard. The rifles fell to a level, but women ran out and covered their husbands and brothers with their own bodies.

"Fire!" shouted the captain; not a shot responded. Other troops were ordered to clear away the constantly increasing crowd, but they refused. Their officers threatened them with sabre and revolver, but they stood doggedly inactive.

“The National Guard has fed us. We will not fire on women!” they replied.

“Hello you! the handsome soldier with the brown moustache!” cried a pretty girl from the crowd. “Will you stay with us?”

“Will you give me something to eat?” said the soldier, seriously.

“Yes, indeed, food and drink.”

The soldier accepted a bit of bread and a glass of wine.

“To the health of the Republic,” he replied, and drained the glass.

“Vive la Republique! Vive la Ligne!” cried the people.

The officers were powerless. Some threw down their swords and walked away weeping with rage and mortification. Some broke their swords over their knees and flung them into the street. Suddenly drums were heard and the Federal battalions, colors flying, bayonets shining, poured into the street from every side. General Lecomte shouted to them to halt, but they pressed toward the regular troops, followed by the crowd. In vain Lecomte ordered his troops to charge and clear the street. The company which was guarding the “Tower of Solferino,” a café, raised their rifles, butt upwards, and refused to budge.

“Death to Vinoy! Death to Thiers!” howled the rabble that had followed the Federal battalions. A crashing volley drowned their howls. *The National Guards had fired on the Line.*

“Tiens!” said a gamin, pausing before the body of a soldier of the 17th foot chasseurs which lay in a pool of blood beside one of the cannon, “here is another of Monsieur Thiers’ friends.” Then he went away whistling:

“ C’est Adolphe Thiers qu’on me nomme,
Sacré nom d’un petit bonhomme.”

CHAPTER IV.

"THE EIGHTEENTH OF MARCH."

SO began the day of the famous 18th of March. Landes, lying back in his cab, knew nothing of what was passing on Montmartre, and kept urging the fat old cabby to hurry. The request was received with stolid indifference. After a while the cabman jerked his head half-way round and, addressing vacancy, called Heaven to witness that he was doing his best. This broke the ice, and Landes stepped over the cushions in front and, without further ceremony, took a seat beside the driver.

"It is pleasanter up here," he observed.

"Now, Monsieur," exclaimed the cabman, horrified, "you know this is against regulations."

"I don't deny it," replied the young man, lighting a cigarette and passing another to the driver.

"He does n't deny it!" cried the cabby, raising both hands to Heaven. He immediately lowered his hands, however, accepted the cigarette, and whispered confidentially: "Monsieur must be a student of the Quarter?"

"That's exactly what Monsieur is."

"All wickedness is permitted to students."

"Shut up, and look out where you're driving," said the American, pleasantly. They had just escaped overturning a young man who stopped in his tracks and cursed them foully. It was Weser, but Landes did not recognize him in the uniform of a National Guard. The cabman, utterly unable to forego such an opportunity for invective, drew rein to reply. Landes took his reins away and sent the whip whistling about the horse's ears.

"Pas de blague," he said. "Depechez vous! Allons! en route!"

In vain the cabby shouted for assistance, and besought help from a lounging Line soldier. He cried "Police!" and "Au secours!" but the passers-by only laughed. They rattled over the Pont-au-Change and passed the Louvre, where Landes, tired of his amusement, restored the driver his reins and whip with a threat for the future if he lingered by the way. In the Place du Carrousel, a battalion of the Line stood at ease before the Pavilion de Rohan, but allowed them to pass without question.

The cabman had recovered his spirits and was chanting merrily as they entered the rue des Martyrs.

"Monsieur is a gay monsieur," he chuckled, winking pleasantly at Landes.

"Thank you, my friend, my spirits are unimpaired."

"I also am gay!" caroled the cabby. "I love——"

His voice was lost in the ringing report of a rifle, and he tumbled clean out of his seat to the pave-

ment. The horse reared, trembled, and dashed up the street at full speed. Landes seized the fallen reins and sawed away at his mouth. He heard people shouting, he caught a glimpse of passers-by scattering in all directions, then there was another shot, and he saw Pagot, in the uniform of a National Guard, lowering a smoking rifle from his shoulder. Before he had time to think, he was blocks away, the terrified horse galloping in the direction of the rue Blanche. A policeman ran into the street and tried to seize the horse's head, but was struck and hurled out of the way. Then they bore down upon a cordon of troops who shouted and brought their bayonets to a level, but the horse plunged through these and, swerving into the gutter, crashed against a lamp-post and sank in a quivering heap. Landes kept right on over the horse's head and sat up several paces farther along, frightened, astonished, but unhurt.

"What did you do that for?" demanded an officer running up and frowning at the American.

"Now you don't suppose I did it for amusement?" retorted Philip, angrily. He heard a burst of laughter near him, and turning saw a tall artillery officer sitting on his horse and regarding him with amusement. The laughter was infectious, and Philip smiled and picked himself up. He had recognized the tall artilleryman who had paid him the pretty compliment in the Café Cardinal, in the quarrel with Rigault and Sarre.

"Monsieur Landes, pray pardon me. I laughed at your retort, not at you," said the officer, gravely.

"I don't mind," cried Landes, trying to find some broken bones, and not finding any he walked over to the horse.

"Poor thing," he said, "somebody must shoot it."

A soldier stepped forward and gave the wretched brute its coup-de-grace. Landes, finding that his own injuries were confined to the knees of his trousers, picked up his cane and hat and looked around.

The artillery officer had dismounted and now came up to him. "I see, Monsieur, that you are uninjured. Permit me to offer you my felicitations and my services."

"You are very kind," said Landes. "I don't exactly know what to do. I ought to go down to the rue Blanche and point out the murderer of my cabman, but I must go to the Place Pigalle."

The lieutenant in charge of the infantry cordon pricked up his ears.

"Murder?" he asked. Then Landes told the two officers his story.

"I am dazed yet, it happened so suddenly," he finished,— "and he was in the uniform of a National Guard, but I know him, Tribert."

"In the uniform of a National Guard, you say?"

"Yes, with a captain's galons."

"Was there any excitement in the street before that?"

"None that I observed. People were walking about just as usual." After a pause he added: "I notice that the streets here are empty except for the military."

"We have just captured the cannon at Montmartre!" said the artillery officer. "If you are going to the Place Pigalle, permit me to offer you my escort."

"Thank you, but that will not be necessary."

"Oh, yes, it will be," smiled the officer. "You cannot get into the Place Pigalle unless a staff officer goes with you."

"Then you are very kind, and I accept most gratefully."

The lieutenant of the cordon saluted them with great punctiliousness. "Mon capitaine," he said, "I will send a corporal and four men to the rue Blanche. We will get this Tribert if he is within our zone."

"My name is Alain de Carette," said the artillery officer, turning to Landes. "I know that yours is Philip Landes, because you said so in the Café Cardinal. I simply require your word of honor that you will report to me as witness against this Tribert when he is caught."

"You have my word of honor, mon capitaine," said Landes.

"It is sufficient." Then he threw his bridle to a fantassin, saying, "take the horse to the War Ministry, I will go on foot"; and not heeding the polite protests of Landes, took his arm and drew him along the steeply ascending hill. "I seldom enjoy the luxury of walking," he laughed.

"You are very good indeed," replied Landes, warmly.

"I like Americans," said the officer. "Here is the Place Pigalle."

A squadron of cavalry was massed before the fountain in the centre of the square, and vedettes stood at every corner. The Boulevard beyond was occupied by a detachment of gendarmes on foot and a few policemen. There appeared to be no civilians in the streets. The houses were silent and the shutters closed.

They advanced toward the mounted sentry nearest them. He saluted de Carette's uniform, and they passed across the square toward the fountain where a group of officers had dismounted and were examining a plan which a young fellow of the Rifle battalion had chalked on the pavement. De Carette saluted and Landes raised his hat.

"Tiens! C'est Alain!" cried the senior officer cordially, and the others looked up with eager greetings. Landes was presented and permitted at once to pass the lines.

"Monsieur Landes wishes to visit the Hôtel Perret," said de Carette.

"It is empty. The last person to leave was the landlord," said one of the officers. "There he is now," he continued, pointing to a café on the corner, "that man looking out of the window."

"But the guests?" cried Landes, alarmed.

"Two of them rode away just as we came into the square this morning. Don't you remember?" turning to another, who nodded in reply :

"The pretty girl and her maid? Yes, I remember; the landlord, Perret, was with them."

"Send a trooper for the landlord," said de Carette; "wait a moment, Mr. Landes, we will have Monsieur Perret over here."

But Philip could not wait, and with his heart beating anxiously he hurried across the street to the café. The curtains were lowered, the café was almost empty. There was only a young man writing at a desk and a waiter idling aimlessly about. When Philip entered, the young man at the desk glanced up, and immediately dropped his head again. The light was uncertain, his motion was so quick that Philip could not be sure, and yet there was something familiar about his air.

“Is Monsieur Perret here?” he asked.

“Yes, Monsieur,” began the waiter,—“no, Monsieur,” he stammered. The man at the desk had turned his back to Landes and was looking at the waiter. All Landes could see of him now was the top of a curly black head over the desk.

“Monsieur Perret must be here. I saw him from the square,” said Philip. The waiter stole a glance at the man behind the desk, and shook his head.

“Berry?—oh, Perret. I understood Monsieur to say Berry. No, Monsieur Perret is not here,” and picking up a towel he began to polish the tops of the tables.

“Are there any guests in the Hôtel Perret?” demanded Landes angrily.

“No,” said the waiter with alacrity, seeming to feel himself on certain ground, “Monsieur Perret drove the last two away in his carriage——” the legs of the chair in which the man at the desk was sitting scraped on the floor, and the waiter stopped short.

“Was it Mademoiselle de Brassac and her maid who went this morning?”

"Yes—no." The waiter had stepped close to the man at the desk, and Landes heard a low murmur.

"No, it was not Mademoiselle de Brassac. Mademoiselle de Brassac and her maid left last week," said the waiter, glibly.

"You lie!" said Landes, in a low voice, stepping toward the man at the desk.

"Mais, Monsieur," cried the waiter, eagerly, "he ought to know; he is the son of Monsieur Perret." At the same moment, Philip sprang forward.

"Imbecile!" said the man at the desk through his teeth, and striking the waiter out of the way, he slid out of his chair and slipped through a door just behind, but not so quickly as to prevent Landes, who rushed forward at the same moment, from getting a view of his face. It was Georgias, the Greek. Philip tried the handle of the door; it would not open. Then he took a small table and used it as a battering ram. He dashed out the panels, one by one, until the frame fell inward and he sprang through into a courtyard from which there was an opening on the next street. Philip looked up and down the street; it was quite empty, and he ran back into the café. The waiter had disappeared. Landes searched the café, found it entirely deserted, returned to the desk where Georgias had been writing, and noticed there an unfinished letter, beginning, "Mon cher Raoul." This he thrust into his pocket along with a revolver which he found in a top drawer, then he began a rapid examination of the café again. He found a staircase at last, climbed it, and hurried

through several floors of empty apartments. The doors were all open, the floors were bare, not a stick of furniture was visible. He hurried back to the café, and going to the big window pulled open the shutters and looked across the square. The cavalry had mounted and were moving, with some appearance of excitement, toward the Boulevard.

“Captain de Carette!” he shouted, but the tramping of the moving squadron drowned his voice, and the artillery officer did not hear. Philip bitterly regretted the time he had lost in searching alone by himself. He went out and crossed to the Hôtel Perret. There his furious bell-calls and raps were unanswered. A window faced the street in a recess just beside the door. He took out the revolver, broke the glass with the butt of it, and climbed through. The house was perfectly dark. He stumbled over chairs and tables toward a faint ray of light which filtered through a closely curtained window, tore back the curtains, threw open the window, and looked around. He was in the office of a small, but handsome hôtel, furnished in taste, the walls and ceiling panelled in solid oak. Through a glass door he saw a vestibule, and the lower steps of a staircase. He picked a candle out of the concierge’s letter-safe, lighted it, and unhooking every key from the key rack, opened the glass door and mounted the stairs. On the first landing he stopped and selected two keys whose numbers corresponded with the numbers on the doors. The keys fitted, and he entered without trouble. The apartments were empty. He threw the keys away, and mounted

the steps of the second floor. Here there was but one apartment. He found the key and entered, but before he had taken one step into the darkened room, the candle was struck from his hand, and something sprang by him. How he managed to get to the window and open it he could not have told, but at last the sunlight broke into the room and he turned to face whatever awaited him. It was a large yellow cat which glared at him, with enormous eyes, from a niche over the door. Her spine was arched, her tail exaggerated. The candle lay on the floor below. Philip burst into a nervous laugh. At the sound of his voice in the empty apartment there came a whine from the bed. Philip went there and saw a small setter puppy curled up on the lace counterpane, trembling and making violent overtures of conciliation. He called the little creature, and it came slowly toward him with a coquetry which is understood to perfection by puppies, and finally rolled over on its back under Landes' feet, both forepaws raised beseechingly. Philip bent and took it in his arms. The cat, seeing this, relaxed the rigidity of her tail, transformed her back from an arc-de-triomphe into its normal curves, and licked her singed whiskers. Landes, with the puppy in his arms, began a cautious tour of the apartment. On the bed he noticed a valise, half packed. It contained an officer's undress jacket and some underwear. Beyond it, on the floor, lay a riding crop, boots, spurs, and a dress sword in its case. He passed into the next room and found that it had been recently occupied, for the gas was burning low

and toilet articles lay scattered over the tables. A curtain hung across the door at the farther end. A sudden draft stirred this curtain and a subtle odor filled the room. He recognized chloroform! In an instant he drew the curtain and threw open the door. On the floor lay a woman, tied and gagged.

The puppy, when Landes dropped him, bounded toward the woman but halted suddenly and began circling around her, barking. Landes stood, not knowing what to do; the puppy retreated between his legs. The shades were partly raised, but the windows were closed and the stench of chloroform made him dizzy. He flung open the window, went to the woman, and unloosened the towel about her face. A sponge fell from her lips and the smell of chloroform became almost unbearable. Holding his breath, he cut the twine that bound her hands and feet and drew her out on to a balcony, which was under the long French window. Sunlight fell across her face and gilded her brown hair, gathered neatly in a cap such as is worn by ladies' maids. She was dressed as if ready to go out, for she wore gloves and a thick cloth jacket. In one hand she held, tightly clenched, the handle of a reticule, which had evidently been cut away with a knife; the other hand was open and limp and the deadly pallor of her face showed that help had probably come too late. Leaning over the railing of the balcony which looked into the square, in search of help, he saw some hussars watering their horses at the fountain. He shouted to them; they heard, mounted, and galloped into the street directly under the balcony.

"Is there a surgeon there?" he called down.

"No," shouted back the lieutenant in charge, "what 's up?"

"Get a surgeon, it 's life or death."

"I understand surgery," cried a sub-officer, after a brief consultation with his superior.

"Then get in that broken window and come up here quick. Send for an ambulance and a surgeon."

A hussar struck spurs into his horse and rode away toward the Boulevard, and the rest of the troop, after watching the sub-officer scramble in at the window, went back to the fountain and dismounted. The sub-officer came springing up the stairs, looked sharply at Landes, saluted mechanically, and sat down on the balcony beside the woman.

"Chloroform! Oh!"

Landes offered his help but it was declined, and he stepped back into the room. It was a dressing-room. Beyond, at the end of a short hall, the door of a bedroom stood partly open. He crossed and looked in, lighted a match and held it above his head, then groped his way to the window and threw it wide open. The room was empty; the odor of chloroform pervaded everything, but the breeze from the open window soon drove that away. As he turned back into the room, the first thing he saw was the photograph of a French officer, in the uniform of the Hussars of the Guard. The officer was the Count de Brassac, and beneath, in the quaint, precise writing of a French school-girl, he read, "My darling father, August 1st, 1869."

For the first time he distinctly recalled the face

of Jeanne de Brassac. Until now he had only remembered her vaguely as a pretty, graceful school-girl, sister of his comrade, Victor. Now, with a shock, memory awakened, and every incident of that Christmas week was recalled. The drawing-room and the warm firelight, the carving on the chairs, the boyish gestures of Victor, and—Jeanne, the violet eyes, the white throat, the shape of her hand as it lay on her mother's shoulder. He recollected every detail of her dress; he recalled her voice as she answered her father and went to the piano to sing his favorite song of "Carcassonne." With a great effort he collected his thoughts and concentrated them on the present. She was gone and her maid had been chloroformed. Why? *The diamonds!* It was for the diamonds that they had murdered her father. Had they also murdered her? He could hear the officer in the next room working over the inanimate body of the servant, who still clutched in her stiffened hand the fragment of a reticule. Had the diamonds been in that? He sat miserably trying to find some clue to the tragedy, his head in his hands, his heart throbbing painfully, but the face of Jeanne de Brassac rose incessantly before his eyes, and his thoughts would wander back to the firelight and the sweet voice that sang "I never shall see Carcassonne." He heard the sub-officer leave the room and descend the stairs and return almost immediately with several others, who moved about with a banging of sabres and jingle of spurs on the tiled floor. The puppy and the cat, who had taken refuge in this quiet room from the

confusion in the other, suddenly began a complicated game of romps. Philip felt a tenderness for these creatures, her pets, and he called them both to him. The cat at first stood on the defensive, but he soon had her lying on the bed asleep. He placed the puppy beside her, and going to the door looked into the next room. The woman was being carried toward the stairs on a stretcher. A group of husars and officers stood looking on.

"Is she alive?" asked Philip.

"At present," replied a gendarme, shortly.

"Monsieur, I am sorry," said the sub-officer, "but you must consider yourself my prisoner."

"Prisoner!"

"I am sorry," repeated the sub-officer.

Through the window Landes saw his acquaintance of the morning, de Carette, standing on the balcony, and reached him in two strides.

"What?" cried de Carette, "nonsense," and went back into the room with his arm locked in the American's. "I am responsible for this gentleman, Faure," he said to the sub-lieutenant, and passed with Landes into the bedroom.

"My dear fellow, you look like a corpse; this chloroform is nasty stuff."

"It is n't the chloroform," replied Philip.

"I know it," replied the other, coolly. "Do you want to confide in me?"

"Yes," said Philip, and told him all, ending by showing him the unfinished letter left by Georgias in the café. "It's terrible," he cried, pacing the room in deep excitement.

"I fear there can be but one meaning to that letter," said de Carette.

Philip stopped in his aimless walk and approached the bed. The Frenchman had been absently stroking the cat's yellow fur, while he listened, the puppy jealously trying to crowd his hand away.

"And these? They must be her pets, I suppose," said Philip. His voice was unsteady. The Frenchman went to the door and gave an order. Then he came back and laid a hand on Philip's shoulder, saying, "we will find Mademoiselle de Brassac. They dare not harm her."

"They killed her father."

De Carette's steel-blue eyes glittered. "A brave officer,—an old man; cowards!"

A trooper came in carrying a large covered basket. De Carette gently lifted the cat and the puppy into it.

"We will take care of her pets until we have found her," he said. "May I send them to your address, Monsieur?"

"You are very good," said Landes, warmly.

"Take them carefully," ordered the Captain. The trooper saluted. The cat set up a desolate squall, the puppy whined anxiously, the trooper saluted once more with a grave face and marched out, the basket dangling from his long arm, ear-piercing sounds and a violent agitation of the basket cover contrasting with his composure. Standing in the balcony and looking over, they saw him enter a cab driven by a policeman and rattle away. A military ambulance also was slowly moving toward the hospital.

"Will the girl live?" asked Landes.

"She is dead," replied de Carette.

"Then Heaven only knows how we can find out anything about this accursed business.—Hark! What 's that?"

"It's the explosion of a mitrailleuse! They are fighting on Montmartre!" exclaimed the artillery officer. At the same moment a bugle sounded in the square below, the hussars mounted and trotted toward the Boulevard. De Carette unslung his field glasses.

"Look there! Look at the Line soldiers running!" said Philip, anxiously.

The Boulevard which formed the northern side of the square, was suddenly filled with red-legged infantry in the wildest disorder. A lieutenant of hussars rode into their midst shouting and gesticulating, his sword in one hand, his revolver in the other.

"Is it possible that they are running away?" observed de Carette, in disgust.

At a signal from the lieutenant, the hussars formed in two lines across the Boulevard; the panic-stricken fantassins darted between their horses and began rallying behind the cavalry. Close on their heels followed another demoralized mob of infantry in dark blue and green.

"The Rifles are running too! What 's got into them?" muttered the Captain. "See there! Look! Here comes a general and his staff! It can't be General Lecomte! It can't be! What in h—l are they running away for?"

The clear song of the bugles floated up from the

Boulevard below, and through the tumult and cries, a calm, steady voice rang out :

“Draw sabres! trot! gallop! charge!!”

The hussars were off like the wind, and in a moment came the crash of the collision.

“They’ve struck the mob,” said Captain de Carrette, briskly, “I’m going! Good-bye, my friend.”

“I’m going with you!” said Landes, following him down the stairs two at a time.

“Vinoy is my chief. I’ve got to join him, but if I were you I would n’t get into that mob, Monsieur Landes,” said the Captain as they reached the street and started across the square.

“Oh, do you see? Do you see?” groaned Philip ; “the hussars have been cut to pieces! Here comes what’s left of them!”

There was little left of them. The remains of the squadron came tearing back, horses foam-covered and bloody, troopers in tatters and reeling in their saddles. They wheeled past the fountain and bore down on Landes and de Carrette. The lieutenant was there with a crimson gash across his face, and one arm dangling helplessly in his sky-blue jacket. He pulled up with his uninjured hand as he came abreast of de Carrette and burst into a laugh.

“Hell has just been let loose,” he said, “and is coming this way.”

“What’s the trouble, Jacques?” asked the Captain, quietly.

“The Line troops have gone over to the National Guard! d—n them! Their treachery has lost us the cannon. Just fix this arm, will you?” He leaned

from his saddle, and de Carette took his handkerchief and passed it under the shattered arm.

“Then the Line has betrayed us?” he said huskily.

“Yes, the 88th. They are fighting like devils, shoulder to shoulder with the canaille! We just struck them! Thanks, that’s all right, until I can get to a surgeon. You’d better mount behind me and get out of this.”

“Where is the general?”

“Running to keep warm. Look over there. There they come, the d—d treacherous blackguards!”

At that instant the Boulevard across the square was swept by the mob. National Guards, renegade Line soldiers, and the *fine fleur* of that hotbed of anarchy, Montmartre, passed like a seething tempest through the street, howling, shrieking, rolling along in one turbulent, irresistible torrent. The few loyal Line soldiers and the remnants of the Rifle battalion went down beneath it. Landes saw a little group of police and foot gendarmes stem the tide for a second or two, then break and run toward the fountain followed by a swarm of National Guards.

“Miserable ragamuffins!” cried the lieutenant of hussars, “I’ve a mind to tickle their rouflaquettes again!”

“Ride off, Jacques! Spare your men! It’s no use!” said de Carette, drawing his revolver. “Come! Give this gentleman one stirrup and me the other. We’ve got to go now or not at all! Gallop!”

The lieutenant appeared not to hear him. His

eyes sparkled, and he began to curse softly to himself. Suddenly with a furious gesture he wheeled his horse.

“Forward! Forward! 39th Hussars!” he shouted to the broken fragment of his squadron, “trot! gallop! charge!” Away plunged the handful of troopers, charging madly into the tumult, and Landes heard the lieutenant’s voice above the terrible din: “Down with the canaille! Now, my children, all together! for France!”

The shock checked the rush for an instant. The sabres of the little troop rose and fell like flashes of lightning; then the masses closed in on them. De Carette seized Landes by the wrist, and dragged him through the open door of the Hôtel Perret, into the courtyard and to the street beyond.

The street was deserted, and they walked along for some distance without speaking. The Captain returned his revolver to its place and unaffectedly wiped away the tears which had sprung to his eyes.

“Jacques was crazy!” he said at last. “A brave man, but a bad soldier. That charge was criminal! We need all the loyal men we have left.”

“Of course he’s dead,” said Landes.

“And all his troop. It was criminal, criminal!”

Coming again to the outer Boulevard they stopped short. The sidewalks were crowded with people and with soldiers of the National Guard, marching along in groups singing the Marseillaise, but no disorder was visible. Philip followed de Carette across the street to a long line of wooden huts which had been put up as temporary shelter for the troops

during the siege. The Captain stepped behind one of them, and turning to his companion said :

"What are you going to do?"

"I am going with you," answered Philip, "that is, if I may."

"Certainly not," said de Carette, sharply.

Landes drew back.

"I mean," said the other quickly, "on account of my uniform. It is a little—only a little, you know——"

"Unsafe?"

"Yes."

"Unsafe for you? You are in danger?"

The Captain shrugged his shoulders. Looking Philip pleasantly in the eyes, he said: "Come, please leave me before you get into hot water. People are watching us, don't you see?" Landes glanced around and saw that several savage-looking men had crossed over and were standing near them, talking in whispers and casting sullen glances towards de Carette's uniform.

"Good-bye," murmured the Frenchman,—“and don't shake hands. I am going to find Vinoy's staff if I can.” He turned on his heel without a salute and started down the wooden line of huts. Landes overtook him in two strides, laid one hand on his shoulder and held out the other.

"What do you take me for, Captain de Carette?"

"For a very rash young man," rejoined the other, irritably,—“and a true comrade,” he added with warm feeling, “whose head,” he continued with a shrug, “I should not like to see broken——”

"What's this?" interrupted Philip.

They had been walking toward the lower end of the wooden shelter. A middle-aged gentleman was standing quietly before one of the huts there. A man had approached him and was saying:

"I think, Monsieur, that you are General Clément Thomas?"

"I am," replied the gentleman, drily.

Several passers-by hearing the name of Clément Thomas stopped and gazed curiously at him. A lieutenant of the National Guard was among them, a very young lieutenant, whose commission was evidently of recent date, for he had sewed *galons* on the sleeves of his overcoat, and he made an unnecessary racket with his sword.

"Ah," he cried insolently, "so you are Clément Thomas?"

Already a group of curious people had formed around the General.

"What could have induced him to come to Montmartre?" whispered de Carette in Landes' ear.

The lieutenant rattled his sword and looked fiercely at Thomas. "Had the General come to put himself at the head of the movement?"

"No, mes enfants," said Clément Thomas, looking around on the group eyeing him, "I am getting old. I have sent in my resignation."

"Then what are you doing here?" cried the lieutenant, in a menacing tone.

"A spy," muttered the people, edging nearer. A soldier of the National Guard, grey-headed and sunburnt, his rifle *en bandoulière*, came up and asked what was the matter.

“We are looking at Clément Thomas,” said a bystander, with careless impudence.

“*Clément Thomas here?*”

“*Le voila,*” said the man, jerking his thumb toward the group where Thomas stood, quiet and self-possessed, but a little pale. The Federal drew himself up.

“Then we must shoot him!” he said with quiet ferocity.

General Thomas heard and turned white. The Federal’s eyes met his. More people ran up. The name of Clément Thomas passed from lip to lip.

“Remember 1848!” cried an old man, shaking his fist at the General.

“So there you are, assassin of the people!” growled the menacing voices.

“General Thomas, do you remember the Faubourg St. Antoine?” called a renegade marine. The clamor increased.

“Did you shoot enough people in the rue Marguerite, General Thomas?” some one bawled.

An old man pushed into the circle and faced the General.

“*Canaille!* You sat on your horse in the rue Saint-Avoie and laughed as you cried: ‘String me all those ragamuffins together on a bayonet!’ Cursed butcher!”

“Remember Montretout!” howled a wretched-looking Mobile, and lunged at Clément Thomas with his bayonet. De Carette was too quick for him. With a stroke of his sabre he severed the Mobile’s hand at the wrist. The man dropped in a dead faint, but the crowd fell upon de Carette. Landes

struck two or three of them in the face, and then they turned on him too.

“Death! Death! Down with the spies!” they yelled.

Clément Thomas, de Carette, and Landes were now crushed together in the centre of a throng, which pressed so closely upon them that the bayonet thrusts and sword cuts delivered at them passed over their heads and the mob wounded each other.

“Assez, nom de Dieu!” shouted an officer of the National Guard, warding off the bayonets with difficulty.

“Arrest them! Arrest them!” cried the Federals. “We can shoot them later.”

“Death to them!” thundered the mob.

A man galloped up on a strong grey horse and pushed his way right into the middle of the crowd. It was Dardelles, commandant of the Cavaliers of the Republic, an insurgent company of ill repute. He laid about him with the flat of his sabre, and forcing a path to General Thomas, seized him by the collar.

“Who are you?” he cried.

The old man stammered something unintelligible, but his voice was lost in the roar from the crowd:

“Clément Thomas! Clément Thomas!”

“Then I arrest you in the name of the Republic!” cried Dardelles, and, clearing a way for himself at the point of his terrible sabre, marched into the street with his prisoner. Six Federals followed dragging Landes, and six more escorted de Carette, who walked with head erect and uniform in tatters.

"If anyone attempts to kill the prisoners before they are judged, I'll pass my sword through his body," snarled Dardelles. A thousand voices replied in one mighty shout: "Death!" An insurgent, one Captain Ras, placed himself beside Dardelles with drawn revolver.

"We are not butchers," he said to the mob, "let them be judged by a tribunal."

"You dare not use your pistol," sneered a franc-tireur, and aimed a blow at Landes with the butt of his rifle.

Captain Ras seized the uplifted gun with one hand.

"You ass!" he said, and blew out his brains.

"Thank you," said de Carette to Ras, but was sternly bidden to hold his tongue and move faster.

Notwithstanding this swift example, blows were constantly aimed at the prisoners from the savage mob surrounding them.

Dardelles slashed a man over the mouth with his sword and laughed at his awful cry.

"Now you have a beautiful mouth. Grin, my friend," he sneered. At the same moment, Clément Thomas received a bayonet thrust in the forearm, and Captain Ras struck the would-be murderer a blow with the hilt of his sword which tore one eye from its socket and crushed in his face like an egg-shell.

"Will you learn that I keep my word?" he cried to the mob, which answered with a bellow.

At that instant a battalion of the National Guard arrived and surrounded the prisoners with a hedge of bayonets. Landes and de Carette now marched

side by side, and could exchange a word or two without being threatened by their guards.

"Where are they taking us?" murmured Philip, wiping the bloody foam from his lips.

"My poor friend, to the Central Committee. It is sitting in the Château Rouge, rue Clignancourt, they say."

At the intersection of the Boulevard Magenta and the old exterior Boulevard, the crowd was greatly increased and the air was filled with the cry of "Death! Death!"

When they arrived at the Château Rouge, the prisoners were thrust into a room filled with National Guards. They were not allowed to converse together, and the Federals passed the time in heaping insults on Clément Thomas, who sat as if stunned, his head drooping on his breast. An old captain, wearing the medal of July, turned his attention to Landes, and assured him with unction that he had assisted at every revolution for forty years, and that Philip's affair would soon be regulated in front of a dead wall.

It was a little after ten o'clock in the morning, and sunlight flooded the shabby room. A pigeon flew down from an opposite roof and strutted cooing to and fro along the window ledge outside, until a soldier tried to catch it by the legs and it flew away.

For an hour they sat there, a butt for the soldiers, who proudly proclaimed that they were a Belleville battalion. De Carette raised his eyebrows ironically at this, and nearly paid for it with his life, for a soldier fired at him point-blank. Then a quarrel arose

among the soldiers as to what should be done with the prisoners. The Central Committee was not, after all, it appeared, during this altercation, in the Château Rouge. Some wanted to push the prisoners into the garden, and get the thing over with. Others insisted upon their being led upstairs to wait for the Central Committee. At last, after a bitter wrangle, the three prisoners were seized and dragged upstairs to the first floor. There they were received by a captain of the 79th battalion, who invited them to enter, very courteously, and immediately slammed the door in the faces of their Belleville captors, to the latter's unfeigned astonishment.

General Thomas dropped into a seat, bewildered and exhausted, and apparently did not hear the kindly questions which the captain of the 79th addressed to him, but de Carette replied with equal courtesy and the two officers exchanged names. The captain of the 79th was one Mayer, a journalist. He told Landes that he had a son, a prisoner in Germany. He also said that General Lecomte had been taken prisoner, and was under guard in the next room.

"I have served on his staff," said de Carette, sadly. "Will they shoot him?"

"I trust they will shoot no one," said the Federal officer, earnestly; but de Carette smiled and walked to a window opening on the garden.

"That wall is too convenient," he said, with a dry laugh.

As he spoke, the door opened and an officer entered, guarded by two soldiers of the National

Guard. It was Captain Frank, of the 18th Chasseurs-à-pied *de marche*, who so valiantly defended General Lecomte when the crowd fell upon him. He bowed gaily to de Carette, but was led to a further room and locked in. And now other prisoners began to arrive: Monsieur de Pousarges of the 18th Foot Chasseurs, an officer of the 89th *de marche*, two captains of the 115th of the Line who had been abandoned by their men in the Gare du Nord, and a captain of the 84th in mufti, who had just returned from captivity in Germany, and had been arrested as he got out of the train that morning on the ridiculous charge of being a spy.

It was three o'clock in the afternoon, and still the mysterious Central Committee had not appeared. De Carette linked his arm in Philip's, and walked to the window for the hundredth time.

"Hallo," he said, glancing into the garden, "this looks ominous."

A file of National Guards were fixing their bayonets to the barrels of their rifles and forming along the garden path.

"Looks as if we were going to take another journey, does n't it?" he said.

Landes stared at the soldiers without replying.

"Courage," whispered de Carette.

"I could stand it, I think," said Philip, "to die decently, but I am afraid of the mob. If we are to be led through the streets again, I'd rather end now, down there in the garden. My God! I can't go through the mob again," he murmured, trembling from head to foot.

“Courage, my dear comrade,” said Alain. His voice was affectionately caressing.

“Gentlemen,” said Captain Mayer, “an escort is waiting to take you to the Central Committee. Word has been received that they expect you at the Buttes-Montmartre. Have the goodness to descend to the garden.”

De Carette passed his arm through Philip’s again and felt it shaking.

“I won’t shame you,” said Landes, as they went down the stairs, “only I can’t help feeling sick. This sort of thing is new to me,” he added, trying to laugh.

“You would never have known it if you had been less faithful to me, comrade,” said Alain.

When they entered the garden, they saw General Lecomte for the first time. He stood alone, heavily guarded. The prisoners all saluted him, even the Federal officers bowed to the brave old General, who punctiliously returned each salute, but the National Guard cursed him and the prisoners, and promised them the fate of General Brea and his aide-de-camp.

And now began the terrible journey through Montmartre. A heavy mist hung over the hill, hiding its summit, and through it the drums and bugles of the escort sounded dull and spiritless. Cries and groans surrounded them from the furious mob. Death! Death!” they screamed, and blows began to fall among the prisoners. An officer in front of Landes sank to the pavement with his skull split open. Another, a mere boy, was pinned to the

ground by a bayonet thrust in the back, and his cries were heartrending, until an old hag beat his brains out with her wooden shoe. The mob had tasted blood and raged howling for more. The officers defended their prisoners with the strength of despair, but another victim was added to the list before the cortege reached the sloping streets of the Buttes-Montmartre. Here herds of maddened women cursed them from the windows and shook brawny fists in their faces. In the midst of an infernal din, the escort halted before a small two-story house on the summit of the hill in the rue des Rosiers. The prisoners were pushed into the courtyard, and afterward into a room on the ground floor. The crowd attempted to follow, but the courtyard was small, and the mob numbered thousands. A shot was fired at the prisoners as they entered, but nobody was touched.

General Lecomte demanded to be led before the Committee. The Federal officers replied that the Committee had not yet arrived, but was expected every moment.

“Don’t be in such a hurry!” grinned a franc-tireur, with a hideous grimace. “There is plenty of time to die.”

“Sale cochon!” yelled a deserter from the Line, trying to reach Clément Thomas with his bayonet, “you gave me ninety days’ police cell;—I give you eternity!”

The officers defended their prisoners with unmistakable devotion, but they were few against many. Someone in a red shirt climbed on to the wall and ad-

dressed the mob. He begged them to nominate a court-martial or else to wait for the Central Committee. He told them that they were about to commit a cowardly crime, and disgrace the young Republic for which they were shouting so loudly. In vain.

"Tu parle d'or, mais il nous faut du sang," said a deserter of the Line, with a brutal laugh.

"Beware!" shouted the orator, "the soldiers of the Republic should have clean hands. This is butchers' work!"

"Et ta sœur! Est ce qu'elle est propre?" bellowed a butcher from La Villette. "You are right, my friend, this is butchers' work. Death to the bourgeoisie!" and he struck the man a blow with his fist which knocked him into the garden. That was the signal. Howling like wolves, the mob attacked the windows on the first floor, breaking in the sashes with their rifle butts, and thrusting their bayonets into the room. The prisoners stood crowded close together, with white faces, but not a man flinched. Alain de Carette supported Clément Thomas with one arm, and warded off blows with the other. General Lecomte stood quiet and stern, with folded arms, beside Landes, hardly deigning to avoid the bayonet thrusts which fell just short of his breast. Then by the garden gate the mob broke in with dreadful cries, and a shocking scene began. De Carette received at once a blow which sent him reeling to the floor, the mob fell upon Clément Thomas, and the dull sound of blows succeeded the clank of bayonets. At last they got him to the garden and pushed

him against the wall. Twelve rifle shots rang out, not in a volley, but one after another, and after the twelfth shot, as the old man still breathed, a corporal of the Belleville battalion stepped forward, and, shoving his revolver into the dying man's ear, scattered his brains over the grass. And now the mob, drunk with blood, returned and fell upon General Lecomte. Twenty times the other prisoners, with generous devotion, tore him away from the bloody hands that snatched at him. Landes fought desperately, but at last a blow in the chest felled him, and, unable to rise, he dragged himself from under the trampling feet, into a corner. There, leaning back, faint with pain, he saw General Lecomte seized and dragged into the garden, and heard how he was shot to pieces against the wall.

"Good-bye, Philip!" cried Alain de Carette, staggering to his feet; "they are coming back for us."

"I can't die yet," stammered Philip; "I won't die!" and he made a desperate effort to rise. Suddenly a furious crash of drums filled the street outside, and a stream of National Guards poured into the court filling the garden, forcing the peloton of execution into the street.

"Give us the prisoners!" yelled the crowd.

"Fix bayonets! Clear the yard!"

The scene was so hideous that Philip, who had struggled to the window and was looking out, felt he was losing his senses, but de Carette's hand tightened on his.

"We have a chance," he said. "These are troops from Sceaux."

Inch by inch the Sceaux battalion cleared the yard, and then the street immediately in front.

"You see the consequences," said the Colonel, shaking his revolver, and forcing his horse into the mob, "of trifling with me and my troops." He leaned over, seized a burly ruffian by the collar, and swinging him off his feet, deliberately broke his neck over the pommel of his saddle. The mob had already begun to sober a little, to realize what it had done, and to fear consequences. More than one brute, red-handed from his share of slaughter in the garden, had slunk away, and was skulking on the outskirts of the crowd, still held there by the fascination of his crime; but at this merciless exhibition of physical strength they hesitated no longer, and in half an hour the Sceaux battalion, drums and bugles sounding, prisoners in their midst, marched unmolested out of the rue des Rosiers, and shortly afterward entered the Château Rouge without striking a blow.

So began the famous 18th of March, 1871. The Central Committee had made its bow, the curtain was rising on a drama called the "Commune," with all Paris for a stage, and Monsieur Thiers as prompter.

CHAPTER V.

A COWARDLY FLIGHT.

WHEN the convoy of prisoners arrived in the rue Clignancourt, the bells of Montmartre were sounding five o'clock. A wet fog had settled over the city, the streets grew slippery with greasy mud. The prisoners marched into the courtyard, and an officer with note-book in hand walked along the line, taking names and addresses. When he came to Alain de Carette, he stopped in confusion.

"Good evening," said Alain, sarcastically; "shall I give you my name?"

"Good evening, Monsieur de Carette," said the other, in a low voice; "it is not necessary, thank you." He passed on to the next prisoner, who was Landes, hesitated, and turned back to Alain. "Is there anything I can do for Monsieur," he asked, looking at the ground.

"You are not in a position to confer favors," replied Alain, contemptuously.

"I am chef de bataillon," said the man, misunderstanding him.

"And my former valet," replied de Carette.

"I do not forget that you were very kind to me," said the man, doggedly; "I'll do what I can for

you, and for your friend." He took Philip's name and passed on along the line. Then the prisoners were conducted to the second floor of the Château Rouge. Almost immediately an officer entered, calling for Captain de Carette and "le nommé" Philip Landes. When they stepped forward, he led them down the stairs again and into a narrow passage, at the end of which a man sat behind a table writing. It was Jaclard, chef de bataillon of the National Guard.

"Are you the two prisoners?" he inquired, nervously.

They gave their names, and he nodded and began to question them awkwardly. Landes and de Carette answered with hope in their hearts again.

"Well, gentlemen," said Jaclard, fumbling in an embarrassed manner with his pens and paper, "you are at liberty to go. The Central Committee won't come to-night."

"Are we free?" stammered Philip.

"Yes."

"And the others?" demanded Alain.

"They will have to wait here to-night. The Central Committee will judge them to-morrow; I have no time to bother with them to-night," he snapped pettishly, and walked out, slamming the door. The two friends gazed at each other. Was this true? Were they free, or was it a trap to shoot them down as they entered the court? Philip and Alain thought of this at the same moment.

"I'll go first," said the latter.

"No, I will," insisted Philip, but de Carette pushed through the door before him and sprang into the

yard. It was silent and empty. "Come, Philip!" he whispered, and together they passed the gate and went into the street.

"If we're recognized now we're done for," muttered de Carette. My uniform will probably do the business for me, anyway; you *must* leave me now."

"I won't go," replied Philip, angrily.

"All right, we'll pull through together,—is that a cab?"

"It has no number; I'll ask," said Landes, and ran across the street while de Carette drew back into the shadow. The driver was not in sight. Philip looked about, and then quietly stepped into the driver's place and beckoned to Alain. "Jump inside, quick," he whispered, as the latter came up. Alain did so, and leaned back out of sight. Philip gathered up the reins, and the horse moved off at once. Unquestioned they passed a strong post of National Guards on the exterior Boulevard and turned into the city at a smart trot. On they rattled past more National Guards and a small park of cannon, through noisy streets filled with excited people, but nobody interfered with them, and at last they reached the Grand Boulevard in safety. That part of the city was perfectly tranquil. People sat smoking in front of all the cafés, precisely as if they knew nothing about the bloody tragedy of the rue des Rosiers. In front of Tortoni's, gay groups of ladies and gentlemen sipped their cordials, and street fakirs thronged the sidewalks and pressed their wares as usual. All the theatres were open and blazing with gas, vehicles crowded along the Boulevard des

Italiens, and the terraces of the Café de la Paix were packed.

"It seems incredible," said Philip, looking down at de Carette, who thrust his head out of the window and motioned him to stop; "it seems incredible! I don't believe the city knows anything about Montmartre."

"Evidently not," said Alain, cynically.

"Where shall I drive, Monsieur?" asked Landes, smiling.

"Drive to the War Ministry. I must report there at once." Landes drove on through the crowd of omnibuses and cabs. In a few minutes they drew up before the Ministry of War in the rue St. Dominique. They left the cab standing before the porte cochère of the War Ministry, and Philip followed de Carette into the court and up the stairs to the second landing. Here a sentinel halted them, took de Carette's name, and sent a servant away to find a staff-officer. Presently they were ushered into a long apartment where three officers sat with their heads together over a small table by a window. The three officers were old General Le Flô, Marshal MacMahon, and General Borel.

"Well," said General Le Flô, smiling pleasantly at Alain, "you look like one of my youngsters."

"I have served on your staff, mon Général," replied Alain, saluting. "At present I am with General Vinoy."

"Where is General Vinoy?" inquired Marshal MacMahon, who had only that day returned from captivity in Germany, and knew nothing of the

expedition to Montmartre. Before Alain could answer, General Borel spoke up sharply :

“ You have been on Montmartre ? ”

Alain told his story.

The three officers sat silent ; MacMahon tugged at his grey moustache and glanced at Borel, who gnawed his lip and tore bits of paper from the map before him. Alain and Philip saw that the War Ministry was hearing of the disaster for the first time, and yet he felt certain that the news had been received by M. Thiers.

“ Well,” demanded General Le Flô, “ what is your opinion ? Is it a riot or a revolution ? ”

“ Mon Général,” replied Alain, “ it is a riot in which blood has been shed. I was on your staff during the 22d of January in the Place de l’Hôtel de Ville. The two riots are much alike, only this one has not been checked——”

“ Who is this gentleman ? ” interrupted Borel, brusquely.

“ Monsieur Landes, mon Général. An American, and an eye-witness ;—and a brave and loyal friend who compromised himself for me, and who helped us to defend General Lecomte in the rue des Rosiers until defence was no longer possible.”

“ Monsieur belongs to a brave nation,” said MacMahon, looking kindly at Philip.

The door opened and two men entered. The three generals rose and saluted respectfully, but the smaller of the new-comers motioned them to be seated, and turning to his companion began speaking in a high, thin, querulous voice.

“Monsieur Calmon, send for that aide-de-camp from General Pointe de Gévigny, and tell Du Faure to come to-morrow morning.” Then sitting down in an arm-chair before the fireplace, he removed a pair of enormous glasses, polished them with his handkerchief, and replaced them on his nose.

Philip had seen more than one picture of that little white-headed gentleman, and he knew that he stood in the presence of Monsieur Adolphe Thiers.

“I have a tooth-ache,” said the Chief of the Executive Power in a high-pitched voice. “Why does n’t that aide-de-camp come?”

General Le Flô walked over and whispered some words in the President’s ear.

“Eh?” cried Thiers, peeping at de Carette over Le Flô’s shoulder. “Dear me! Let him tell his story again.”

“But surely,” said Marshal MacMahon, “this is not news to you? You must have sent somebody to Montmartre for information since eight o’clock this morning?”

“Nobody was sent. The cannon had been captured,” snapped the President, peering at Alain through his round glasses. “Tell your story, Captain.”

Alain related his experience again briefly, and paused.

“Have you anything more to say?” inquired Thiers.

“If the opinion of an artillery officer——” began Alain, modestly.

“Go on,” said Thiers, impatiently.

“There was one cause,” resumed Alain, dryly, “for the failure to remove the guns this morning after they were retaken. No horses were sent to remove them. There was one reason why this failure resulted in disaster. No food had been sent for the soldiers. The infantry were in position for hours without having breakfasted and without any prospect of breakfasting.”

“What kind of infantry is that?” growled MacMahon, “which mutinies for want of a single breakfast?”

“It is an infantry demoralized by mixing with civilians, *mon Général*.”

“Civilians!” broke in General Le Flô. “Canaille! Montmartre canaille! Belleville ragamuffins!”

Thiers glanced restlessly from face to face and made some inarticulate noises.

“*Mon Général!*” said Alain to Le Flô, “it is not for me to tell you the causes of our disaster. You know better than I that we officers have lost prestige with our troops through defeat. In the field they still obey us from habit and a sense of danger, but here in the city an officer no longer represents safety.”

“It is true,” said General Le Flô, “neither security nor authority belongs to a government which may cease to exist to-day or to-morrow. How can officers command troops in its name?”

Thiers looked angrily at the speaker.

“*Et puis,*” he said, turning brusquely to Alain.

“I fear I am intruding on your valuable time,” said de Carette, stiffly, irritated by the President’s manner.

"No, no, continue, mon enfant," said Le Flô.

Alain went on quietly,

"Those troops which surrounded Montmartre were really nothing but National Guards in Line uniform. Young and raw they fraternized readily with anyone who brought them food. The people gave them bread, wine, meat, tobacco. They let the gamins handle their rifles. When their officers interfered, they cursed them first and then assaulted them."

"The cavalry charged until cut to pieces, and the artillery galloped off with its guns to a place of safety," put in Thiers.

The three Generals exchanged glances at this proof that the President was well informed about the whole affair. General Le Flô replied :

"It is always the infantry that disbands first in a revolt, the cavalry next, the artillery last. An infantryman throws away his weapon and runs, but a trooper is less willing to abandon the horse that carries him, and which he considers his property. As for the artillery, it is composed of human units around a centre, a massive, formidable arm ; it disintegrates with difficulty.

"After all," said General Le Flô, "it appears that the only regiment which has revolted is the 88th infantry-*de-marche*, mostly new recruits from Belleville and Montmartre."

At that moment Calmon, chief of Thiers' private cabinet, entered with the aide-de-camp from General Pointe de Gévigny. Thiers nodded to them and then turned brusquely to de Carette.

“Neither General Lecomte nor General Clément Thomas has been shot. I have just seen Messieurs Langlois and Lockroy, and they swear that they will answer for the lives of both those Generals.”

“I affirm that they were shot this afternoon,” cried Alain, hotly.

“But,” insisted Thiers, who had evidently known the truth all the while, and only wished to gain time before acknowledging it, “but how do you know this?”

“I have already told you. I saw the Generals dragged out by the mob, and heard the shots that killed them.”

“Did you see them shot?”

“No.”

“Then it’s not proven,” said the President, turning abruptly away. “Where’s the aide-de-camp from General Pointe de Gévigny?”

De Carette flushed at this insult, but stepped back and gave place to the aide who now advanced and saluted.

“Where do you come from?” demanded the President.

“From Cherbourg, mon Président.”

“From whom?”

“From General Pointe de Gévigny and General Farre.”

“And your name?”

“Xavier Feuillant, Ordnance officer to General Farre.”

“And what does he want?”

“General Farre sends me to say,” said the aide,

much disconcerted by Thiers' manner, "that General Pointe de Gévigny commands at Cherbourg a corps of thirty-five thousand men, with all facilities for transportation to Paris within forty-eight hours. Their discipline and courage are unquestioned. The General offers you his support, and promises that within forty-eight hours not an insurgent will remain in Paris if you accept his offer."

Thiers flushed and muttered something about meddling busybodies, then, turning on the aide with a sneer, he cried: "General Pointe-de Gévigny is crazy! I thank him for his good intentions, which are of no use."

The aide looked as though he would like to sink through the floor; the officers present were thunder-struck.

"I shall form an army which will be quite sufficient for our needs," continued Thiers; "you can retire." Noticing de Carette, who still stood at attention, his uniform hanging in shreds upon him, the President added: "Go, Monsieur, change your uniform and return here at eight o'clock." Alain saluted, and, taking Philip's arm, went away.

They had walked some distance down the street before either spoke. Then Alain asked:

"What do you think of that?"

"I should not like to say what I think of it."

"H-m!" said the young soldier; "on the contrary, I should very much like to say what I think of it."

The mob had possessed themselves of Alain's watch, purse, and sabre. Philip's money and watch

had, by chance, not been taken. After the experience which they had shared together neither thought of separating. It wanted still five minutes to seven. If de Carette was due at the War Ministry in an hour, so, they each took for granted, was Landes also. Meanwhile, they were torn, and dirty, and starved, neither having washed or eaten since the early morning, and between them they could hardly have mustered one whole garment. They found a bath, sent a messenger to Alain's quarters and the studio in rue Notre Dame for fresh clothes, and met again in half an hour to dine hastily at the nearest restaurant. It would not do to keep M. Thiers waiting. They dared not linger over their meal, still less did either venture to speak about something that had been in his mind all day, tormenting him with keen anxiety and self-reproach. The discussion of Jeanne de Brassac's affairs and the probable consequences of their headlong forgetfulness in rushing away from the Hôtel Perret without leaving a soul to guard it, must be postponed until after the interview with Thiers, and they made such dispatch that the clocks were striking eight when they presented themselves again at the War Ministry.

The officer of the guard saluted.

"There is nobody here, Captain de Carette."

"Nobody here!"

"Not a soul."

"The President?—the Ministers?"

"The Ministers have left. M. Thiers has gone to Versailles."

"What the devil——"

“Precisely. I heard Monsieur Thiers say: ‘Paris has abandoned us, we will abandon Paris. Let her stew in her own juice.’”

“He said that?”

“I heard him, Captain.”

Alain seized the officer by the arm and drew him into the deserted hall. “This is Monsieur Landes, my friend and comrade. Tell us what you know,” he said; “it’s like a cursed nightmare.”

“This is all I know. I was inspecting the guard down here. M. Thiers sat with his Ministers above there in the long salon, pretending to hold a council. I did not see it myself, but those who did, say he would not listen to a word. He shut up MacMahon and the old Minister of War, and snubbed Borel and Appert, and yet he had nothing to propose himself. General Vinoy arrived with his staff. They left their horses at the gate surrounded by a squadron of light cavalry who had served as escorts. Every minute messengers arrived with fresh news of the disaster on Montmartre, and brought in witnesses of the murders of the Generals. Suddenly, there came cries from the direction of the Esplanade. It was a battalion of the National Guard marching to the Hôtel de Ville carrying a red flag, and shouting, ‘Vive la Commune!’ I was down here, I did n’t see him,—but they say Thiers squealed like a trapped rabbit, and ran out into the hall. From there I myself heard him give the order to evacuate Paris. Monsieur de Carette,” said the officer, bitterly, “with my handful of men I could have scattered that battalion, red flags and all.”

“Well,” said Alain, through his clenched teeth, “and what did the petit bonhomme do next?”

“He ran back for his hat and the next minute came tumbling down the stairs. ‘General Vinoy,’ he called out, ‘I will take your escort.’ He jumped into his coupé, and when he was seated he took out a blank book, like one who has forgotten a trifle, and scribbled something. It was an order to abandon Mont-Valérien.”

“Sainte Vierge!” groaned de Carette, “this is criminal.”

“Mont-Valérien, the one impregnable fortress between Paris and Versailles!” said Philip, under his breath.

“Then,” continued the lieutenant, passionately, “then he stuck his head out of the window and called the escort around him. ‘Gallop! Gallop!’ he cried to the officer in charge. ‘As long as we are on this side of the Pont de Sèvres we are in danger!’ and the squadron departed at full speed, leaving General Vinoy without an escort.”

De Carette turned crimson, and struck the table with his clenched fist.

“This is the man who proposed to reconstruct France. The same man who prepared the revolution of 1830, and when they were fighting in Paris, ran away to Enghien; the same man who prepared the revolution of 1848, and when the revolt flamed up stammered out: ‘The tide rises!’ and fled in disguise.”

Everything was in disorder, seals and papers were lying on the tables, books and precious documents

scattered loosely over the desks, the doors of cabinets swung wide open.

“How many men have you, Lieutenant?”

“Thirty.”

“Can you hold the gate?”

“To the last man.”

“Good! Close windows and bar shutters, let them be beaten in before you open. I will attend to these,” motioning toward the litter of books and papers. “Go now.”

The lieutenant saluted and withdrew. Alain dropped his head in his hands but only for a moment. Springing up, he carried, with Philip's help, all the books, papers, and seals to the cabinets, and closed and locked the doors. It was midnight before they finished. Then Alain called a Huissier and told him to put up two camp beds in the long salon.

Leaving Philip to sleep if he could, de Carette went down to the court below where the little handful of troops were stationed.

“When have your men eaten, Lieutenant?”

“Not in twenty-four hours. There were no orders, no money, and no provision.”

De Carette took some gold pieces from his pocket and handed them to a corporal. “Run over to the nearest restaurant and send food,” he said. “Keep a good watch and call me at the first alarm.”

“When he returned to the long salon, Landes was standing on the balcony. Alain went and stood beside him and they looked out together for a moment. The night was calm, not a gunshot echoed in the city.

“Philip,” said de Carette, “the Hôtel Perret is unguarded.”

“I know it.”

“When did you first remember that we had rushed away and left the de Brassac apartments to the mercy of all the thieves in Paris?”

“Just when we came out on the old Boulevard by the sheds. I was going to speak of it and ask what we should do,—when the people began to eye your uniform. After that it was no use.”

They listened awhile in the serene silence about them. Philip began again.

“This cursed somersault of Thiers makes infinitely worse a situation which I thought was as bad as it could be. There is no police now to search for her or to protect her if I found her, and as for me, I can only move with great caution for they are after me. That shot which knocked over my poor cabby told all I need to know. And now,” he added with a sigh of fatigue and discouragement, “now I lose your help. Of course there is only one thing possible for you, and that is to report to-morrow at the earliest moment at Versailles.”

“Yes. It appears that is the way I reward your devotion of to-day by deserting you to-morrow,” said de Carette, with a flush of mortification.

“You can’t help it,” answered Philip, and they shook hands cordially.

The first morning hour was nearly over when the two young men, after a long and anxious consultation, stretched themselves on their camp beds in the deserted salon, where they were soon lying, worn out and pale, in a deep slumber.

CHAPTER VI.

THE DRUMS OF THE 265TH.

AT seven o'clock of the same morning, Philip sprang upright on his cot. "They are knocking, Alain," he said, but de Carette was already at the door.

"Who is it?" he demanded.

"The officer of the guard."

Alain threw open the door and sitting down began to pull on his riding-boots while the lieutenant reported "all well."

"General d'Abzac came at six. He refused to believe me when I told him the government had fled"—a tall figure in the uniform of a chef d'escadron of artillery appeared in the doorway: "Hello, Alain, I just heard that the government has run away. It's not true of course, it's some blague!" Tardif de Moidrey of the artillery stationed at the Tuileries was in a rage. His deep angry voice boomed like a big bell through the empty rooms.

"It's true, mon ami," said Alain.

"What!" thundered de Moidrey. "Damn their white livers, they have left me and my four batteries in the Tuileries without any orders! I want my orders!"

“ Mon Commandant,” replied Alain, “ nobody is left at the War Ministry but myself and a guard. Go to the Governor of Paris.”

“ I have just come from there,” cried de Moidrey, “ there is n't a soul there. At least there 's an officer here.”

“ Mon Commandant, what can I do? ”

“ Have you got the seals of the Ministry? ”

“ Yes.”

“ Then write me an order and I can get out by the Porte Dauphine with my batteries. I call you to witness, Captain de Carette, that Thiers runs away in such haste that he forgets my brave little batteries! ” De Moidrey walked furiously about the room, shouting, “ Monstrous! Incredible! ” while Alain scribbled the order and affixed the seals of the Ministry.

Hardly had de Moidrey stalked wrathfully away with his order when others arrived with similar demands. General Bocher came and said : “ My brigade was under arms all night. I would not even let my men lie down. They sat with chassepot in hand on their cots, expecting every moment the order to move on Montmartre.”

Count Arthur de Vogüé of the Mobiles began speaking at the same time, but both were now silenced by a sound from the street, the measured tread of marching men. All crowded to the windows.

“ Is it the Federals? ” cried Bocher, drawing his revolver.

“ No, it 's the Line.”

Farron's division was swinging along toward the Porte Dauphine in perfect silence save for the metallic clink clank of the steel-shod horses and the rhythmic trample of the men. The 35th passed in splendid order, followed by the 42d, several regiments *de marche* and the Gendarmerie.

"Monsieur Thiers runs away when he has such troops as these at his command," sneered an officer. "Il me dégoûte à la fin, ce petit bonhomme."

When the last gendarme had ridden out of the rue St. Dominique, the officers turned to each other with gestures of despair. "There is but one thing for us to do," they said; "join the army now forming at Versailles."

One by one they shook hands with Alain and left.

"I'll take my brigade out without losing a man!" stormed Bocher, as he tramped down the stairs and slammed the wicket. The huissiers were coming up in a body as the officers descended. They wanted to know if they might go too.

"The Federals may come at any moment," said one of them, "and the guard below would only be massacred."

"You are right," said de Carette. "Go!" Alain and Philip were left standing alone in the deserted War Ministry.

"One thing more," said Alain, in a low voice; "that little post below must get out of the city. They'd better go now or it will be too late." He wrote the order and sealed it, then locking up the seals he took his cap and sabre and beckoned Philip to follow.

When they reached the courtyard the guard of the 110th presented arms.

"I will inspect your men," said de Carette to the lieutenant in charge, calling the others from the garden.

With their battered forage caps and faded red trousers, their bright faces and firm bearing, the little detachment stood silent and attentive, while de Carette passed them rapidly in inspection. Then he turned to the lieutenant. "Here is your order; go by the Porte Dauphine. March!"

The lieutenant hesitated and stammered:

"But we would like to see you safe first, mon Capitaine; is it not so, mes enfants?" The little troop swinging their battered caps woke up the courtyard and hallway with their cheering.

"Thank you, my children," said Alain, much moved; "I am safe; obey orders! March!"

The lieutenant straightened up. "March!" he repeated, and saluting, passed out into the street with his handful of men. Alain and Philip were left alone.

"Come up on the terrace of the garden," said de Carette; "we can talk there and watch the rue de Bourgogne at the same time; they will come from that direction;" and he led the way. The sun was shining in a cloudless sky. Birds chirped from every shrub; it was Sunday, a Sabbath stillness was in the air. Across the river a mellow bell tolled and the soft spring wind bore a murmur of distant chimes to their ears. They sat down on the parapet overlooking the rue de Bourgogne, and Alain produced two rolls and a bottle of milk.

"Perhaps our last meal together," said Landes, smiling.

"Who knows. Versailles is not far off," said de Carette. "Not far off," he repeated, sadly; "and yet I predict that if we have found it easy to leave Paris we shall not find it easy to return. It's a bad business—a bad business." Landes nodded.

"As for leaving you, can you imagine how I hate to do that? It seems like desertion, you know. If I could stay, Philip, my friend, I would."

"I know you would," answered Philip; "why speak of it? Do you think Thiers means to come back?"

"He means to, yes, and he will if he can. Oh, of course some time we shall retake the city, but what will happen first?"

"The Commune means the Reign of Terror," said Landes.

"That, and nothing else," said Alain. "What will these fishmonger captains do with their newly acquired power? What will that criminal Flourens, what will those creatures Assi and Delescluze—what will Raoul Rigault——"

A voice from the street broke in:

"Hey! you officer up there!"

"What do *you* want?" said de Carette, sharply, looking over the parapet. It was a man in the uniform of a National Guard, swaying backwards and forwards on the sidewalk, very drunk.

"What d' I want? I'll tell you, young cock-of-the-walk; I want you to und'stand that I am as good as you are, and thash what I want."

De Carette watched him closely. "There may be more of them," he whispered to Landes; "get your revolver ready."

"Wha' d' I want? Thash good. I 'm a goin' to tell you, my gold-trimmed canary bird. I 'm Yssel—Jean Marie Joseph Yssel—from Lorient, 'n thash a dam good place!"

"Excellent," replied Alain, and cocked his revolver.

"Dam sight better 'n Paris!"

"Dam sight," replied the urbane Captain.

"I 'm Yssel, Jean Marie Joseph Yssel, fourth comp'ny 266th battalion, corporal, an' know a dam sight more 'n my Colonel."

"You are very intelligent," replied Alain. The fellow whipped out a revolver and began firing in all directions, accompanying each shot with unearthly whoops.

"I 'm dam sight better 'n the Colonel, better 'n you, better 'n everybody," he yelled, as the racket of his fusilade died away, and he hurled his empty revolver across the street. Then with a vinous smile he sat down on the steps.

"You 're a hell of a Captain!" he observed to de Carette.

"Oh, I 'm not perfect."

"No, you 're an ass!"

Alain and Landes had to laugh, and the drunkard promptly joined in. Then he got up and tried the gate.

"We 're three pretty good fellows," he called up, with a wink, "ain't we?"

"We are, indeed," replied Landes, fervently, "especially you."

"Say—I like your friend," bawled the soldier to Alain; "he 's a good fellow, ain't he? Lemme in."

"Where are your friends?" asked Alain.

"Ain't got no fren's," bawled the drunkard, weeping and snuffling. "Ain't got nothin' nor nobody! Lemme in!" and he beat upon the gate at the foot of the steps.

"Where 's your battalion?"

"Ain't got no battalion."

"Yes, you have; where is it?"

"In h—l! In Belleville."

"They 're synonymous," whispered Alain to Philip.

"Are they coming this way?"

"Yes, guess so."

"When?"

"Lemme in, Captain," pleaded the corporal, knocking great dents in his rifle barrel against the gate.

"Not till you tell me when your battalion is coming."

"It 's coming soon—at ten o'clock 'n' all 's well 'n' I 'm drunk," sang the man.

"Who 's the Colonel?"

"Colonel 's a fool."

"Yes—but what 's his name?"

"I said fool. Op'n the gate. I want to be sociable."

"I mean his other name," persisted Alain, patiently.

"Wilton,—École des Beaux Arts."

"I know him," whispered Philip, excitedly. "He's an American student, an artist, great chum of Gustave Courbet.

"Ain't you goin' to lemme in?" pleaded the corporal, with a final bang on the gate which sent his rifle into smithereens.

"What did you say the Colonel's name was?"

"Wilton, a Yankee goddam plum pudding rosbiff—I can tell you all the officers of the 265th, too, if I want to. I know more 'n anybody, an' I 'm only a poor d—n corporal."

"What injustice!" exclaimed Alain; "and who are the gentlemen of the 265th?"

"Tribert, Colonel."

"Who?"

"Antoine Tribert—an ass."

Philip and Alain exchanged a slight glance; then Landes said: "Where is the battalion stationed?"

"In the rue des Rosiers; ain't you goin' to lemme in?"

"Where?"

"In the rue des Rosiers. Colonel's headquarters in the Impasse de la Mort." Philip felt Alain's hand on his arm, but they did not look at one another.

"Go on."

"Wha' d' you want to know? Lemme in that gate. Let 's be fraternal."

"Yes, all right. Does he sleep there?"

"How in hell d' I know?"

"Who are his officers?"

"Sarre."

“Who?”

“André Sarre, captain, Isidor Weser, lieutenant, aide-de-camp Pagot—here, I’m not tellin’ all I know, an’ I want to get in an’ fraternize——”

At that moment the roll of drums filled the rue de Bourgogne, and around the corner crept a dozen soldiers thrown out as skirmishers. They glided along close to the walls, rifles poised, heads bent forward, while louder and louder the drums rolled and nearer and nearer sounded the petulant bugle.

“The first guard from the Commune,” whispered Alain; “come.”

They crossed the terrace, ascended a few steps, and, taking a path through the shrubbery, entered a narrow alley which led into a courtyard. There they paused.

“Good-bye,” said Alain, as they grasped each other’s hands. “This gate leads into the rue d’Athis, from there I can reach the St. Lazare station and be in Versailles in about an hour. My address will be Vinoy’s staff. I have yours in the rue Notre Dame. Remember you promised to keep me informed if possible. Good-bye once more, Philip, my friend.”

And saying “Courage” to each other they parted, Alain passing through the gate into the rue d’Athis and Philip taking an alley which led to the Pont Neuf.

So they separated, with the sound of the Commune’s drums in their ears and black foreboding in their hearts.

CHAPTER VII.

THE IMPASSE DE LA MORT.

THE clock in the Luxembourg palace struck two as Landes turned from the rue de Seine into the rue St. Sulpice. To reach the rue Notre Dame he made for the Place St. Sulpice, intending to cut across diagonally to the rue d'Assas, but his progress was barred at the entrance of the Place by sentinels of the National Guard who warned him back with the sharp cry, "au large! au large!"

Along the line of sentinels a curious crowd had gathered. What they were watching Landes could not see, until he crossed the street. Here a jumble of cabs, trucks, and omnibuses were stuck fast, forbidden to proceed, unable to turn back. When he stepped upon the sidewalk and turned to get a full view of the square the matter was explained. Hundreds of soldiers of the National Guard were working like beavers along the four sides of the Place, and already a formidable barricade of paving stones had been erected. The Federals, rifles, coats, and cartridge-belts thrown aside, were attacking the granite blocks of the pavement with pick and crow. A bow-legged officer, with red reverses to his tunic and yards of gold lace on sleeve and képi,

straddled up and down the sidewalk where the men were working and where the shop windows reflected his own charms. He talked in a loud nasal voice and divided his attention between his reflection in the windows and a group of pretty shop-girls who were giggling on the curb.

“Mon Dieu! qu'il est beau!” tittered a saucy brunette, “such graceful legs!”

“His legs are Renaissance architecture—ladies, François Premier!” said a student with a T-square under one arm and a drawing-board under the other.

The girls giggled until everybody in the vicinity laughed too.

“Not Renaissance,—Moorish!” put in another student. “Look at him now as he stands—the rear view—a perfect Moorish arch! Those legs, ladies!—admire this fragment from the Alhambra, imported by the government at enormous expense for the instruction of the Paris public and——”

A soldier tried to seize him, but he dodged and mounted an omnibus, from the top of which Landes, hurrying away, heard him still explaining in a loud voice the priceless value of this human gem of Moorish architecture, amid shrieks of laughter from the bystanders.

“How can they laugh? How can they?” Philip thought, hastening, on toward the Luxembourg. “Nobody but a Parisian would make a jest of these sinister preparations.”

He reached the rue de Vaugirard and started to cross the Luxembourg gardens, but again sentinels

barred his way, and again the ominous cry, "au large! au large!" made him halt. A hasty glance across the dead line showed that the gardens were alive with Federal troops, mostly infantry of the National Guard.

Forced to make the long detour by the rue d'Assas, he hastened on, passing more Federals in the rue de Luxembourg, and a partly built barricade at the junction of the rue de Fleurus; and at last he passed through the rue Vavin and the rue Notre Dame to his own studio.

Joseph, his concierge, open critic and secret admirer, stood at the gate of the long ivy-covered alley which led to the studio. The sight of him did Philip good.

After the horrors of the Place Pigalle, the slaughter in the rue des Rosiers, after what seemed years of absence in a land of nightmares, this home-coming moved him deeply. He could have embraced Joseph in his blue blouse—but he merely said:

"Well, Joseph, here I am and glad to be here. It seems as if I had been away a long time."

"Three days, Monsieur Landes," replied Joseph, in sepulchral tones. There was accusation in his eyes and a pained expression about his mouth.

"Is all well?" inquired Philip, perfectly aware of what was coming.

Joseph raised an appealing hand to Heaven, then with eyes turned in the same direction he wailed aloud:

"Is all well? Monsieur asks me if all is well! Three days and nights has Monsieur absented him-

self, with Monsieur's gay friends, never leaving me, his concierge true and faithful, any sign or word. It is the same to Monsieur that I pass my nights in anxious watching, that I run hither and thither, fearing lest harm has befallen Monsieur; it is the same to him, that I, alarmed for his safety, fly to the morgue and to the police with cries of fright,—and my toe too lame to wear a sabot!—and my gout which protests!"

"I'm sorry, Joseph, but I could not help it. This was no escapade."

Joseph fixed his gaze on his mop which was lying near the gutter, and still refusing to notice Philip, addressed it in impassioned strains, gesticulating wildly:

"Monsieur has no regard for his Joseph, faithful and diligent. Monsieur deigns to send no word which might calm and comfort. No! Monsieur sends only a basket of dogs and cats—howling cats, which sit and make enormous eyes at one."

"Ah!" cried Philip, "did the trooper bring the cat and the puppy?"

Then at last Joseph addressed him directly.

"Monsieur Philip, the puppy is biting holes in everything within the studio, and the cat claws the bark from the almond tree and ruins the rose bushes. Yet for Monsieur's sake I have been kind to the animals."

"Of course you have, Joseph. You're a jewel."

He had passed down the ivy-covered alley, Joseph at his heels, crossed the little garden, and now he stood in the doorway of the rear building where the

studio was. An irregular quadrangle of house and garden walls enclosed the peaceful little court, roofs and gables of different heights rose around it against a fair spring sky. A mossy fountain was in the middle, bordered by almond trees and rose bushes. Philip looked kindly at the concierge, and repeated :

“ You are a jewel, Joseph.” The faithful one concealed his pleasure and rubbed his nose pensively.

“ Did Monsieur receive his clothes ? ”

“ Yes, thank you. Now, get my bath ready and I want something to eat—anything—I ’m going out again presently.”

“ To stay three days more ? ”

“ No—no. Has Monsieur Ellice been here ? ”

“ Five times, in anguish ! ”

“ Anyone else ? ”

“ A lady—Mademoiselle Faustine Courtois this morning. She will return again to-day : she said so.”

“ Is that all ? ”

“ A soldier came from the Luxembourg two days ago. He requested Monsieur to go at once to the Palace—— ”

“ A soldier ? ”

“ A dragoon. He said to tell Monsieur there was bad news from the Place Pigalle. I did n’t know what he meant,” added Joseph, tentatively, but Philip only answered :

“ Ah—well! My bath now,—and something to eat as soon as you can get it.” He turned into the hallway and fitted a key into the first door on the left.

When he entered his studio the setter puppy left

the hole in the panther skin which he had been patiently enlarging, and looked up with both ears cocked forward. Philip called him gently, and the little creature dashed enthusiastically into his arms. The cat also remembered him, and rising from the cushioned divan, opened her great emerald eyes, stretched, yawned, and began to purr. Lifting her, Philip sat down on the divan and gathered them both into his lap. Then in the pleasant stillness of the familiar and sheltered room, homeless Jeanne de Brassac came and took entire possession of his thoughts, and his brain went on working at the problem of her rescue, as it had not ceased to do since he stumbled into the apartment of the Hôtel Perret. In all the grim horrors of the rue des Rosiers, in the turmoil of the Place Pigalle, and the sinister silence of the deserted War Ministry, his thoughts for her had scarcely suffered interruption. Amid the infernal clamor of the Château Rouge—the sickening confusion, violence, and cruelty—the horror and dread of death, her face was always before him, and his distressed heartbeats spelled out her name. And now he sat with her pets in his arms and pondered the almost hopeless problem of her rescue.

The police had been driven from the city, the garrison at the Luxembourg had fled to Versailles, nobody was left to whom he could go for aid or even for advice. And he himself, a marked man, could easily involve her in worse danger still by a wrong move. Moreover, the thought of lying under a dead wall, with a handkerchief over his eyes, and twelve

bullets of the 265th battalion in his body, had small charms for him.

Well, it appeared that he must find Jeanne de Brassac alone, if at all. He could not think of a soul in all Paris to help him. Yes, there was one—Faustine Courtois, she might be useful, through her relations with Tribert. But how? that was far from clear. The only thing certain was that he could trust her. It never entered his mind to doubt Faustine,—and she had been seeking him already to-day. And she was coming back before evening,—he would wait till she came.

Joseph entered and said the bath was ready, and luncheon would be served in half an hour, so without more delay Landes tumbled his four-footed wards in a heap together on the divan and went into his bedroom.

When he came out again into the studio, fresh and hungry, a small table was laid and Joseph was already placing the omelet upon it. The Bordeaux was good, the linen was white, the pretty china and silver were bright. The cat and puppy invited themselves at once, and Philip did the honors with a bowl of milk. He finished soon. Joseph set his coffee beside the divan, he lighted a cigarette, and threw himself down there to wait for Faustine.

A glass extension was built out from the studio into the garden. The afternoon sun shone down the alley across the court, and a broad patch of sunlight fell through the glass on the floor of the studio. The cat sat blinking in the middle of it, occasionally twisting to polish her back with her pink tongue.

The puppy returned to the hole in the panther skin, but after a few mouthfuls settled down quietly and thought,—planning other and more important holes in more valuable property of the studio for future industry.

From where Landes was lying he could see the garden. He had noticed as he came in that the almond tree and lilac bushes were covered with buds, and had marked the tender amber-colored shoots from the thorn-covered branches of the roses. As he rested now idly among the cushions, the sunshine was warm and soothing, and a breeze blew through an open window in soft aromatic puffs. A shadow fell across the glass roof; there was a flirt and a flash of sun-tipped wings, and then a burst of liquid melody from the almond tree by the fountain. Landes sat up and listened; the cat also raised her head and her splendid eyes sparkled.

“The first blackbird,” said Landes, rising and going to the open door. There sat the vocalist ruffling his velvety black plumage, preening an unsatisfactory feather here and there with his bright yellow bill. The cat followed Landes and promptly began to stalk the bird, but Philip put a stop to that and sat down on the doorstep in the full glow of the sun pouring down the ivy-covered alley. The gravel walks and moist flower-beds smelled of spring, the little circular stone basin of the fountain reflected a faint green of awakening water vegetation, and two cynical goldfish, who lived among the rocks at the bottom, came out and floated near the surface, waving their fins.

Philip felt in his pocket and drew out the crumpled paper which he had surprised Georgias writing in the Place Pigalle. For the hundredth time he read the few lines :

“ Mon Cher Raoul : If you think that the Impasse is safe enough Tribert can hold the bird there until—— ” here the letter had been interrupted by his own sudden entrance. Until the drunken corporal came under the terrace of the War Ministry the word “ Impasse ” might have meant any of the countless alleys which lay hidden in older Paris, but now he knew it meant the “ Impasse de la Mort,” Tribert’s headquarters, a narrow unpaved cul-de-sac which branched at right angles from the Faubourg du Temple just above the Canal St. Martin. Possibly one Parisian in a thousand had ever heard of it. Landes knew it, because his little model, Sara Lalo, lived there. One day, when her drunken father had nearly killed her, Philip had gone thither to give him a bit of advice.

The rest of the letter was simple as far as it went ; the “ bird ” meant Jeanne de Brassac of course. As he looked down at the letter and thought of the child in that vile den, in the power of those criminals, an impulse to rush off and tear her out of their hands shook him. But of course that passed, and left him feeling more helpless than before. Could the model be of use ? How could he get word to her ? Days might be wasted in that attempt, and then, how did he know that he could trust her ? Thrown back once more upon Faustine Courtois, he began to watch impatiently for her coming. The afternoon

was passing, the lights growing longer and longer, —she must come soon. And sure enough in a few moments the gate opened without any ring,—trust Joseph for being on the watch,—steps came down the alley, and Faustine entered the garden.

With a gesture of welcome, Landes rose and motioned her into the studio, following, and closing the door.

The girl stood before him quiet and pale. He noted the strained expression of her eyes, the worn, almost sunken look of her cheeks and temples. They seemed to him so many signs of her participation in the violence of the past three days. He eyed the knot of red ribbon on her breast, and could not restrain his anger.

“Well,” he said curtly.

“Well, Monsieur Philip—so you are safe.”

“Never mind me,” he answered harshly. “I want to know what you are wearing that thing for. Are you proud of your murders, and your anarchy? Were you content with the cowardly foot-pad assassination of the old Count de Brassac? God! If I had known you were such a girl as that!”

“You are very hard,” she answered, with white lips. “We have been such good friends.”

“We never would have been if I had not thought you a kind, harmless girl.”

“Kind! Harmless!” she flashed out. “You begin to tire me, Monsieur. Who sings of kindness in these days?”

“Not you and your friends, it appears. The chorus of the Commune is ‘Murder and Ruin Ruin

and Murder.' I hope you like it. It's a nice song for a woman!"

"You shall not charge crimes on the Commune for which it is not to blame!"

"Who is to blame then?" She was silent. "Do you mean to tell me the Commune did not authorize the crimes on Montmartre?"

"The barricades, the struggle for liberty,—yes."

"The attack on the troops! Why did the mob attack the troops?" he demanded.

"Why did Thiers try to steal our cannon?"

"Why did the Commune slaughter the prisoners in the rue des Rosiers?"

"It did not! The Commune did not!" she cried passionately. "It wanted to prevent those murders. It has been betrayed by criminals who use its name to cloak their crimes!"

"And the Central Committee, for what is that a cloak? Where was it at the Château Rouge, in the rue des Rosiers? What is it? A shade? A pretence? A cloak, as you say,—but for the Commune's crimes!"

"Ah! mon ami, you are wrong. The Central Committee is composed of patriots. It has decreed the city elections. They will take place peacefully. Then the Committee will retire, and leave Paris to be governed by the men of her own choosing——"

"In the meanwhile throwing up a few barricades."

"Certainly; and arming the forts and enceintes," she said, coolly ignoring his sarcasm.

Landes watched her, dismayed. This child! It

seemed impossible that she could understand the horror of what she defended, the true meaning of her own prattle about forts and barricades.

“Faustine, do you mean to tell me that the Commune did not countenance the murders on Montmartre?”

“Yes.”

“But the Central Committee was there—if it was anywhere. Word was continually coming that it would sit here—convene there, and we were dragged about to find it.”

“You?” she interrupted, turning still whiter. He put her question aside with an impatient gesture.

“What then is the Central Committee? Is it an empty name for something else to hide behind?”

“No!” she cried indignantly.

“Then,” he broke out, angry at her evasion, “*it is the Commune!*”

“If you like,” she answered sullenly. He saw his mistake. It was the first time Faustine had ever spoken to him in that tone. All his hopes depended on the girl, and here he was on the verge of a quarrel with her. He took her hand, and said gently:

“My poor Faustine! Do you like to see your city running stark mad? Does one love liberty, and close the streets with bayonets? Does one inaugurate a Republic with murder and theft? That blood-colored thing you wear on your jacket, is it the symbol of the Commune? Then it is the symbol of ignorance, brutality, and cruelty. And you wear it!”

“Yes—I wear it.” There was a pause—and she added through her set teeth, “while there are rebels and traitors at Versailles.”

“Do you mean the legal government?”

“That is what they call themselves. Savage royalists and imperialists! They want to bring France under the yoke again. Do you think they can return? We will blow up the city first!” Her eyes flamed feverishly, her cheeks were crimson.

Deep pity replaced every other feeling as Landes watched this slender child, his playmate yesterday, shaken by passions too fierce for her strength. He drew her to a seat on the divan beside him.

“Listen, Faustine. We are, as you say, old friends and comrades. Until this cursed outbreak nothing ever threatened our good understanding. Is it so long since we shared the miseries of the siege together? I know you—you are upright and truthful by nature. You used to be incapable of a base action. Are you changed? I do not believe it, in spite of all you say.”

Her face had been softening while he spoke, and now tears filled her eyes.

“I want you to see where you are going, whose lead you are following. Loyal to your friends, how can you be unfaithful to your country?”

“I would die very gladly for my country,” she said, without affectation.

“I believe it, and yet living you give your aid to those who will disgrace and ruin her.” She remained silent, looking down, the tears dropping into her lap. “Tribert, Sarre, Georgias, you approve of them and their crimes?” She began to tremble.

“Oh! They are vile!—Monsieur Philip! I do not approve of them!”

“Yet they are officers in one of the Commune’s battalions.”

“They will be denounced all the same, when the time comes!”

“And until it comes they may rob and murder with impunity. Is that your idea of a good government, Faustine?” He spoke almost tenderly, as to a child. She thrilled at the change in his voice and manner, looked up quickly, met only the firm kindness of his eyes, and broke into hopeless weeping.

“It must be so,” she sobbed.

Landes, seeing her softened, took one of her hands in his, and began the story of the last three days. He did not spare her a single harrowing detail, and when he had finished she looked like death. The moment had come to enlist her aid, and he made his request. His account had included the murder of Count de Brassac, the events in the Place Pigalle, Georgias’ letter, and the revelations of the drunken corporal. She was the kind of girl to understand that he was bound to find Jeanne de Brassac, and he made his appeal quite simply.

“Help me to carry out my plan, Faustine. I don’t know which way to turn. You see I’m a marked man myself.”

Faustine’s eyes were dry. She drew her hand away from Philip’s friendly clasp, and sat up, looking him steadily in the face.

“I will help you to find Mademoiselle de Brassac, if I can. What shall I do?”

“Get me a uniform of the 265th and a pass, or the countersign.”

“I will get you the countersign, and two uniforms—you must not go alone. Take Monsieur Ellice with you.”

“The very thing! Jack would go! Will you do that?”

“Yes.”

“When?”

“Now.”

“You dear girl!” he cried, and slipped his arm about her waist. She jumped up, crimson with anger.

“How dare you!” She threw herself into a chair, sobbing bitterly again, her back turned to him, her head on her slender wrist.

“I meant nothing,” protested Philip.

“I know it. Nothing! Yet you think I should endure your caresses because I was a girl of the Quartier Latin.”

“Upon my honor I never thought anything of the kind,” he cried. “I only thought you were the most generous girl in the world—and the truest comrade. I never asked a kindness of you yet that you did not grant it, no matter at what inconvenience to yourself. There is no one alive that I would treat with more sincere respect than you, Faustine.”

“À la bonheur!” she laughed nervously, jumping up with another of her rapid changes. “Say no more about it. I shall go now and get you your two uniforms. Look for them within an hour. I shall find some means of getting them into Joseph’s hands unobserved.” She was moving away with a

cool business-like air, but when she reached the door she turned back and met Philip, who was hurrying to open it for her.

"Dieu vous garde," she said, looking up into his face, "and do not forget that sinful souls are purified by love."

"You are better than I," he stammered, much distressed.

"Am I?" she said bitterly, with another swift change. "But Mademoiselle de Brassac is good!" All that was visible of her cheek—which had grown very thin,—of her slender neck, burned crimson as she hurried through the open door and out across the garden. At the entrance to the alley Philip heard her exchange a few hasty words with some one—and the next moment Jack Ellice rushed into the studio.

"By Jove! There you are! Faustine says you've been on Montmartre. She says you want me."

"Yes, I want your help. But first I want the news—sit down and tell me the situation."

"The news is infernally bad—and the situation is damned disagreeable."

"Yes. I know that much. I want particulars—afterward I'll tell you the same story from my side."

"Well, first of all, your friend of the Café Cardinal, Raoul Rigault, is Préfet of Police and Procureur Général to the Commune."

"Good Lord!"

"That's what I said when I read their infernal order stuck up on a bulletin at the Mayor's office in the rue Bonaparte."

“Order of the Central Committee?”

“Of the Central Committee. That’s awkward for you, Philip.”

“You’ll say so when you hear what I have to tell you. But—that young Latin-Quarter student—he’s younger than you are.”

“No. He’s twenty-eight.”

“Well, he’s a failure in everything—in law—in medicine—and he’s just failed again at the Polytechnique. A nobody, without talent. How did he get the appointment?”

“I suppose by being the biggest blackguard of the lot. Anyway there he is, and a full-fledged demagogue already. Takes Marat openly for his model.”

“Does he dare, so soon?”

“I should think so. The whole Commune is mad over the First Revolution. Their orators praise Robespierre. You are not in 1871, you are in the year 79 of liberty, and next month will not be April, but Germinal. They have seized the ‘Official,’ and are running it to suit themselves. All the papers suppressed by Thiers have been revived. All the others have been shut up tight. And—this is what looks blackest of all,” said Ellice, dropping his voice—“to-day posters are on every wall in Paris decreeing the appointment of the Committee of Public Safety, and reviving the Law of Suspects.”

“The Reign of Terror!”

“That’s what we’re headed for unless something stops us. But it can’t go on, you know. The people *must* get scared by this last performance. Well, and

now about yourself. What do you want of me? How did you get up on Montmartre, and—how did you get down?" added Jack, with a laugh that tried to be like his old laughs. Then Landes began from their parting in front of the Café Ferdinand, and told the story of the past three days.

As an adviser Jack Ellice had not many original ideas, but as a confidant he was perfect. He listened with increasing excitement, and jumped eagerly at the expedition to the Impasse de la Mort.

"As for plans," ended Philip, "how can I make any? I've been over the whole ground by myself twenty times. Last night I went over it with de Carette, carefully. He has the clear head of a Frenchman. Nothing escapes him, and his conclusion was the same as my own. There is not a peg to hang a hope of assistance upon—there is nothing to indicate one line of action more than another. All must be left to chance. And the chances are against us. Every new development makes the confusion greater. It seemed bad enough when we thought we had the government and the police behind us. It seemed worse when we found that the bottom had dropped out of the government. And now you tell me the Committee of Public Safety is the government, and Raoul Rigault is the police! I am Jeanne de Brassac's only protector at this crisis—and I am a marked man to the criminals who have her in their power. And the same criminals are in the chief places of the city government. If I find her and am so fortunate as to get her out of Tribert's clutches, where shall I take her? She

ought to be on the road to Chartres within an hour. Failing that, she must hide, till she can get away. Hide where? I don't know a soul I dare ask to receive her. From something her father said I fancy they have n't many friends in Paris, and those they had will be scattered, no doubt—fled after the government and the army to Versailles."

"Perhaps she will know some one, though," said Jack. "Any woman, faithful and respectable and within reach, would be a god-send,—wait—would n't Joseph's wife do at a pinch."

"Joseph sent his family into the country to-day."

"The devil!"

"Well, there it is—suppose we do find Jeanne de Brassac to-night, for instance, in the Impasse de la Mort. Suppose we do effect her escape. We shall have to run for it, probably. Suppose we fail to reach the station,—it's coming from away over the other side of the river to the Gare Montparnasse."

"It is n't guarded," said Ellice.

"Anything may happen to head us off—suppose we fail then to reach the station?"

"We must n't fail to reach the station, that's all."

They sat and thought awhile. Then Jack said:

"I think it behooves you, on your own account, to communicate with the American Minister as soon as possible—you can't tell what nasty trick those fellows may play you."

"Yes, with the house-to-house search going on, and the guillotine working gaily in every square, and Raoul Rigault yearning to see my head in a basket of sawdust——"

“Oh, come! What’s the sense of being ghastly!”

“I feel ghastly. Your news has made me creep. I feel queer and strange as I used when I was a boy and saw a picture of an Incroyable. There was always, for me, something so grotesque and bizarre, so hideously fascinating in the Directoire costume;—it made me think of bloody heads on pikes.”

Jack burst out laughing.

“By Jove! you are rattled! Wake up! What do you see? Is that a photograph of General Grant on the piano? Is this a copy of the ‘New York Herald’ with advertisements of A. T. Stewart & Co.? Is n’t there almost a century between us and the Reign of Terror?”

There came a low knocking at the door.

“Listen,” whispered Landes, “what does that mean? There’s a bell outside. No one ever knocks.”

They waited, silent. The knocking came again, low and persistent.

“I can’t understand,” murmured Landes in Jack’s ear, “how Joseph could let in any one whom he did n’t know.”

For the third time the knocking began, low, distinct, imperative.

Landes walked to the door and flung it open. A little sallow man, all in black save for a crimson sash across his breast, stepped noiselessly into the room, without removing his hat. Two soldiers of the National Guard started to follow him in, but he motioned them out again, and closed the door softly behind him. Then in a colorless, husky voice he demanded to see the proprietor of the apartment.

"I am the locataire," said Landes, with a dull, oppressive weight in his heart. "What do you want, and who are you?"

"I am citizen Verlet, charged by the Chief of Police to arrest one Henri Marsy, suspect of the Commune. What is your name?"

"Philip Landes, artist."

"And this gentleman?" looking at Ellice.

"John D. Ellice, artist."

"Who is your neighbor in the studio opposite?"

"Moreau Gauthier, sculptor," said Landes. "Mr. Ellice does not live here. Kindly address yourself to me."

"I will address myself to whom I choose," replied the little man in passionless tones. "Who lives in the next studio beyond?"

"I don't know," said Landes, lying deliberately—for he did know that Henri Marsy lived there. So did Jack, and immediately had an inspiration.

"Well, good-bye, Philip," he said, shaking hands with Landes, and giving him a knowing squeeze. "I'll see you to-morrow then." He started for the door. The little man locked it and put the key in his pocket.

"What do you mean by that!" cried Landes, angrily.

"This gentleman must not leave for the present. I am going to search your apartment."

"No, you are not," broke in Philip.

"In the name of the Commune——"

"I don't care a damn in whose name!" cried Landes, trembling with wrath. "Get out of my

place!" He started toward the sallow man, but the delegate from the Commune was too quick for him. Unlocking the door, he beckoned the soldiers.

"Search is refused," he said impassively; "fire, if further resistance is offered."

"Try it, you crop-eared ragamuffins!" shouted Landes, white with fury. Snatching an American flag from the wall he flung it over the chandelier.

"Do you see that flag? Do you see me standing under it? That is my flag. This is United States ground. Outrage it or me if you dare!"

The delegate from the Commune turned a shade more sallow, and stared at the flag.

"The American Minister shall know about this to-morrow," said Ellice, gravely. "I must request your name again—what was it—Varlet? Oh, Verlet."

Citizen Verlet grew pale, and stepped back. He knew nothing about alien rights, and he meant to conceal his ignorance if he could. The soldiers eyed the flag stupidly, and fingered their rifles. After a moment Verlet took off his hat, and bowed to Landes.

"It is a mistake; formal search will not be necessary. No insult to your country was intended, and I hope the incident may be dropped."

Ellice saw his chance, and stalked furiously out of the open door, demanding a cab to take him to the United States Ministry.

"I hope your friend will not insist upon the unfortunate features of this mistake. I hope he will not go to his Excellency, the United States Minister," the delegate said, very humbly.

Philip began a long-winded discourse upon the inviolability of American citizens, international treaties, and alien rights, about which he knew no more than the man before him—but he kept him terrified, if not edified, nervously adjusting his red sash, the soldiers yawning in sympathy, until he heard Jack's step in the garden, and knew that Marsy had escaped. Ellice entered in a tearing rage—cursing the whole cab service of Paris, and vowing he would walk to the Ministry. Landes presented the delegate's apologies to him, and, after some difficulty, they were accepted, and it ended by the delegate and the two Americans exchanging profound salutations, and many compliments, until the former backed out, still bowing, and Landes closed the door behind him. Jack plunged head-foremost into the cushions of the divan and stopped his mouth with them—his heels kicking high and convulsively. Landes stood silent and troubled until he heard the door of Marsy's studio slam, and the soldiers' retreating footsteps across the gravel. Jack uncovered his head and looked out from the cushions.

“Oh, Lord! you and your United States ground!” Landes relaxed into a grin. “You and your American Minister!” he retorted.

“But I knew better and you did n't. Oh, by Jove! ‘This is my flag!’ says he.”

“Well, it worked, did n't it?”

“And Marsy's at the Gare Montparnasse by this time. And the sallow cad in the sash did n't know his government has the right of search in its own country everywhere except at the Foreign Ministries and Embassies—what a bluff!”

Joseph entered with a large parcel. Terror was written on every feature. He glanced in a grieved manner at the laughing faces and began to lament. The flight of Marsy would cause the house to be suspected, and they gathered from his somewhat incoherent remarks that, as father of a family, he objected to a sudden and violent death. Landes comforted him.

"You are all right, my friend. That delegate will not want to talk about this visit in a hurry. At first he will be afraid to tell how near he came to plunging two great nations into war—and when he knows what a fool he made of himself he won't want to tell that. Joseph, are you for the Commune?"

"Monsieur Landes," said Joseph, with a hurt expression, "I trust I am in my senses."

"Then you would n't betray me?"

Poor Joseph replied with a howl, more convincing than words. Philip, laughing, assured him he had only been joking, and dismissed him. Then they opened the parcel. Ellice looked at his watch—it was nearly six.

"Let's get into these things," he said.

The uniforms and képis fitted them as well as they usually fitted the men who wore them. They surveyed each other critically, cocked their caps at each other, brushed their epaulettes, and buckled their side-arms tightly. Landes went into his bedroom and shaved off his moustache. When he came out and found that Jack did not notice the change he bitterly lamented the sacrifice.

It was after six—Joseph served them a little supper—and while they were eating it they took

him into their confidence. When he fully understood the situation his admiration knew no bounds. He addressed Philip in terms of adoration, and then began that habit, which he kept up for months, of moving about Landes on tiptoe. Unable to stop it Landes had to bear it. Joseph would neither be silenced nor driven away.

“Tenez! Monsieur Philip, you have a noble heart——”

“For heaven’s sake, Joseph, go and drink yourself to death with this five-franc piece,” entreated Landes, but neither bribes nor threats had any effect.

“Charlemagne and Roland are not in it with you, old chap,” said Ellice, grinning at him under his képi.

“Don Quixote is,” said Philip, a little irritated, “Are you ready?”

“Yes, your worship, but I fear this will be a worse business than windmills.”

Landes looked at Jack’s laughing face with compunction.

“Look here,” he said, “I have no right to bring you into this. It is n’t your affair. You are risking your neck for me.”

“No, for fun. And besides, you are risking yours for Mademoiselle de Brassac; what’s the difference? Moreover, it is my affair,—any decent man’s affair, you know.”

Philip, divided between his urgent need of help and a sudden sense of responsibility for Jack’s neck, turned toward the door.

Joseph had called a cab; they entered it and told the driver to go to the Café Blanc-bec in the Faubourg du Temple. They had planned to dismiss the cab there and stroll leisurely up the street to the Impasse de la Mort.

The Boulevard St. Michel, the bridges, the quays, were alive with National Guards, strolling in groups or singly. Their uniforms fitted them rather worse, on the whole, than Jack's and Philip's did their wearers. "That's all right," said Ellice, "but I hope I sha'n't have to talk."

"Yes, your—er—accent—but there are all sorts of foreign adventurers in the Federal ranks. They'll take you for one."

"I hope so."

"Yes, otherwise when you say 'donny moy ung verre do——'"

"I can say it better than that," said Ellice, placidly.

Landes diverted the conversation. "What has become of Ynès Falaise, Jack?"

"Did n't I tell you? She has fallen in love with Archie Wilton."

"Why, that's the commander of the 266th."

"Yes. Ynès never cared for him until he began to swagger for the Commune. Like all French girls of her class she's a rank rebel—and now she adores Archie. Pity,—Wilton was a decent little chap when he was an art student."

They were looking at a brilliantly lighted shop window; crowds of people seemingly without a care in the world were passing and repassing.

"The Reign of Terror has not interfered much

with business as yet," Landes said,—“but wait.” They were drawing near their destination.

“What did you do with the paper on which Faustine wrote the countersign?”

“I have it.”

“Tear it up, we know the word—‘Viroflay.’”

“Yes—Viroflay.” Landes tore the paper into little bits and dropped them out of the window. The cab drew up before the Café Blanc-bec. Ellice paid, prudently declining a battle over the tip which the cabby offered him, and followed Landes on to the terrace. They ordered coffee and sat down as if they meant to spend the evening. There were not many people on the shabby terrace. A vilely scented souteneur, a poor girl or two, but not a single uniform, for which they thanked their stars. After a while the bulky proprietor came and surveyed his guests. When he saw the two National Guards he hailed them with enthusiasm.

“Good-evening, comrades. What battalion?”

“Two hundred and sixty-fifth,” answered Landes, pleasantly, but at the same time he gave Jack the sign to move on.

“Did you say the two hundred and sixty-fifth?” wheezed the host.

“Yes,—Colonel Tribert,” said Landes, rising slowly and moving away.

“Wait, comrade, will you please take a message to my son? You know him, perhaps,—Paul Martin, private in the third company.”

Landes had to stop and wait until the man waddled up.

“No, I don't know Paul Martin.”

“And your friend?” looking at Ellice. Jack shook his head.

“Now it would oblige me very much if you would inquire for my son in the third company, and give him a message for me. Ask him to get leave for an hour or two to-night. Tell him, Monsieur,” here he stuck his face into Landes’—“tell him at nine there will be a little supper—a few delicacies—some good wine, a duck—est ce-que je sais moi? Well, something better than camp fare at least. Will you ask him, Monsieur?”

Landes promised and started again to go, but old Martin seized him by the arm and poured out fat-voiced thanks mingled with cries of joy. “Come yourself, also, you and your comrade—mon Dieu!—you young fellows can get two hours' leave! Come and bring the ladies if you like—I don't care. Cré nom d'un nom il faut bien qu'on s'amuse!”

To get away from him Landes promised everything, and the fat reprobate let him go at last in a shower of “au revoirs!”

“Did you see his nose? The old sinner!” said Ellice, in disgust. As they crossed the dirty Canal St. Martin, Philip begged him to speak lower and keep an eye open for sentries.

“We've got our revolvers,” said Jack.

“Yes,” thought Landes, “but if we have to fire the game's up. There!—the Impasse de la Mort,” he said aloud; “now keep quiet and let me do the talking if we're challenged.”

“Lord! You're welcome,” said Jack.

They crossed the street and entered the mouth of a narrow alley lighted dimly by a single oil lamp at the farther end, but no challenge came from the darkness, and there was no sound except the echo of their own footsteps.

When they had gone about a third of the way down the alley a door was flung open in a house between them and the gate which they had just passed, a gleam of light shone out, and a babel of voices filled the narrow court. Then the door was slammed, the voices ceased, and the place was in darkness again. But the two friends had seen a soldier come out of the door and walk toward the entrance of the alley.

"It's the sentinel; he's been drinking in there, that's why we were not challenged," whispered Ellice.

"Wait a moment," said Landes, and he started toward the figure now standing in the mouth of the alley. He had almost reached the sentinel before the fellow heard him, and swinging about brought his rifle awkwardly to the charge.

"*Qui vive!*" he bellowed, ferociously.

"Friend of the Commune!"

"Advance three paces, friend of the Commune!"

Philip obeyed carelessly.

"Halt!"

"Philip stopped, cocked his *képi*, thrust his hands into his pockets, and said: "Come, come, comrade; not so much fuss! You leave your post to get a drink, and Thiers himself might have passed."

The sentinel, a thick-witted lout, was frightened,

and tried to hide it by angrily demanding the countersign.

“Viroflay! Viroflay! For all you know it might be Versailles! Really this indiscipline is disgusting.”

The sentinel dropped the butt of his musket to the ground and stared hard, trying to see Landes' face in the half darkness.

“What 's your battalion?” he asked, nervously.

“That 's none of your business.”

“You 're not very polite, comrade,” whined the fellow, who began to fear he had to do with an officer on his rounds in private's uniform.

“I 'm polite when I choose to be. Why did you leave your post?”

“Voyons, comrade—it was only a moment—just a step to the ‘Bec-de-Gaz’ there—and this is very dry work. You would n't report me?”

“What 's your battalion?”

“Why, the 265th!” said the man, surprised and suspicious again.

Philip saw his slip and caught himself up.

“Good! You 're not so drunk that you can't tell that!” he said.

“Drunk!” cried the sentinel, “when I only had a petit verre!”

“That will do. Your company?” demanded Philip, sternly.

“Third,” stammered the man, perplexed and frightened once more.

“Your name?”

“Paul Martin.”

Landes whistled softly. Then he burst into a hearty laugh and clapped the sentinel on the shoulder.

"I was joking," he said. "Don't take it amiss, comrade. I've got a message for you from your father."

"Farceur!" cried Martin, angrily, but much relieved. "You gave me a fine scare! How did I know but it was that martinet Cluseret?"

"D—n Cluseret!" swaggered Philip. "How long are you on duty?"

"Until midnight. The Captain soaked it to me for losing three buttons. What does my father want?"

"He wants you to get two hours' liberty. There's a duck, some good wine, and good company at the Café Blanc-bec, at nine o'clock."

"Fichtre! I can't go."

"Ask the Captain."

"Look here, my friend, I see you don't belong to the third company, or you would know that pig-headed Captain Pau. Do you think after he's stuck me with six hours' extra sentry he's going to give me two hours' liberty? What is your company anyway?"

Landes ignored the question.

"I'm sorry you can't come; Monsieur Martin invited me too."

"And to think that I must miss it,—I who live on—you know what they choke us with here!"

"Do I know!" groaned Philip.

"Duck, did you say?" The man banged his rifle viciously against the stones.

“Duck and green peas,” repeated Philip, carelessly.

“And old wine? The Beaune that he drinks himself no doubt.”

“He said ‘good wine’ and ‘tender duck.’”

“Don’t, comrade, my mouth is watering!”

“Diable! so is mine!” laughed Philip.

The sentinel cursed his luck so heartily that Landes laughed all the more. Then he said, pretending to have a sudden thought and coming close to Martin: “Listen, comrade, I believe we can arrange it, after all. Where is the sentinel in front of Colonel Tribert’s house?”

“He is n’t in front any more. He’s stationed in the hallway. Why?”

“Never mind, let me see,—Colonel Tribert’s house is—is——”

“The third from the end of the cul-de-sac,—on the right. Has n’t your company been on guard here?”

“No—not yet. Well, now suppose I should get you a substitute—would the Colonel find it out?”

“No—he does n’t know me—and besides, he’s gone away.”

“And your Captain?”

“He’s gone too—with the Colonel to the Hôtel de Ville.”

“Then if I get someone to take your place you could come for an hour to the *petit souper*—and not be missed.”

“Can you do that?”

“Well, one of my comrades has gone into the Impasse to see his girl. He’ll stand here for us,

I'll engage, if we bring him a half bottle and a wing of something!"

"Tiens! an idea! Ask him!"

Philip ran to where Ellice was concealed in a doorway, and told him in a few words of the chance that he had found. Jack whispered, "All right!" and they returned together to the sentry.

"My comrade, Victor, of the sixth—" whispered Landes to Martin, "give him your chassepot, and hurry."

"Are n't you coming too?"

"In ten minutes. I'm going to fetch a lady—your father said I might."

"Ah—c'est ça!" Martin's coarse voice broke into a chuckle. "Then I won't wait—and—I say, comrade—bring two."

"If I can," said Philip, hiding his disgust, "now hurry."

Martin slunk quickly out of the alley, muttering, "don't forget, Viroflay is the word," and disappeared in the direction of the Canal. As soon as he had vanished Landes turned to Ellice.

"Jack, Tribert has gone to the Hôtel de Ville. His house is the little one there at the end of the alley, the third on the right. There's a sentry in the hallway. I'm going to reconnoitre."

"I'll come too."

They walked rapidly toward the house.

"What a rat-trap," said Jack, eyeing the end of the Impasse, which was a dead wall.

"What's the use of saying so if it is," said Landes, nervously.

“There 's the house—and here 's the sentry!”

“*Qui vive!*” came the challenge, followed by a rattle of accoutrements in the doorway.

“Friends of the Commune!”

“Advance three paces, friends of the Commune! Halt!”

“Hst! Viroflay!” It 's all right,” said Landes, walking up to the doorway. “Paul Martin is in trouble again.”

“What 's he done now?” inquired the sentry, leaning carelessly on his rifle.

“You know how the Captain soaked him about the buttons?”

“Yes, six hours' extra sentry.”

“Well, he 's been found away from his post now. He just went into the ‘Bec-de-Gaz’ to drink, and along comes—comes——”

“Who?”

“You know,” whispered Landes, who was stuck fast.

“You don't mean Grissot?”

“Yes—Grissot himself.”

“Whew! Poor Paul! What did old Grissot do?”

“Come in and I 'll tell you,” and Landes walked into the house with a swagger and a cock of his képi that would have carried conviction in any Federal battalion. Ellice followed in the same fashion, and they entered a big bare office, lighted by a single candle.

“Wait!” cried the sentry, a beardless youth, with prominent eyes and retreating chin, “you can't go in there.”

"Oh, it 's all right," laughed Philip, "have you got anything to eat?"

"No, but there 's a bottle of cognac in that closet—if you 'll wait till ——"

"Can't wait."

"If the Colonel comes——"

"Oh, he won't come—let 's have a drink," said Landes, coming nearer with a glance at Ellice who was watching him. "Hello! What 's wrong with your rifle? Is that the way——"

"What? What?" said the sentry, looking down at it. Landes tripped him up and held his mouth closed while Ellice jerked the rifle out of his hands.

"Tear up that curtain, Jack—quick—the fool is trying to bite me." In a minute the astonished sentry had his mouth stuffed with a ball of cloth, a band about his face to keep it in and strong bandages around both ankles and both arms.

"Fine troops these Federals," laughed Landes; "we 'd better go on and capture the city. Quick, let 's get him into that closet."

"There he goes!"

"Good! Lock him in!"

Jack locked the door and put the key in his pocket. "Hark! What 's that?" he said as a door opened and a voice sounded on the floor above. They crept to the foot of the stairs and listened, then mounted silently.

"Keep out of sight," Landes motioned. They had reached the landing and Philip, who was first, could see into the room whose door stood open. He looked and drew back with a face that made

Jack's blood run cold. Putting his mouth close to Ellice's ear—Landes whispered, "Tribert is there."

The voice was plain enough now—and the words were perfectly audible to both listeners.

"What are you whining about?" growled Tribert, addressing someone in an inner room. "It's your own fault. I've told you what I would do, and it's more than anybody else would do for you." There was no reply. Landes saw him pick up a sword from a camp-stool and attach it to his clasp. Then he took a brace of revolvers from the mantle, thrust them into his belt, and turned again to the invisible occupant of the next room.

"No more whining, I say. If you want to go home to Tours, I tell you I'll send you there safely, but only on that condition. As for this scarlet and black dandy in spurs, he's going to stay here."

"Then I shall stay too," came the answer in a clear sweet voice, ringing with defiance.

Tribert made an ominous gesture.

"Be careful, you two! I'm going now to the Hôtel de Ville. If you want to get safely to Tours, Madame, you will persuade your fellow aristocrat to hear reason. If he does not make up his mind to accept my proposition before I leave this room it will be bad for both of you. Yes, *both*—do you hear me, Captain de Carette?"

Philip's heart leaped into his throat. He reached back and clutched Jack, who nodded that he had heard.

There was a slight pause, then Alain's voice, cool and contemptuous:

"I was not paying attention. What did you say?"

"I said," roared Tribert, "that you had better decide now. The Commune has voted the Law of Suspects. If Raoul Rigault catches you it means a file of men—and a dead wall for you. I, on the other hand, offer you command of a battalion."

"Oh! a—battalion?"

"Of Turcos."

"Turcos?"

"I said so."

"Ah! Turcos from Belleville?"

"How reckless," thought Landes, "to prod a wild beast when you are in his den!" The sullen roar began to sound again in Tribert's voice—but he restrained himself. The hope of securing a regular officer and an aristocrat for the Commune's army was worth some self-restraint.

"Well, and what have you against Turcos from Belleville, Monsieur the Aristocrat? The battalion is formed—we'll see which will fight the best, when it is face to face with your yellow monkeys from Algiers. Will you command it or no?"

"Do you mean will I turn traitor to save myself?"

"Answer me!" snarled Tribert.

"I must trouble you to loosen this rope a little first; it's too tight. Torture is n't included, as yet, in the procedure of the Commune, is it?"

"He'll give it an extra twist for that," thought Landes; "why will Alain be so foolish?" and he remembered how he had flung a haughty affront in the face of the ex-valet on Montmartre. "He won't get off this time," Landes thought, with a sinking

heart. But Tribert, after a second's hesitation, tramped into the next room, and his voice was heard saying :

"Which rope? Oh, this?"

"Not that way,—you tighten it!"

A pause.

"You find that painful?" growled Tribert.

"Very," answered Alain, drily.

"Well, you know how to escape these little annoyances. Listen to me, once for all; if the Versailles troops see Turcos on our side, commanded by a regular officer, they will desert to us. That is why we want you! This is your chance. Under the Commune, promotion;—you can become what you will. If you refuse, we shall sweep Thiers and his traitors into the Seine all the same, and you——"

"Tribert," said de Carette, with insulting omission of the Colonel, "if I live to catch you outside of this place I will have you shot for attempting to corrupt the Line." There was a short silence, then a blow and a fall.

"Shame!" cried a faint voice, the voice of a woman; "shame on you!"

"Now for it!" panted Landes, drawing his revolver; "now, Jack!" and they stole into the outer room.

"Here he comes," whispered Ellice.

Tribert appeared in the inner doorway, saw them, opened his mouth to shout, tried to sieze his revolver, and fell to the floor with a queer choking gasp. Landes had struck him full in the face with the butt of his pistol. Before he had time to fall,

Philip struck him again, savagely, full on the temple. Then he measured his length on the floor.

“Go in, Jack, I dare n’t leave this beast yet.”

Jack sprang into the second room, while Landes seized Tribert by the legs and dragged him into a small room at the head of the stairs. By the dim light from the hall he unwound Tribert’s sash, twisted it into a rope and bound him hand and foot as tightly as he could draw the knots. Then he took a small towel from the washstand, rolled it into a ball, stuffed it into the unconscious man’s mouth, tied it on with strips torn from another towel, and opened a window to let in fresh air. “I ought to let him smother,” he said to himself, as he slipped out, locked the door, pocketed the key, and hurried back to find the prisoners. As he stepped into the outer room a tattered and bloody object seized and hugged him.

“De Carette! You here!” was all Landes could trust his voice to say. Keeping hold of Alain, who seemed almost to lean on him, Landes turned to the inner room. There stood Ellice bending over a young lady who sat on a lounge, trembling but holding up her head and gazing resolutely into his face.

Landes stepped to her side.

“Mademoiselle de Brassac,” he said, “don’t distrust us because of our uniforms. We have come to get you away from here.”

The young lady transferred her timid but unflinching gaze to Philip’s face. She seemed bewildered. De Carette drew him away, saying, with a queer laugh:

“That is not Mademoiselle de Brassac. She is locked in another room. I’ll show you. Come.”

“For God’s sake, hurry!” cried Landes. Alain tried to follow, but stumbled and leaned on his friend.

“That rope was tight,” he muttered. Philip supported him while he led the way up two steps, down a short narrow entry, to a closed door.

“We shall have to break it in,” he said, and gathered what remained of his strength for one more effort. Together they threw themselves, full weight, against the door; it gave way, crashing and splintering, and sent them head foremost into the room.

Shocked at having entered in such a manner, Landes drew himself up and stood stiffly near the shattered door. There was an unshaded lamp on a table. Beside it stood a young girl, motionless. Her beautiful eyes, dilated with fear and courage, looked black in the half light, her white face was calm, one delicate hand rested easily on the table.

There was no mistake this time. Philip would have known her among a million. Jeanne de Brassac had grown to be a woman. Her fair hair gathered back from the full temples, her sweet eyes, the curve of her lips, and above all that soft little hand resting quietly, just as it rested on her mother’s arm so long ago.

“What do you wish, Messieurs?” she said, as if their appearance had been quite regular.

“I—I am Philip Landes,” he stammered.

“Philip Landes!” she cried, and her startled eyes looked into his.

De Carette had somehow regained his feet. His clothes were torn and bloody, his face was ghastly pale, his voice scarcely audible ; but he came forward and made her a bow with perfect grace.

“ My name is Alain de Carette, Captain of Artillery in the regular army, taken this morning at the St. Lazare Station by the Federals, and a fellow prisoner with you in this house all day— ” he hesitated —“ there is a lady too ”—then went on hurriedly —“ and this, Mademoiselle de Brassac, is Philip Landes, your brother’s friend, who risks his life to save yours.”

With an exquisite gesture Jeanne de Brassac held out her hand to Landes. “ That is what my father said you would do, Monsieur—— ”

“ We must hurry,” said de Carette in the ghost of a voice, “ if we are to get away from here,” and led the way back to the room where Ellice stood, seemingly oblivious of surroundings, in delighted attendance on the bewildered and haughty young lady, who, when she saw another woman ungratefully said, “ God be praised ! ” and went to meet Jeanne without giving Jack a glance.

“ Madam—Mademoiselle de St. Brieuc,” said de Carette, “ this is Mademoiselle de Brassac. We have not one moment to lose. Will you come, ladies? Philip, will you lead ? ”

“ You can’t go out that way. Your uniform—— ”

“ I ’m not going with you. I shall wait till you get clear.”

“ You think we would go and leave you ? There—take my overcoat, and Tribert’s cap is on the landing outside.”

“That is a private’s overcoat—take this.” Jeanne de Brassac caught a Federal officer’s overcoat from a peg on the wall.

Ellice helped Alain on with it; Landes brought Tribert’s cap. “Now you are perfect. Will you lead the way? We may meet a sentry after all.”

The ladies had caught up their wraps and concealed their faces in them.

Not a soul was stirring in the Impasse de la Mort as they emerged from Tribert’s headquarters.

Silently they moved toward the entrance. The sentry had not returned and his absence had not been discovered. They were cautiously stepping out into the Faubourg du Temple when they met Martin face to face. He was accompanied by a file of soldiers, but he was too drunk to care, and chanted in a low sentimental voice:

“Oh, take me to my love!
Oh, take me to my love!
Oh (hic!), take me to my (hic!)—”

“The game’s up!” muttered Ellice, “here’s Martin.” At the same moment Martin discovered Landes and yelled with delight.

“Fine dinner, good wine, mon vieux!” he shouted, “never had better. Ladies, you are too late!”

“Silence!” commanded de Carette, sternly; then with a haughty gesture to the officer in charge, “Halt! Lieutenant, what do you mean by permitting a drunken soldier to insult an officer accompanied by ladies?”

The moment was critical. The lieutenant had barred the way and was motioning his men to close

in, but this attack frightened him. He saw the four gold bands on de Carette's cap, and although in that dim light it was impossible to distinguish features, yet Alain's bearing of superior officer was not to be mistaken, and the cold authority of his tone made the young lieutenant shiver. He stuttered and stammered and saluted obsequiously, but froze stiff when Landes, seeing the impression already made, quietly stepped to Alain's side, saluted with much deference, and said something in a voice too low to be heard, excepting the word "Cluseret," which he caused to reach the lieutenant's startled ears. Alain nodded curtly to Philip and turned again to the Federal officer.

"Report to your captain and consider yourself under arrest! Sergeant, take that drunkard to the guard-house. Thirty days' police cell. Set two sentries at the gate and allow no one to leave the Impasse until you have my orders. Why is there no sentry in front of Colonel Tribert's headquarters? Set two there at once and let no one enter or leave the house until you have the order from General Cluseret. By heaven! I'll bring this battalion under discipline or I'll disband it. March!"

Like a flock of sheep the detachment crowded into the Impasse and the little party of fugitives hurried away toward the Canal St. Martin.

Landes and Mademoiselle de Brassac walked first; Ellice came next with the silent, frightened stranger on his arm; de Carette brought up the rear. The street was not well lighted but there were many people passing, and now and then some, keener-sighted and

more curious than the rest, would stop and stare back at them; sometimes these would speak to others who also turned and stared.

When this had happened several times Alain joined Philip. "We are attracting attention, our party is too large," he whispered.

"Yes, I see. I'm afraid we must separate."

"Where are you going?" asked de Carette.

"Why, as we decided last night at the War Ministry, to the Montparnasse Station. Mademoiselle de Brassac must be on her way to Chartres within an hour, if possible."

"I'm afraid it is n't possible."

"But the Montparnasse Station is not guarded. Ellice says so."

"It was not guarded at noon, but who knows what may have been done by this time? I would not dare venture if I were you."

"What in the world can we do then? Where can she go?"

"It seems to me this is n't the time to choose, if there were any choice, but there is n't," began Alain.

Ellice interrupted, pressing forward with Mademoiselle de St. Briec: "Philip, do you see how the people are staring? We've got to separate, and the sooner the better!"

"Captain de Carette thinks the Gare Montparnasse may be guarded by this time," said Landes.

"Then give that up," urged Ellice. "You take a cab with Mademoiselle de Brassac; we'll walk on a little and take another, we three, then, all make for my studio, by different routes."

“Why not for mine?”

“Mine is nearer, and safer, because it is mine. Rigault and Company don’t know me as well as they do you.”

“Monsieur’s advice is excellent,” said de Carette, in a faint voice. “Will you call a cab, Philip?”

“Alain, dear old fellow, you are suffering?” whispered Philip, while Jack hurried off in the direction of a cab-stand. Alain leaned against his friend without answering. Mademoiselle de Brassac gently begged to know if he was badly hurt; the other lady trembled violently but did not speak.

A cab stopped beside them. Jack sprang out and waited for Philip, but he turned to de Carette. “We will follow you immediately, Alain.” De Carette drew himself up with an effort, bowed, and motioned Mademoiselle de St. Briec to enter. She glanced at him, hesitated, and obeyed. He followed her inside and then quietly fainted away. Ellice sprang after him, Landes gave the driver hasty directions, and came and leaned in at the window.

“Is he very ill? Why, he’s all over fresh blood. He’s been shot in the body somewhere!” Then Mademoiselle de St. Briec seemed to throw off her stupor, and turning to Ellice said: “he was shot in the shoulder this morning at the Gare St. Lazare where they killed my uncle. I know a little about surgery. If you can take him to a safe place I can help care for him!”

“Good!” said Ellice; “Philip, tell the man to drive on. Join us as soon as possible, at my place.”

The cab rolled away. Landes and Mademoiselle

de Brassac were left standing alone in the Faubourg du Temple. He glanced down at her quiet face and offered his arm. She took it with simple confidence, and they walked away together. Turning at the first corner they entered a dark side street, going slowly at first, but hurrying as soon as they dared. Her step was light and firm, her hand rested on his arm like a feather, and she breathed easily in spite of their rapid pace.

“Are you tired?—and frightened?” he asked, as they approached a lighted Boulevard.

“No. Are we in any danger now?”

“I think not. I think the worst is over. We will take a cab just beyond that lamp, and——” His tongue clove to the roof of his mouth.

Raoul Rigault was walking at his elbow.

He saw the small eyes blinking through the glasses, the coarse red lips, moist and venomous under the beard, and with all his strength he struck him. Once, twice, he felt the impact of his clenched fist on that hideous face, then he heard cries and shouts, the noise of feet, and clamour of voices; his hand was seized and he found himself running, drawn along by Jeanne de Brassac, who sped lightly at his side, her fingers tightly clasped in his. Behind was the noise of pursuit.

“Turn here!” he breathed, and they swung into a long dark alley, traversed it, and entered another. “Turn here!” he repeated, and they were in a narrow, squalid street, where they had to stop running and pick their way through mire. The shouts behind them seemed drawing nearer. They reached

a broader street, fairly well lighted and cleaner, but almost deserted, and dashed recklessly through it. Into a dark street again,—he did not know where, he was lost for the moment,—dark, narrow, and interminable, he could hear his heart beating and her skirts flapping in the March wind, as she ran beside him, her hand close clasped in his.

“Are you tired?” he faltered.

“No! no!” she panted, and she increased her pace. They came to an open square.

“We must walk now,” said Landes.

They listened; the pursuit seemed falling off.

“They must have gone another way. Oh, for a cab while there is time!” he groaned, freeing his eyes from the sweat that rolled into them from his hair, and peering across the square. “There! I think I saw one!” and he crossed over, forcing himself and Jeanne to walk slowly.

“*Au large! Au large! on ne passe pas!*” came from the street they were approaching, and the Commune’s pickets took it up along the square.

“A barricade! Come!” and he bore due west once more.

To reach Ellice’s studio, in the rue de Sfax, it was necessary to go north. Again and again when they tried to cross in that direction they were stopped by the warning challenge and the rattle of bayonets.

“The city is cut in two! I don’t know how to reach the rue de Sfax from here; the barricades block us, and we dare not go back to the Boulevards.”

“What can we do then?” she asked, with just the

slightest break in her voice. He stopped, full of pity.

“But please don't think I am complaining!” she said quickly. “I am not afraid, I trust you implicitly, and I am not tired either.”

In miserable helplessness he gazed about him. There was but one route open. Toward the north barricades closed every outlet, but the west was clear as far as he could see.

“I think we could reach my studio,”—he hesitated, —“but—if——”

“I will be very grateful to you, Monsieur,” said Mademoiselle de Brassac.

“Then we must look for a cab on the quay,” and giving her his arm once more, he cautiously approached the river. “If Raoul Rigault's spies have found out where I live,” he thought, “the quays will be watched. That may be the reason why the pursuit fell off.” With his heart in his mouth, therefore, he made his way to a long line of cabs, selected one and hailed the driver.

“Can you get us through the barricades to the rue de Sfax?”

The cabby shook his head. “Not for all your money, Monsieur,” he grinned.

“Very well. Then 70 rue Notre Dame. Drive fast!”

CHAPTER VIII.

HEMMED IN.

IT was midnight when the cab drew up before the ivy-covered alley which leads past the porter's lodge to the white-walled garden and Landes' studio. Joseph answered the gate bell, stared an instant, and, quickly comprehending, received them with devotion.

"We were separated from Mr. Ellice and the rest, and the barricades cut us off from Mr. Ellice's studio—so we had to come here," said Landes.

"Bon! Monsieur Philip," replied Joseph, and followed reverentially as the young man led his guest between the ivy-hung walls, into the glimmering garden, and across to the studio door.

"It is very dark," said Landes, entering first and drawing the shade from the glass roof to the extension, to let in a bit of palely lighted midnight sky. "Please stand still a moment—now give me your hand." And he guided her to a chair.

The concierge lighted a lamp, set a match to the fire, and departed, saying to Philip as he passed him that he would bring hot water for tea.

"Thank you, Joseph," said Philip, in a low voice, and the faithful one withdrew on tiptoe.

The lamp-light filled one side of the studio with

a warm glow, leaving the other side full of shadow. In the fireplace little blue flames and thin spirals of smoke were curling up. Jeanne de Brassac leaned back in her chair with closed eyes and white face. Philip stood and looked at her. As he realized the unsuitableness of her surroundings, the color flashed to the roots of his hair. But there was no time for reflection; Joseph came in again, bringing a tea-kettle and an alcohol lamp, and the duties of a host became imperative.

While the tea was being made and drunk, Joseph, stopping now and then to exchange a murmured word with Landes, was passing quickly and quietly up and down a quaint staircase with a carved wooden balustrade, which led from the lower end of the studio up to a small landing and a door. Presently his journeyings ceased, and with a bow full of fatherly kindness and profound respect to the young lady, he said, "Good-night, Monsieur Philip," and disappeared. Then Landes turned timidly to his guest.

"Mademoiselle, I regret exceedingly that it was impossible for us to join the others at Mr. Ellice's studio—but at least you are safe here—for a day or two, until we can find an opportunity for your escape to Chartres. There is a room at the head of that staircase which I beg to place at your disposal. I shall be below here, in the room yonder, or else in this room. You can rest peacefully, for Joseph and I will keep watch. I cannot express," he added in a voice of deep feeling, "my sense of the unfitness of this place, and my regret that it is all I have to offer you."

Mademoiselle de Brassac rose and held out her hand. The lamp-light shone full in her violet eyes as she raised them to Philip; here face was white with the pallor of physical and mental exhaustion, and she drooped a little as she stood. Her bearing combined the exquisite docility of a convent-bred girl with the dignity of a very young lady. "It seems to me, Monsieur," she said, "that it is I who shall never be able to express my gratitude. May I go to my room now?"

Landes took up a lighted candle and asked diffidently if he might show her the way. She thanked him and followed up the stair. He could feel her lean wearily on the balustrade, and hear her little tired feet drag. He paused on the landing for her to join him, and then opening the door stood aside for her to enter. A glow and crackle of wood fire from the hearth came out, and the setter puppy rushed frantically forward, seizing her dress. Jeanne uttered a cry and stooped toward him: the large yellow cat rose on the bed opposite, stretched, and blinked. "Oh, Tcherka! Tcherka!" cried the girl, stepping swiftly forward, and took the cat in her arms. Then she sank down sobbing beside the bed, Landes set the light on a table and went away, closing the door softly.

The long strain had told. At the sight of those helpless creatures the last remnant of her courage broke down; she lay with her face buried in Tcherka's soft fur, and gave way to bitter grief for her dead father.

Landes, standing in the studio below, listened to

her desolate weeping as long as he could bear it, then with his own eyes full of tears, he caught up his hat and went to find the concierge.

Joseph was fussing about the gate with a lantern. A late half-moon had risen just above the house-tops.

“Joseph!” said Landes, irritably, stamping along the walk. “What the devil are you doing? Go to bed!” The faithful one circled respectfully around Landes and touched his cap.

“You walk like an eagle in the Jardin des Plantes!” said Landes, with a nervous laugh; “stop it and tell me what you are doing here at one o’clock in the morning!”

“Monsieur Philip, I was fixing a padlock on the gate. The street below near the rue Vavin is full of soldiers. Hark! do you hear the sound of the picks?”

An icy chill ran down Landes’ spinal column. “What are they doing with picks?”

“Making a barricade; a fine one, you can see them from the middle of the street. They are down by the convent, just around the curve. Listen!” Through the silence came the sharp clink! clink! of steel pick-axes striking granite; and while he listened to that, another sound began and increased—the distant noise of an approaching throng. Nearer it came and nearer, and now he could distinguish the measured cadence of marching feet, the short, sharp clank of trailing scabbards, and the rumble of artillery.

“Put out that light! They are coming up this

street!" Joseph obeyed in silence. Nearer and nearer came the clanking, jangling cannon, the trample of horses, the jingle of bit and spur, until the echoes awoke among the opposite houses, and the whole air vibrated with the clash of steel.

A shadowy figure rode straight up the street, horse and rider pale in the moonlight; another rider followed, then two more, then three, then a dozen, and still they came, shrouded in heavy cloaks, their long sabres hanging straight down behind their spurred boots, clouds of frosty steam streaming from nostril and flank.

Cannon were passing too, pieces of seven, long and wicked, mitrailleuses, shapeless dark lumps on wheels, with queer little toy caissons trailing behind.

Along the sidewalk shuffled the insurgent infantry, thin men with hollow eyes that turned in their sockets like those of the very sick or insane.

Before the rear-guard had passed, the ominous clank of pick-axes and crowbars was renewed, but this time it came from the head of the column, which seemed to have reached the intersection of the rue Notre Dame and the rue Bara.

"They are barricading the street at both ends! We are hemmed in!" whispered Landes.

Someone came to the gate and hammered on it with the butt of a revolver. Landes stepped into the porter's lodge and listened from the doorway.

"Quiet there!" growled Joseph, shuffling about noisily in his sabots. "Who is it?"

"Sorry to disturb you, citizen!" came the cheery

answer, with a strong English accent; "can you give me a drink of water?"

Landes sprang to the gate. "Wilton! Oh, I am glad to see you! Come in!" Joseph opened the gate and Philip dragged the new-comer into the porter's lodge. By the candle light he appeared a sturdy bright-eyed youth in a Colonel's uniform of the National Guard.

"Why, Philip, old man! I did n't know you were in Paris yet."

"Well I am, and a suspect of your damned Commune."

"Rubbish!" began Wilton, but on seeing Landes' face he frowned and whistled.

"You're a Colonel, Archie—you ought to be able to help me."

"What did you do?"

"Nothing,—insulted Raoul Rigault several days ago and punched his head to-night, punched a Federal sentinel in the nose and took away his rifle, punched Tribert, Colonel of the 265th, in the nose——"

Wilton burst into a wild shriek of laughter and fell helplessly against the wall.

"What the devil are you making that row for? Do you want to have the pickets down on us?" said Landes, angrily. Joseph, astonished and motionless, looked on with melancholy disapproval.

"Go on, Philip!" gasped Wilton. "Oh, don't let me interrupt you!"

"There's nothing more, except that a trio of cut-throats are waiting to cut mine—and also, as I was

mixed up in the Montmartre business, I 'm a marked man on that score too."

"Well, you have managed to put your foot in pretty deep. How did it come about?"

As briefly as possible Landes explained the whole situation, and demanded his countryman's advice and aid.

"You shall have it, my dear fellow! You shall have all the help I can give you. But how much that will be and how long it will last I can't tell. The Commune watches us foreign officers like a cat. To-day Dombrowski is General (and a devilish good one!)—to-morrow the Central Committee may shoot him. To-day Frankenberg, Smitz, and your humble servant are Colonels—to-morrow we may be kicking our heels in the Mazas Prison."

"How in the world did you come to enter the Federal army, Archie?"

"It was Gustave Courbet. He got me my commission."

"But what did you do it for?"

"Oh, I like the fun."

"Fun!"

"Well, excitement. I 'm a rotten painter, but I think I 'll make a good soldier."

"Pity you did n't find that out in time to go to West Point."

"I know it. But after all, what 's the difference? It's all fighting."

"And a little parading?" laughed Landes.

"Yes. I like a red-banded cap and a sword banging about my heels."

“But it’s a shame to see you among those thugs! I tell you the Commune fouled its hands to the bone in the bloody work on Montmartre!”

“It was foul work,” said Wilton, soberly, “and they’ll have to pay for it. After the elections we will rout out these assassins and purge every battalion. Anyway, you know every great cause is injured by those who use its name to cloak their crimes,” added Archie, pompously.

“I think I’ve heard Mademoiselle Faustine Courtois make a similar observation,” smiled Landes.

“No doubt! No doubt! We think alike.”

“And Ynès Falaise,—do you and she also—think alike?”

“By jove! is n’t she a darling? So clever too!”

“Yes,” said Philip, “I hear she admires your uniform.”

“Does she? Well, it is handsome,” cried Archie, with a boyish movement. “I had the galons put on myself. And look at those boots! They cost one hundred and fifty francs. What are you grinning at? Think a man can’t fight——”

“I think you’ll fight as well in boots at one hundred and fifty francs, as at fifteen francs—and that’s like a little devil when you get going. But what good will your boots and your galons do me? And how will they help this young lady to get out of Paris? That’s what I want to know.”

“What can I do for you, Philip?” asked Wilton, with a frank smile.

“Was that your battalion that just passed?”

"The Infantry? Yes, the 266th de marche. We left three hundred men at the War Ministry."

"Yes," thought Philip, grimly, "I saw some of them. What are they going to do?" he asked aloud.

"The engineers are closing this street at both ends with barricades, and my men escorted the artillery which is to man them."

"Both ends of the rue Notre Dame are barricaded?"

"They will be by morning."

"Are you to command here?"

"Don't know."

"Can you give my concierge a pass to go and get food for us?"

"To clear the barricades? Oh, yes! Anything else?"

"Can you keep the Federals out of the house?"

"Yes, what else?"

"Well. I want to communicate with the American Minister. First I want to place Mademoiselle de Brassac under his protection, and next I want to get out of the city myself. It's damned unpleasant. I dare not go out by daylight. If I were recognized and Raoul Rigault caught me, all the officers of the National Guard could n't save me."

"Does Rigault know where you live? If he does I'm afraid my protection won't count for much."

"Unless his spies have found out within twenty-four hours, he does n't. If he had known he would have sent for me when he did for Marsy. I came here during the siege, from the Hôtel du Mont

Blanc. The police were thinking of other things and the whole city was dodging shells. I never inscribed myself and nobody asked any questions. Faustine and Ynès, Jack Ellice, and one or two other Americans, are all who ever knew where I lived. My letters go to the bank, and the only address they have at the bank is the old one. Perhaps I might go at night to the Legation. Of course the postal union is watched."

"Of course,—and the telegraph. As for the Legation, it is surrounded by a perfect pest of spies. The whole city is swarming with them. We foreigners of the army are forbidden to hold any communication or even approach within half a mile of any foreign legation, except under orders. But it seems to me you will be safe here for the present if you keep close. Your concierge will have the pass to come and go. Is he faithful?"

"Joseph is as true as steel and as good as gold!" said Landes in French, smiling at him. Joseph's anxious and disapproving face cleared up.

"Well, then, all I have to do is to tell Raoul Rigault, when it comes handy, that you've been seen in Versailles, and he'll be off the scent—for a while. And I'll manage to keep other intruders away from here as long as I am in the neighborhood. And I'll do my best to get word to the American Minister, but—there I'm doubtful. It's this infernal, ridiculous Bergeret who makes all the trouble. He's jealous of all the foreign officers. Dombrowski's a soldier—but Bergeret would make an army mule shed tears."

Wilton picked up his sword and moved to the gate, accompanied by Philip. Joseph met them with a bottle in his hand.

“Monsieur the Colonel asks for water,” he said, humbly. “but I, Joseph Lelocard, am proud to offer Monsieur the Colonel this wine of Burgundy.” Wilton took the bottle, coolly knocked off the neck, filled a china bowl with the wine, and swallowed it to the last drop.

“That,” he said, “was drunk to the health and prosperity of every one in this house. It’s good wine, and you’re a good fellow, Joseph. Good-night, Philip, old chap! Good-night, Joseph—I should say—er—Citizen,” and he clanked away, whistling “Marching through Georgia,” with all the power of his lungs.

Landes listened until far up the street he heard him break off whistling to give some order in a loud, happy, boyish voice.

“Joseph,” said Landes, looking at the concierge who was looking at the clock on the wall of his lodge, “Joseph, I would give half I’m worth if you had not sent your wife and children away just yet.”

“Yes, Monsieur.”

“But Mademoiselle de Brassac will only be detained here a day or two. We will do our best to make her forget how rough her quarters are.”

“Certainly, Monsieur.”

“Well, now go to bed and have breakfast at nine, coffee, hot rolls, eggs on toast, fruit, brioche, meat for the cat, and bread and milk for the puppy, with a

bone scraped clean—how dare you yawn when I'm speaking !”

“Pardon. I did not, Monsieur. It was astonishment and admiration that Monsieur forgets nothing.”

“It's nearly three o'clock in the morning. Don't rise early. I think we are safe and may rest. Go to bed, and don't walk like a bald-headed eagle!” he broke off nervously.

“Good-night, Monsieur Philip,” said Joseph, devotedly ; “sleep well, Monsieur Philip.”

“And you too, my good Joseph. Good-night.”

CHAPTER IX.

JEANNE DE BRASSAC.

THE morning air had been sharp and a wood fire crackled on the hearth, as Philip, fresh from his cold bath, walked out into the studio.

Sunlight fell in golden squares and diamonds on the floor, and through the glass roof of the extension he could see blue sky, spring-like and cloudless. The studio was silent and empty. He looked up at Jeanne de Brassac's door. On the landing sat Tcherka in a patch of sunshine and blinked at him through the railings, her splendid green eyes following his movements with pleasant indifference. Unwilling to raise his voice in calling her, he held out his hand. She retained her seat and her serene composure. But when he ostentatiously brought a bowl and set it on the hearth and filled it full of milk, then Tcherka's voice could have been heard as far as the rue Bara, while she trotted down with her tail erect. At the same moment the door above opened a little way and the setter puppy charged out, fell most of the way downstairs and hurled himself first upon Landes and then on the bowl of milk. Tcherka, much annoyed, drew back, her ears flat, her dainty pink tongue half out. The puppy gulped and lapped and slobbered and wagged. A low

rumble came from Tcherka. Landes laughed quietly, brought a fresh saucer of milk for her, and stood guard over it until she had polished the china clean. Then he opened the door which led into the garden, and Tcherka walked out to stretch her claws on the rose bushes, while the puppy rolled on the gravel and dug important holes under the trees.

Joseph came in with a tray of fresh glass and silver and, spreading a white damask cloth over the Japanese table, proceeded to arrange the breakfast.

“Did you have any trouble in clearing the barricades?”

“No, Monsieur Philip, an orderly came with a pass early this morning, good for two weeks and to be renewed when we desire it.”

“What is the news?”

“The elections are for to-morrow. There is talk also of a sortie to Versailles.”

“What for?” said Philip, contemptuously.

“To catch Monsieur Thiers, parbleu!”

“Nonsense!”

“They say now is the time, before the troops come back from Germany. They say he has n't got much of an army now. Shall I light the coffee machine?”

“Not yet,” but while he spoke, looking up to the landing above, the door opened and Jeanne de Brassac stepped out. She leaned on the wooden railing and looked down into the studio as Landes sprang to his feet.

“Good-morning, Monsieur Landes! May I come down?”

"Indeed I beg you will!" he stammered, bowing and walking to the foot of the stair.

One white hand held lightly to the balustrade, her face was bent a little timidly, as she descended, Philip watching her. He had not imagined she was so beautiful. Her glorious hair was drawn back from a pure white forehead low but full, and her eyes, her violet eyes, which he remembered when she was Victor's little sister, were filled with a light so sweet and serene, that he turned his own eyes away, troubled before so pure a gaze.

At the foot of the staircase she gave him her hand, and he led her to an arm-chair before the fire, standing beside her when she was seated.

"Are you rested, Mademoiselle?"

"Yes,—and better, much better," she answered quietly. "Are you, Monsieur Landes? You can hardly be rested, after—after all you did!" The open trust and admiration of her look and the soft-falling inflection of her voice made the young man flush up with embarrassment and pleasure. "And you must have missed your room. I am so sorry to disturb you."

"Pardon. I am thoroughly rested. And my room is over there," pointing to a curtain which half concealed a door in the rear of the studio. "The room which you do me the honor to occupy has never been used before since I came here. I feared it would be hardly comfortable. So small and——"

"It is perfect. And what a beautiful studio. I was never in an artist's studio before. I should have seen Victor's if he had lived to come home," she added sadly.

“Breakfast is served, Monsieur Philip,” said Joseph. Landes offered his arm to Mademoiselle de Brassac and led her out into the glass-roofed extension where the table stood. Sunshine sparkled among the silverware, the china, and slender glass; the coffee machine was steaming. Outside the window, on top of an almond-tree, the blackbird was doing his best at a solo, with a confident eye on Tcherka who stalked him eagerly below.

“She will never catch him,” said Landes.

“But—she is very cruel all the same—I must teach her better.”

“I fear that’s a lesson she can’t learn,” laughed Philip.

He dismissed Joseph and served his guest himself. At first they were quiet and a little reserved, and ate almost silently. After a while he said:

“When I last had the honor of breakfasting with Mademoiselle de Brassac, she was a very young lady indeed—I think she wore pinafores,” he added, venturing on a jesting tone. It was taken up with ready tact.

“No, she had discarded those at the last school term. But I won’t deny she had her hair in plaits. And I know she thought her brother Victor’s American friend a very old gentleman indeed!”

“But you played for him!”

“You remember that! Oh, I took great pains for the American gentleman,—I wanted to please him, with my tiresome little music!”

“Tiresome! Not that, Mademoiselle! And in the evenings you sang ‘Carcassonne’——”

“For my father!” she added quickly; her face fell.

“I have always remembered that Christmas week,” said Landes, gently, “your parents and their kindness, Victor, who was my best friend, and—and you.”

“Victor was always talking of you before you came, and after your visit I often heard my parents speaking of you in—in the same way. As for me, I could not have believed that you would remember such a little convent girl. You seemed so very wise, and oh! so tall! Dear me, how little I was then. Am I not almost as tall as you are now, Monsieur ——”

“—Philip,” he entreated.

“Monsieur Philip,” she said, with a charming smile, rising and moving lightly about the studio, touching a sketch here, a bit of carving or porcelain there, picking up and glancing at a sheet of music which lay on the piano in one corner. Landes stood and looked after her, uncertain what to say or do next. What tone should he take? How should he tell to her the things which she must hear—how ask her to tell him the things which it was necessary for him to know if he was to be of service to her? He was a man who dreaded stiffness and hated self-consciousness, but here was a situation which seemed unavoidably full of both. Thus far the fine breeding and sweet tact of this young lady had placed and kept them in the apparent relations of everyday host and hostess. But that could not last. As he looked at her dainty head and self-possessed little figure, good heavens! how he dreaded to see the first painful flush that should betray she felt the impossible situation!

She had been standing with her back to him, absorbed it seemed in examining the black carved panels of an old Breton armoire. Suddenly she turned and came toward him; he advanced to meet her. She paused as they met beside an easel. Leaning one hand upon it, with that pretty trick she had, she held out the other hand with a gesture full of generous emotion.

“Ah! How can I tell you what I feel! Can I ever thank you enough?”

“You thank me far more than I deserve—you make me happier than I ever—ever——”

“See how embarrassed you are!” she cried, a wonderful light in her sweet eyes. “All brave men are so when one tries to praise them a little.”

“Mademoiselle,” he interrupted, “if you will talk of courage I must say to you that your bearing last night was beyond belief.”

“That was not courage.”

“Was n't it? It looked very like courage.”

“No, it was contempt. When the door broke down I thought it was Tribert come back as he had threatened. Do you think I would let him see I cared for anything he could do? And when you and the strange officer entered——”

“On our heads,” said Philip, and a laugh relieved the tension of their feelings.

“We owe you many apologies for that performance,” he continued, “but your composure was wonderful. And afterward,—your father would have been proud of you on the retreat, Mademoiselle.”

Having turned the tables successfully he went on, not giving her time to speak :

“ And since it appears we are to serve together a while longer, shall we hold a council of war now ? ”

“ Yes, if that is a council where you will tell me what should be done, and I shall agree to everything you advise, ” she smiled, taking the chair he set for her with instant acquiescence, all her attention concentrated on what he had to say.

Landes felt his excited nerves calmed and steadied, and the dreaded interview began to look less alarming.

Late in the afternoon of the same day Philip sat smoking on the rim of the fountain. Mademoiselle de Brassac was in the studio resting among the cushions of the divan, with Tcherka beside her. She had promised not to stir until Philip gave her leave. He sat and smoked and thought, and tried to arrange things in his mind.

Summed up, this was the substance of what she had told him. Returning from the death-bed of her father, bewildered with grief and fright, she had shut herself for the rest of the night in her apartments at the Hôtel Perret, and refused to see even her maid, Marie. Next morning the woman, who was very faithful, insisted on calling her mistress' attention to the diamonds. She was carrying them about with her in a small black hand-bag, and she begged Mademoiselle de Brassac to say what should be done with them. “ I could not say,—I did not care, ” said the young lady, looking pitifully at Philip, her lips trembling ; “ they had cost my father his life. ” Then came offi-

cers from the government, asking questions and giving orders. "They acted so strangely," Jeanne continued; "they would not let my father be buried at Chartres, they would not permit any of our friends to be sent for. Marie begged them to put me under the protection of an older lady. We have no relations in Paris, but she mentioned one or two friends of my mother's, and wanted to go to them for me. She was always put off, sometimes with the pretext that the lady she mentioned was not in Paris, sometimes by a direct refusal, without any excuse. Marie said if the government had committed the crime themselves they could not have been more secret about it. They hurried my father's funeral, and took him away the evening after he died. Then they came and said I must return next day to Chartres. Marie got our things ready, and all the time she kept talking about the diamonds, and how unsafe it was to carry them in that little hand-bag. Once, teased by her importunity, I said, 'why do you not send them to the Bank of France as my father intended to do?' But she was very suspicious by nature, and the terrible event had made her more so. 'No,' she cried, 'Monsieur your father was trying for three days to place them there and he did not succeed. We will not let them go out of our own hands!' 'As you like,' I said, and went on weeping for my father.

"Early next morning, I sent an orderly to you at the Luxembourg. We were intending to leave for Chartres that afternoon." "Why did you send away the orderly?" Philip had inquired; "why not

have sent Marie?" "Because I thought the orderly would go and return much more quickly, and I felt as if I could not spare Marie. I did not want to be left quite alone. When he had been gone only a short time, the maid began again about the diamonds. I was weeping, and I would not listen. I felt as if I hated them. Then at last she lost her temper,—my poor good Marie,—and she said, 'very well, Mademoiselle, it is easy to see that you care neither for me nor for the diamonds, since you make me carry them about in this dangerous way!' and she shook the bag angrily. She walked out into the hall while she was speaking, and came back instantly, very pale, followed by the landlord Perret.

"He said he had come to tell me that the orderly had not returned, but another one had just been sent in haste from the Luxembourg. Monsieur Landes was dying of his wound, and begged to see me; he wished to speak to me of my father. There was no time to lose—Perret said—I must go at once. I told him to send the orderly to me. He replied that the man had hurried away immediately on delivering his message. We felt that there was something wrong. But what could we do!—Ah! Monsieur Philip, *what* could we two women do? Besides, I could not think seriously of anything but that you might die before I could see and thank you. For I too had a message from my father for you."

Tears filled her eyes as she looked down, sitting still with her hands folded in her lap until she was able to control the trembling of her lips once more. Then she went on: "Perret hurried off to fetch a

carriage. Marie watched him down the hall until the door closed behind him. Then she turned to me in great excitement. 'He was standing in the door of the anteroom, no one knows how long. He heard what I said,' she murmured; 'now we *must* find another place for the diamonds.' Then I became excited too. I did not choose that they should be taken from me without my consent. We looked here and there—always in great haste, expecting the return of Perret. There was no hiding-place anywhere—each one proposed seemed more unsafe than the other. Marie ran to the hall door. I heard Perret coming up the stairs outside. 'Hurry, hurry, Mademoiselle!' she whispered. There was an old pistol which my father had bought of an antiquary to take back to the gun-room at Chartres as a curiosity. It hung on the wall beside his dressing-table. I poured the diamonds into the long barrel, stuffed in a wad of paper, and hung it back on the wall. Monsieur Perret knocked, Marie opened the door and said, 'Was the carriage there? if so we were ready. They will be safe until we return,' she whispered to me, as we followed Perret down the stairs. He had locked the door carefully and given the key to Marie—who dropped it into the little hand-bag as we stood in the court. I saw him look at the bag and then at her. I wanted to go back,—I felt—I knew there was something wrong. But it was too late. Perret held the carriage door (it was a closed carriage which Perret owned and drove himself); he helped us in and mounted the box. As we turned out of the Place Pigalle a regiment of hussars entered

the square. Marie suddenly pulled my dress, leaned forward, and whispered; 'that is no place to leave the diamonds, it is the first place any thief would search. I must go back and get them.' 'No, no!' I said, 'you shall not, Marie!' But she was a great deal older than I,—she had been my mother's maid—she only obeyed me when she chose, she thought she always knew best. 'I command you, Marie!' I cried. Then, 'you would not leave me alone!' 'Only one moment, dear Mademoiselle,' she whispered; 'there is no danger, the hussars are standing by the fountain. You are perfectly safe if I make him stop here!' And without listening to me any more she spoke to Perret and ordered him to stop. She explained that she must return for Mademoiselle's smelling-salts, they had been forgotten, and Mademoiselle was faint; and opening the door she almost flew back across the square. I saw her enter the house—poor Marie!—and we stood waiting a little while, then Perret started the horses. That frightened me till I saw he seemed intending to turn around. He crossed very slowly to the other side of the street and stopped. From there the hussars at the fountain in the Place Pigalle were out of sight. We were very near a corner. All at once Perret lashed the horses and they sprang forward, turned the corner sharply and wheeled into a court. It was a court surrounded by warehouses—I had my hand on the door, and I called out. Two men in the uniform of the National Guard sprang at me, forced me back, entered the carriage, tied and gagged me. Perret stood at the window and looked in smiling.

They pulled down the blinds, someone on the box whipped up the horses, and they took me to the Impasse de la Mort. I was kept there locked in one room all that day and the next—until you came.”

“Whom did you see during that time?” asked Philip.

“Tribert, always Tribert. He wanted to make me tell where the diamonds were. He said they had killed my father and my maid for them, and they would kill me too unless I confessed where the diamonds were.”

“I ought to have killed him,” muttered Philip to himself, as he thought it over.

“And the other prisoners,” he had asked, “Captain de Carette and the lady——”

“I did not see them at all. Tribert said, when he was trying to frighten me, that they had caught two more aristocrats, and meant to serve them as they would me. He did not tell me their names, and I saw them last night for the first time.”

Then Landes had explained who de Carette was, who Ellice was, and how he himself stood in relation to Raoul Rigault. Finally came the dreaded announcement that they were shut in between two barricades, and no course was possible to them but to remain hidden where they were for the present. To his unspeakable relief she had received this news very quietly. She could hardly have been paler than she was already, but he thought she looked a little more wan than before, as she listened, and her soft eyes were almost black as she lifted them confid-

ingly to his. But of personal embarrassment, of disagreeable self-consciousness, there was not a trace, and Landes decided, as he thought it over, that this child was the most dignified woman he had ever met.

He was still musing an hour later, when Mademoiselle de Brassac appeared in the doorway. "May I come out into the garden, Monsieur?" she asked, smiling brightly.

Landes hastened to her. "Are you rested, Mademoiselle?"

"Quite rested."

"And you are feeling well?"

"Very well."

"Then will you walk a little?"

Long warm bars of sunlight lay across the gravel as they stepped into the garden. Tcherka and the puppy followed and made straight for the almond tree, but the blackbird knew he was safe and ruffled his plumes in derision.

The puppy remembered that the fountain was inhabited by live creatures which had thus far baffled investigation, and he poked his nose over the stone edge, cocking his ears and whining. The two goldfish stared at him in frigid unconcern and sank slowly to the bottom. Their blasé indifference was more than he could bear, and he raced around the basin with hysterical yelps, but a small black beetle hurrying along on some pressing business engaged his attention and he followed that with enthusiasm until it ran into a crack in the wall. Tcherka sat down in the sunshine and blinked amicably at the

blackbird, who now, as a precaution, stood on the extreme tip of the almond tree, preening and pruning and uttering single liquid notes.

The street outside was very silent. At intervals the challenge of a sentry came to them faintly from the direction of the rue Vavin, but the rue Notre Dame was quiet and the stillness was only broken by the patter of the puppy over the gravel, and the blackbird's solitary note.

"Are you chilly, Mademoiselle?"

"Oh no, it is warm here in the sunshine. Look at the puppy."

"What do you call him?"

"He has never been named. Name him, Monsieur Philip."

"I name him?"

"Yes, an English name."

"Do you speak English?"

"A little. I had an English governess."

"Then if I speak to you in English will you answer?"

"No—not now—perhaps some day. Please name the puppy."

"A romantic name?"

"Oh no."

"Commonplace?"

"I shall not give you any help."

"What do you think of Rover?"

"Really," she said disdainfully, "all the English dogs I ever heard of were named Rover."

"Sport?"

"—Except Sport and Dash. Now think!"

"We might call him Mr. Smith—that is not romantic."

"All the people in England are named Smith."

"But all the dogs are not."

"What a shame to make fun of me. Name him at once, Monsieur."

"Well then—Toodles."

"That is not very pretty, but it will do," she said seriously. "How do you pronounce it? Too-dell?"

"Toodles."

"Too-dells?"

"Toodles."

"That is what I say, *Too-dells*. *Vien ici, mon petit Too-dells*. Ah! qu'il est laid ce nom! mon pauvre petit Too-dells! And did you put those goldfish in the fountain?"

"Yes, they are very stupid."

"Monsieur, do you think intelligence necessary in goldfish? I begin to be afraid of you. I am not very intelligent either. But," she continued with a quick change in her manner, "one need not be very intelligent to see that you are troubled, even when you laugh. Is there anything new?"

"Yes. I sent Joseph to the rue de Sfax; he returned a little while ago. *The house where Jack Ellice lived was sacked last night.*"

"Oh! What will become of them?"

"I'd give anything to know they are safe. De Carette was in no condition to stand more rough usage. And Ellice—he is brave, if you like, Mademoiselle. He risked his life last night from pure chivalry and pure friendship."

“And the lady,” said Mademoiselle de Brassac, “oh, if they only were all here !”

“Well,” sighed Philip, shaking off his depression, “we must only wait and hope for them as well as for ourselves. There are still one or two questions which I should like to ask you if I may——”

“Certainly, Monsieur Philip.”

“Where are the settings to the diamonds,—for I take it that your father removed the stones for convenience’ sake.”

“They are at home in Chartres. They are very old-fashioned ; I think they are safe, for no one would want them.”

“You told me this morning, that Monsieur de St. Gildas, your only near relative and your guardian, is still in Germany ?”

“He was a week ago, a prisoner, and ill——”

“But I could write to Monsieur de St. Gildas at Chartres, on the chance of getting a letter through by paid messenger.”

“Yes, my cousin is in Chartres, waiting for the return of her husband.”

“One thing more. Your trunks are in the Place Pigalle. Will you make out a list for Joseph, who will go to some shop and bring you what you need.”

“You are very thoughtful, Monsieur. I think he had better order for me the clothes of a working girl. Anything better would attract suspicion to him buying them.”

“Very true. You will forgive me if I seem officious, Mademoiselle ?”

She looked at him in amazement, and then clasped her hands in the earnestness of her protest.

“Would I forgive my only friend, would I forgive my brother for taking care of me?”

“My little sister Jeanne,” said Landes, deeply moved.

CHAPTER X.

IN A GARDEN.

THE elections were over, the farce finished. Out of 435,000 electors only 60,000 went out into the streets to vote at the polls. Everywhere bayonets, cannon, and mitrailleuses stared the people in the face; everywhere the battalions of the Commune were in motion and the ghastly Hussars of Death galloped through the trembling city with hoarse cries of menace or of triumph.

In the midst of a tumult of drums and bugles, salvos of artillery and Communistic cheers, the last vote was cast into the urns, and the Hussars of Death closed in around the polls. The result was a foregone conclusion. Ninety-four members of the Commune were elected, each ward naming members according to its population. Almost without exception all the present members of the Commune were re-elected.

The miserable city shuddered.

Next day Landes, sitting in his garden with his sketching easel before him, heard a loud ringing at the outer gate, and presently Joseph came through the ivy-covered alley followed by an officer of the

Commune in full uniform. It was Wilton, and Landes rose hastily to meet him.

"Philip," he said, refusing with a gesture the proffered seat, "I only came to tell you to look out. My battalion is ordered to the Fort of Issy to-night and a new battalion will replace us here at the barricade in your street. I don't know who is in command or what the battalion is, but it will be more necessary than ever for you to remain here out of sight because domiciliary visits have begun and Raoul Rigault is filling the prisons."

"I hear from Joseph that he has been confirmed as Chief of Police and Procureur-Général of the Commune. Is it so, Wilton?"

"Oh yes. General Duval insisted. He's installed in the Préfecture of Police with a gang of his creatures who have nothing to learn in ferocity from Modoc Indians. It's a shame. Ferré and Henri Verlet are his fellow Public Accusers, Vermersch, Humbert, and Villiaume are his familiars. Sarre and Weser do his dirty work along with that miserable creature, Pilotell."

"Pilotell, the caricaturist?"

"Yes. You know him,—without talent, cowardly and dissipated. He arrested Monsieur Polo, editor of the 'Eclipse' yesterday, and Rigault says he will have him shot. As far as I can make out, Monsieur Polo's crime consists in not having accepted Pilotell's tenth rate caricatures for his paper. Pilotell boasts that he found three thousand francs on Monsieur Polo which he kept for the 'Commune.' Bah! I am getting sick of this Commune!"

Landes drew him into a seat and spoke earnestly. "Give it up Archie, resign and leave the city. You can't be mixed up with such a crowd of ruffians as this! Is it too late to get out?"

"Yes, old chap, I should be shot. I am going out of the city anyway, where I hope we will have some fighting. The Versailles people are threatening the village and Fort of Issy, and, if I'm not mistaken, the music will begin there. I should n't want to miss the fighting, but I'm sick of the Commune as it is here in Paris."

He walked the length of the garden once or twice, his head sunk on his breast, his gloved hands clasped nervously behind him. Philip watched him in silence.

"How is Mademoiselle de Brassac?" said Wilton, abruptly, coming up beside the easel and glancing at the sketch.

"Well," replied Philip,— "I must try to find a way to get her to Chartres."

"You had better stay here quietly for a while," said Wilton. "Is she very impatient to go?"

"No, she is very patient and reasonable, but of course I know how she feels. It's no kind of a position for a young girl to be in, cooped up alone with a man——"

"It might have been worse," said Wilton, gravely; "she can thank her lucky stars that you are here. Is that a sketch of Mademoiselle de Brassac?"

"Yes," said Philip, glancing critically at his canvas; "she was good enough to pose for me on the edge of the fountain there. She went in about half an

hour ago to do some sewing. What do you think of the sketch, Archie?"

"Well, as an officer I should say it is first rate. Remember I have lost my right to criticise you as a brother artist."

"Nonsense!—I think that the color is very decent, but it does n't compose as well as it might."

"It will when you have worked more on the figure. Why don't you put that cat in?" Landes turned. Tcherka sat staring at them from behind a lilac bush.

"Perhaps I will," said Landes, smiling, "only don't you think her color would rather knock out the scheme?"

"Oh, I don't know, you were always a better colorist than I was. I don't know much about color except in uniforms. How do you like mine?"

"You asked me that before," laughed Philip. "I like it, but I must say I don't care for the dark breeches with that orange-red stripe. The red breeches of the Line are much handsomer I think. The soldiers of the Commune are gotten up rather regardless though."

"Oh," laughed Wilton, "you should see the Polish cavalry and the Hussars of Death. Well, I'm going. Good-bye, old chap."

He held out his hand and Landes grasped it. "Good-bye, Archie, I hope you will come out of this all right. Don't be rash. Imprudence is n't bravery."

"I might say the same to you, old fellow," said Wilton; "good-bye, and if you should see Ynès——"

"I'll know what to say," replied Landes. "Take care of yourself."

So Archie Wilton of New York City, twenty-one years of age, went away to command a mob of fanatics as dangerous to each other and to their officers as to the enemy; and Landes sat down to resume his sketch.

As yet he had scarcely covered the canvas, but the effect was charming. On the edge of the low, circular stone basin Jeanne de Brassac was seated, one slender hand resting on the gray stone, the other dipping idly in the water. The background, almost conventionalized, was formed by the white wall of the garden flecked with shadows from the budding lilac bushes. The sketch was redolent of spring-time. Away up in one corner a strip of sky, robin's-egg-blue, peeped between the almond-tree branches, the warm spring sunlight fell, dappling and spotting the path in the foreground.

The figure of Jeanne de Brassac, beautifully drawn but not yet modelled, was the incarnation of youth and spring-time. Her bright curly hair was blown across her cheeks, and her eyes, her beautiful violet eyes, were raised with a half-veiled smile which made Philip's breath come in catches when he looked at them.

"It's devilish good, by Jove!" he muttered to himself; "it will compose all right if I light up the path and swing it about a bit. But we won't drag in the yellow cat," he added, laughing to himself.

Tcherka, who had been sharpening her delicate claws on the almond trees, came up to be caressed,

and got a dab of crimson on the end of her tail from Philip's palette.

"What a nuisance you are," laughed Landes, "keep your confounded tail out of my paints."

Tcherka started to lick the color off, but Philip seized her with one hand and, picking up a rag, dipped it in the turpentine and attempted to remove the crimson lake. To his horror the turpentine spread the color half-way up the cat's tail, dyeing the fur a brilliant crimson, and then, the turpentine reaching the skin, the cat sprang out of his arms with an indignant squall and flew to the top of the wall, where she made enormous eyes at him and switched her gaudy tail in fury.

"What a shame! Is that how you amuse yourself when I am away, Monsieur?" said a clear, bantering voice behind him, and Jeanne de Brassac stepped to his side and pointed tragically at Tcherka's brilliant tail.

"I am very sorry," said Landes, rising from his easel, "but she insisted on assuming the colors of the Commune. It will wear off in time. I thought you were going to sew?"

"I have been sewing, and I am tired of it. I came to see what mischief you were engaged in."

"You are too late—the cat is a hopeless rebel. Heaven save her from Monsieur Thiers!"

Jeanne looked up at Tcherka with a sigh. "My poor little Tcherka, my poor abused little pussy," she said, "come down this minute and see your mistress!"

But Tcherka turned a deaf ear to all persuasion

and presently marched away to a sunny angle on the broad wall where she could survey the garden and keep an eye on the blackbird.

Jeanne turned and looked at the sketch on the easel.

“Do you approve?” asked Philip.

“Very much,” she replied warmly.

“Then perhaps you will give me another sitting?”

“When, now?”

“If you will.”

She went over to the fountain and sat down on the edge, looking at him over her shoulder with a faint smile. “As many as you wish, Monsieur,” she said.

“Then I may begin other pictures of you?”

“If you care to.”

“Indeed I do!” he cried enthusiastically.

“Is this the right position?”

“Yes,—the head was a little more this way,—now—there—that is just right. Are you comfortable?”

“Perfectly.”

Then he began to paint, chatting with her and leaning back occasionally to get a glimpse of the ensemble.

She watched him curiously when he stopped to reset his palette, and followed with her eyes each curling string of color as it coiled up in its place on the porcelain. First came a big blot of silver white, then in the order of the rainbow, red, orange, yellow, green, blue, indigo, and violet, in tints and shades of wonderful beauty.

He placed the colors on the canvas with a single, quick, almost nervous touch, and she noticed that he did very little mixing on his palette, but painted in almost pure color, producing the tone he wanted by laying over the fresh color other colors as pure and unmixed.

He chatted along all the time, and, noticing that she was interested in the mechanical part of the process, explained to her how it was that he had chosen to paint in a manner which would have brought tears of despair to an Academician's eyes.

"It's the sunlight that I am so in love with, the sunlight playing on soft human flesh. You can't get that by the dark muddy colors of the studio; you need all the hues and colors of the rainbow to form a light which is white and brilliant enough. In the open air shadows are not black,—they are transparent and gray, tinged with the colors of the sky and the surrounding objects. In the studio everything is dull and subdued and pitched in a calm, quiet key. In the open air, especially on a sunny day, the key of nature is pitched very high, and, with all the resources of the most brilliant palettes, we can only parody the Empid light of the sky and the depth of the sunshine. I do not paint as I learned to paint in the schools," he said, smiling, "and many people think I am crazy on color."

"I do not," replied Jeanne de Brassac, with a quick, sympathetic smile; "I think I understand your work perfectly. To me your color is wonderfully true and beautiful."

He glanced up delighted and somewhat astonished.

“Tell me more about it,” she said.

The light was still good but waning when Toodles fell into the fountain. He had been having one of his daily interviews with the goldfish. He tried to smell them and got water up his nose. They looked at him fixedly, and slowly sank to the bottom. He found their manner of doing this even more insulting than usual, and, barking wildly, stumbled over the edge and in. After he had been dragged out by Philip and gently slapped by his mistress, he tried to shake himself over the painter and his canvas. Foiled at that he had joyously rolled himself on the gravel-walk, grinding the dirt and sticks into his coat, and had then been picked up by the neck and soused again in the fountain.

“Come,” said Philip, taking Toodles in one hand and his easel in the other, “the sun is too low for any more work. Shall we go in?”

Laughing at the drenched puppy dangling limp from Philip’s hand, they ran up the steps into the studio.

“You are a very bad dog, and will probably die of cold,” said Jeanne, kissing him and planting him before the fire, where he at once flopped over and rolled his eyes.

Tcherka marched in presently and sat with her illuminated tail tucked under her flank. Joseph came and lighted the lamp, went out again, and, by the time he returned with the dinner, the early March twilight had deepened to a still black starless night.

“Is there anything more I can do for Mademoi-

selle?" asked Joseph, when the table was cleared and he stood at the door waiting to say good-night.

"Nothing, thank you, Joseph," she replied.

"Monsieur Philip?"

"No; is there any news?"

"No, Monsieur. I renewed my pass for the barricade."

"Very well—that is all."

"Alors, bon soir, Mademoiselle de Brassac, bon soir, Monsieur Philip, et bien le bon soir," smiled Joseph, shuffling amiably out of the door.

"Good-night, Joseph," they called out together.

When Joseph's steps had died away down the alley the quiet seemed even more perfect than usual; neither felt like speaking. Presently Jeanne rose and walked to the great window overlooking the garden, pressing her face against the pane. Philip raised his head from his book and watched her. The fire burned dimly and he stooped to lift a stick across the andirons. A shower of crackling sparks whirled up the chimney, and presently the new log caught fire and blazed up in a sheet of yellow flame, which set the shadows trembling on wall and ceiling. Philip lay back in his chair, closed his book, and stared at the snapping sparks. He was thinking of Jeanne. What a fate had been hers! What had fate in store for her? Would he ever have a chance to cross the river and look for her diamonds in their naïve hiding-place? What a place to put them!—like a child playing Hide the Handkerchief! She was a child—almost. If the pistol had been examined and the contents removed, as

was almost certain, then Jeanne de Brassac was nearly penniless. She would have to sell her home in Chartres and live somewhere very modestly. Those old châteaux brought little money when sold in 1871. Few people cared to buy or could afford to buy so soon after the war.

He thought of his own snug little income, and flushed to realize how useless it must be to her. He remembered bitterly the money he had wasted, money which saved would have bought the Château de Brassac at a fair price. And then! He knew that she could not have accepted it from him in any case. He looked wistfully at her, standing silent with her face against the black window. How slim and young she seemed, how childlike her small head and the soft curve of her cheek.

Her hands, loosely clasped behind her, gleamed white as marble in the dusk of the extension. He thought of the slender child's hand as it lay on her mother's shoulder that Christmas Eve so long ago. Then he thought of Victor, with his lovable nature and splendid talents, his fair hair and dark eyes, his pride and triumph as he cried, "Philip, I have won the Prix de Rome!"

He turned to the fire with an impatient movement. "It's only useless fools like me that live forever!" he said to himself. A lonely, desolate feeling had been slowly taking possession of him; blue devils settled down in swarms, and he did not resist.

"What have I done that is any good?" he mused. "How do I know that I have any talent? I can paint—but my ideas of color may be all wrong.

How do I know that I 'm not making a fool of myself with my theory of light impinging on shadow and my vibrating color fad? And what sort of a man am I? I have no religion, no faith, no morals—if I live decently, it 's fastidiousness, not principle. And who is there in the world to care if I die? If I had a family—but I have n't. Ellice would care. I 'd give all I 'm worth to know what has become of Ellice? Yes, he 'd care. But he 'd be playing billiards the next week. Faustine would care—I don't want to think of Faustine. Archie Wilton would be sorry,—ten minutes, and Alain de Carette would remember me all his life—if he is n't lying somewhere with a sabre bayonet in him. What am I snivelling and pitying myself about anyway? I 've got all I deserve." He shook himself and stood up with decision.

"Jeanne," he called, "is n't it a bit cold over there in the dark?" She turned toward him, her face flushed, her eyes like violet stars. Then she came and sat down in the arm-chair before the blaze.

"Don't be unhappy, Jeanne," he said almost timidly.

"I, unhappy?" she asked; "why, I have been thinking how happy I am. I was thinking that I love the studio, Philip."

He was so completely taken by surprise that he sat gazing at her until she laughed out. It was a sweet, innocent, childlike laugh, that chased all the gloom from his heart. His eyes cleared.

"And you were not standing alone over there feeling terribly downcast?"

“I was trying to realize that it is less than a fortnight since I came here, I feel as if I had known it all my life. Oh, do you ask me if I am unhappy here? I was taken by force to a dreadful place, insulted, threatened by brutal men, in expectation of death;—then *you* come and bring me *here*. It was like heaven when I first came, after those terrible days,—now it is like home.”

Landes could not answer. He had never imagined anything so delightful as this.

“There was one thing,” she went on, “that I thought about which was less pleasant.”

“And that?” he asked anxiously.

“That was the certainty that you must be bored, shut up so long here with no one to talk to but a girl.”

“I have never been so happy in my life.”

“Very well—I believe you for the present. But you will be bored very soon if you are not amused. I shall play to you, Monsieur,” she announced, rising and going to the piano.

After all she sat so long looking at the keys without touching them that Philip was on the point of speaking when she began to prelude, and then, with a glance over her shoulder, she played the song of the blackbird. Playing by ear seemed a miracle to Landes, and he was very much astonished at what was really a very simple performance.

“Our bird,” she said, with a little laugh. “What else shall I play, Philip?”

“Play as you have been playing,” he said in a low voice.

Her eyes questioned his an instant. "I understand," she murmured.

Under her touch the chords began to swell and sway like the waves of a tossing ocean. He heard the surf curling among the rocks, he heard the wind blowing over leagues of moorland, and then, as the wind died away, some strange sea-bird uttered a note, wild and monotonous.

He heard rain falling on a vast grassy plain, dripping ceaselessly into the soft earth, or splashing on the bosom of shallow lakes. He heard a brook, hidden at first in subterranean depths, tinkling among rocks, welling up from the earth through bubbling spring pools, chattering away over pebbly reaches toward an ocean whose dull roar came from a distance.

Then a lark carolled faintly among the parting clouds, the sun flashed out in splendor, and the grasses were humming with insect life. Far afield crickets were chirping, all the small creatures of the meadows droned a rhythmic chorus until the wind died away and the stillness of the midday heat was only broken by the prattle of the brook.

It was the overture to "Sylvia Elven," the new opera.

Suddenly it seemed as though a forest full of birds were singing, and then, rising clear and sweet above the trills of the feathered choir, came the first wonderful notes of Sylvia's aria.

Jeanne was singing the "Hawthorn Song."

" Flower of the heath,
Sway and bend ; I weave my wreath,

Blossom of thyme,
 Life is love ; I wreath my rhyme.
 Flower of the thorn,
 Life is love and love is born.
 Blossom of moss,
 Sorrow is dead. I drop my cross.

 Flower of heather,
 Death and I have talked together.
 Blossom of weed,
 Death has fled on his snow-white steed.
 Flower of the May,
 Love and I have said him nay.
 Blossom of rue,
 Shadow of fear no more I knew.

 Flower of heath,
 Sway and bend, I weave my wreath."

Then her mood changed. He heard the soft clash of Moorish cymbals, the swaying cadence of young voices, the hollow rumble of the Nautch drum. A reed pipe took up the melody, which soared away among palms, by rivers hurrying through whispering rushes. Imperceptibly the notes of the pipes grew softer, and now it was a Breton herdsman blowing a quaint mimicry of a *chœur de chasse*. Then the hunting horns rang out, the branches snapped and cracked under the heavy rush of a boar, and, as the chase passed, pack in full cry and horns clanging the "game afoot," the chimes from a hidden chapel came quavering on the October wind, lingering, ringing faintly long after silence had fallen in the forest.

She came quietly from the piano and he raised his head. For a while they looked at each other;

then Tcherka arched her back and yawned, and the puppy gurgled and thumped the floor with his tail.

"It's a sleepy time," said Jeanne, with a timid smile.

He rose and she held out her fair hand. Silently, bending low before her, he touched her fingers with his lips.

And as they stood, smiling, lingering, strangely moved, from the distant street came the booming of drums and the trampling of a multitude.

Then the bugles pealed the "alert," the drums rolled like distant thunder, and a thousand deep voices rose in one long wavering cheer, "Vive la Commune!"

It was the new battalion replacing the old at the barricades in the rue Notre Dame.

CHAPTER XI.

THE COMMUNE MOVES.

ON the morning of the twenty-second of March, the day fixed for the elections in Paris, a large square placard printed in bold type appeared on every wall in the city. This was its tenor.

TO THE ELECTORS OF PARIS.

WHEREAS: the convocation of the electors is an act of National sovereignty.

WHEREAS: the exercise of that sovereignty belongs only to the powers emanating from universal suffrage.

IT FOLLOWS: that the Committee now installed in the Hôtel de Ville has neither right nor power for such convocation.

THEREFORE, the representatives of the undersigned journals consider the convocation placarded for the 22d of March null and void, and counsel their readers to pay it no attention.

Present and approving:

Journal des Débats.

Élector Libre.

Vérité.

Gaulois.

Petit National.

Siècle.

Temps.

France.

Pays.

Univers.

Patrie.

Bien Public.

Opinion Nationale.

Journal de Paris.

France Nouvelle.

Monde.

Constitutionnel.

Petite Presse.

Figaro.

Paris-Journal.

Petit Moniteur.

Presse.

Soir.

Liberté.

National.

Cloche.

Français.

Union.

Journal des Villes et
Compagnes.

Moniteur Universel.

Gazette de France.

Around each placard excited groups gathered, occasionally broken up and dispersed by platoons of the National Guard, but only to collect again and discuss the placard in words and gestures which every moment grew more violent. When, at times, the placards were torn down and the crowd retreated from the glittering bayonets, before the tumult fairly subsided, other placards would mysteriously appear in the place of those destroyed.

This splendid protest of the Paris press fell like a bombshell among the members of the Central Committee and their adherents who occupied the Hôtel de Ville. It was the first time in twenty years that the press of Paris, emasculated and corrupted under the Empire, had raised its united voice in support of a principle. The effect of the protest was instant and decisive. The Commune was profoundly stirred, and the "party of order," which had kept very quiet since its timid leader had fled to Versailles, now saw that it had in the city an ally and a bulwark—the loyal press. Groups formed in the streets, meetings were held in the open air, loyal battalions offered their services, and everywhere in the centre of Paris the people of the best quarters united their voices with the dignified protest of the press.

Most of the mairies were occupied by moderate republicans, and these gentlemen made it known that they would not abdicate in the presence of the rebellion, neither would they lend their aid to nor countenance any election fixed for the 22d of March. Three wards of the city even had the courage to hoist the tricolor; they were the wards of Saint

Germain l'Auxerrois, rue de la Banque, and the rue Druot. These three quarters are situated in the very heart of all that is elegant and learned and fashionable in Paris, and their action troubled the insurgents of the Hôtel de Ville.

These events were known in Versailles almost as soon as in Paris, for communication between the Capitol and the city in which the National Assembly was sitting had not been entirely cut off. Fugitives from Paris brought the news of the sudden change in the political situation. The Assembly, during its first sitting, remembering perhaps the number of faults it had committed in the past, voted without hesitation to give Paris the right to elect a municipal government for herself. At one time even, urged by several notabilities of the Left, such as Victor Schoelcher and Louis Blanc, they almost believed that they could arrive at an understanding with the Hôtel de Ville. Negotiations were opened and envoys sent from Versailles. MM. Tirard, Clémenceau, and others, mayors and deputies at the same time, were active in trying to effect a reconciliation, but from the very first it was plain that the Commune was not in earnest. The insurgents would listen to nothing reasonable, and they refused on any terms to quit their places. Thiers was very patient with them, but it was the patience of an old fox with a farmer who has him fast by the leg. Give the fox time and he can twist around and bite. Thiers wanted time. To crush the insurrection, as it now appeared in all its appalling proportions, he needed 50,000 troops. On the 20th of March he had only a third of that num-

ber, but every day thousands of troops were arriving from the 325,000 prisoners of the Franco-Prussian war, and, although they were worn out from long suffering and captivity, badly clothed, unarmed, and unclassed, it was plain that with time they could be welded into a powerful and compact army. So Monsieur Thiers was very patient.

On the other hand the "party of order" in Paris lost what little faith it had retained in Adolphe Thiers, and declared that its patience was at an end. Day by day the Communistic revolt, which at first pretended to justify itself in the cry of "Municipal Liberty," was taking a sinister character, anything but French. Every day the alarmed inhabitants of Paris saw new actors enter the scene. The Hôtel de Ville had become a revolutionary headquarters. Strange, suspicious creatures haunted it: Polish dragoons in full uniform, with tasselled boots and flapping cloaks; Garibaldians in red shirts, plumed hats, and enormous spurs; "Hussars of Death" in the fantastic panoply which has made their hideous trapping an omen of violence and terror. With crêpe on their arms, revolvers in their belts, and long sabres dangling, these strange creatures rode like nightmares through the dimly lighted streets, or stalked silently, two by two, enveloped in their vast mantles. At night the cafés were crowded with motley throngs who gambled and cursed and drank with women of the most abandoned and dangerous type. Gold was poured out like water, orgies awakened the sober inhabitants whose expostulations were received with jeers and curses and an

occasional playful bullet. The Belleville battalions marched and counter-marched all day, blowing their eternal bugles and drumming until the whole city echoed from morning until night with one terrific ear-splitting racket.

A terror which was not without reason seized upon the good people of Paris.

"Are these bandits paid to annoy us in this way?" they demanded of one another. The answer came in a startling manner. The Central Committee, revolvers levelled, "borrowed" 500,000 francs from the Bank of France. Then anger and fright wrung a cry of protest from the decent element in the city. A great meeting of the peaceful citizens of Paris was called for the 22d of March in front of the New Opera. It was to be a silent protest, but an imposing one. The people were cautioned to bring no arms and to utter no hostile cry. They were to march quietly through the streets, their attitude was to be dignified and non-provocative, and they hoped to show the inhabitants and the insurgent National Guard that the majority of the bourgeoisie were not in favor of the violence which was beginning to succeed the brief interval of quiet.

All the morning these inoffensive people had been gathering before the Opera, discussing the protest of the press and the negotiations with Thiers. By noon 10,000 people had gathered and still more were flocking in, eager to take part in the pacific demonstration which they hoped the Commune would not dare disregard. From the Place de l'Opéra they could see, through the rue de la Paix,

the formidable barricade which defended the Place Vendôme.

The Place Vendôme had been transformed into a fortress. Cannon and mitrailleuses guarded the barricade across the rue de la Paix, and the whole square swarmed with the troops of the Commune. Du Bisson, that loud-mouthed renegade, commanded the western angle of the square; Lullier, the southern; and the commandant-in-chief, Bergeret, occupied the centre with his bullion-covered staff. Bergeret, clothed in a costume which would have driven an opera tenor crazy with jealousy, sat on a keg in the middle of the square and eyed the throng in front of the Opera with a self-satisfied smile.

"If they come this way," he said to Du Bisson, "I'll mow 'em down—only wait and see me!"

Du Bisson stared at the grotesque and ferocious imitation of Santerre and Rossignol.

"You'd better wait until they do something to merit it," he answered curtly; "study your orders more carefully, my friend."

"I want no advice," observed Bergeret, with superb indifference.

"*It's better than rotten eggs,*" said Du Bisson, brusquely, and turned on his heel.

This allusion to an episode in "General" Bergeret's career, made that opera-bouffe warrior turn livid, for not only had he once been a painter of mediocrity, but at one time he had been hissed off the stage of a fourth-rate theatre. Casting furious glances around him at his staff to see if anybody was laughing, he got up and marched over to a group of

officers who were sitting on the barricade facing the rue de la Paix.

"Where is Colonel Tribert?" he demanded.

Tribert rose and saluted. His face was battered out of recognition, but his little eyes burned with a red light above the mass of plaster and bandages, and he held himself straight as a ramrod.

"Do you see those fools gathering there in front of the Opera?" demanded Bergeret, pompously.

"I see," mumbled Tribert.

"You should say," corrected Bergeret, frowning, "yes, General Bergeret."

"Pardon. Yes, General Bergeret."

"Have you a glass?"

"Here is one, General," said Sarre.

Bergeret took the glass and, steadying it across the top of the barricade, gazed eagerly through the rue de la Paix to the Place de l'Opéra.

"They have no banners," he said, without removing his glass; "they carry no arms either. It's all the same. If they come this way, Colonel Tribert, we will give them a tune to dance to."

Sarre grinned approval. Bergeret handed the glass to Tribert, and, swelling like a turkey-cock, turned slowly once or twice as if he were on a pivot, and glanced up at the windows of the houses which faced the square on the side of the Hôtel Continental. There were no ladies to admire him, and he petulantly ordered that all the windows facing the square should remain shut. As he spoke, a bay window opposite was raised and two gentlemen stepped into the balcony, conversing.

"Shut that window!" shouted Bergeret.

One of the gentlemen, a short ruddy little fellow with very bright eyes, looked at him calmly for a moment, then quietly resumed the conversation with his companion.

"Do you hear me!" bellowed Bergeret, furious and conscious of the attention of his entire staff, "shut that window and go in!"

The short ruddy-faced gentleman quietly lighted a cigar, leaned over the balcony, and observed General Bergeret with an amused twinkle in his eye.

"Burnside," he said in English to his companion, "who is that jumping-jack over there?"

Du Bisson, seeing something was wrong, came up hurriedly. "General," he said, "be careful what you do! That man is General Sheridan of the United States Army and his companion is General Burnside!"

Bergeret bit his lip and turned on his heel. Tribert's red eyes rested a moment on the two Americans who sat smoking and chatting on the balcony. Then, with an ominous frown, he motioned Sarre to his side and began a whispered conversation in which Philip Landes' name had the honor of being eulogized in the choicest of Belleville French. Before he had finished his consultation a bugle call from the centre of the square brought every officer to his feet. Then the drums rattled the "alarm" and the troops fell in and "General" Bergeret, swelling with importance, followed by his grotesque staff, marched toward the eastern section of the barricade.

"What's up now?" grumbled Tribert; "oh, here

they come, eh? We 'll give them something to stir them."

Sarre followed his superior's eyes and saw that the crowd which had been gathered in front of the Opera was in motion, and now, headed by a Line soldier without arms who bore the tri-color flag, was entering the rue de la Paix and making straight for the Place Vendôme.

At an order from Bergeret the troops formed a square, officers in the centre, cannon at the angles. At another order, rifles were loaded and bayonets fixed, but, knowing their mission to be peaceful, the procession of citizens continued to advance, urging each other to remember and give no provocation. "Vive la France! Vive l'order! Vive la Garde National!" were all the cries which they permitted themselves. On the way, thinking that possibly the sight of the blue ribbons which many wore might be taken as a pretext for violence, orders were given to remove them. On they came, gravely, quietly, until the foremost rank reached the barricade. Then they requested the National Guard to let them pass, as their mission was harmless and peaceful. Already six or seven Federals had drawn back and opened their ranks with friendly gestures, when suddenly the drums rolled, and a strident voice was heard, loud, frenzied, dominating the crash of the drums, uttering terrible menaces. It was Bergeret, aping the custom of the three legal summonses to disperse.

The citizens stared at each other in amazement.

"Ready! Aim! Fire!" shrieked this ape with a tiger's heart. An explosion shook the barricade,

and when the smoke rose, the rue de la Paix was a ghastly shambles. With terror-stricken cries the crowd turned and fled, trampling over the dead and wounded, searching vainly for a place of safety. A white-haired old man fell with a ball between his eyes; a young woman lay groaning on the sidewalk, her left arm crushed by a bullet. Twenty corpses lay in the rue de la Paix, and sixty people bleeding from rifle bullets dragged themselves toward a place of safety. Twelve corpses lay in one heap on the corner of the rue-Neuve-Saint-Agustin. A doctor wearing the brassard of the ambulances presented himself at the barricade to help the wounded, but Bergeret cursed him.

“F——nous le camp! On n’a pas besoin de vous!” shouted the Colonel of the 80th Battalion.

“Shoot him!” yelled Tribert; but Bergeret was thinking of other things, and the doctor escaped by a miracle.

Sarre sat on the top of the barricade laughing and mimicking the efforts of a wounded man to drag himself across the pavement to a doorway.

“He walks like a crab!” he chuckled, holding his sides with laughter. Tribert picked up a rifle and blew a hole through the wounded man’s head, which annoyed Sarre, who claimed it spoiled the sport.

When the news of the butchery reached the Hôtel de Ville, the extremists in the Central Committee applauded frantically and shouted their approval. Some even said they regretted that Bergeret had not been able to “slaughter the reaction with

one blow." On a motion of Assi, the Committee voted their thanks to Bergeret and his staff. A document was drawn up and signed by the Committee, and a Cavalier of the Republic left at full gallop to carry the thanks of the Commune to the Place Vendôme.

Bergeret was radiant. He sat on his powder keg receiving the homage of his officers, while at a little distance from him Jules Vallès, using a box of biscuits as a desk, sat writing his editorial for the next morning's "Cri du Peuple," a villainous sheet of anarchism.

It was that same vile editorial which began: "The party of order having a fancy for disorder, the National Guard brought them to their senses."

Since the nineteenth of March the "Père Duchêne," a vulgar parody on Hebert's journal, had reappeared. Its language was incredibly obscene, even for such creatures as Vermesch, Humbert, and Villaume, the editors of this ignoble sheet.

It is hardly necessary to say that when the news of the butchery became known in Paris, the city was thrown into a panic. A citizen, decorated with the legion of honor, accompanied by an officer of the National Guard and a captain of Franchetti's Scouts, carried the tri-color through the Boulevards crying, "To arms! to arms!" A great throng of citizens and loyal National Guards crowded the Place de la Bourse. Everywhere stores and cafés closed their shutters, groups formed, and orators denounced the insurgents. In these excited gatherings people told each other that it was useless to

parley with banditti who carried on systematized assassination. There was but one way: meet violence with violence. The news reached Versailles and produced a profound impression. The government was urged to act. Even at that late date, a sudden *coup-de-main* on the part of Thiers could have saved the city. The road from Versailles to Paris was still open, it was easy to seize the secteurs between Saint-Denis and the gate of Auteuil with the 10,000 men available, for now that the city was aroused Thiers could count on all good citizens and on 15,000 of the loyal National Guards for active aid.

Even the Latin Quarter had risen and 6,000 students offered their services. The École Polytechnique, faithful to its honorable traditions, marched in a body to the mayor's office and enrolled for active service.

Time passed, but no word came from Thiers. Paris was one great camp, half occupied by the party of order, half held by the insurgents of the Commune. Wearied at last with waiting for Thiers, the party of order began negotiations with the Hôtel de Ville. These negotiations lasted until the evening of the twenty-fifth, and on that night, news was proclaimed that a day had been agreed upon for the elections. They were fixed for the twenty-sixth of March, Sunday, and the party of order, quieted by the assurance and pledges given by the Commune, retired, sent the students back to their schools, the Polytechnique battalion to its college, and disbanded the loyal battalions of the National Guard.

It had been solemnly agreed that as soon as the results of the elections were known, the Central Committee would evacuate the Hôtel de Ville. The good people who composed the party of order believed this, and went to bed on Saturday night with light hearts, determined to do their duty as citizens at the polls next morning.

At the Hôtel de Ville, however, things were different that night. The Central Committee was making merry, and wine flowed in rivers.

“What fools these bourgeois!” said Assi to Billioray, who smiled in reply.

Raoul Rigault, very drunk, staggered to his feet and pointing at Bergeret cried: “There is the man who filled them full of good lead and steel, and I tell you that I, when my time comes, will not be behind him!”

The fun grew fast and furious, the echoes of the revelry reached the street where the hideous Hussars of Death were on guard at the gates, and the citizens, passing with affrighted glances, heard these fantastic birds of ill-omen croaking to each other like ravens before a battle.

CHAPTER XII.

THE SHADOW OF TERROR.

IN the studio the days succeeded each other quietly. Three times a week Joseph passed and repassed the barricade on his journey to the St. Germain market, but he was never molested by the new battalion which occupied the rue Notre Dame. The battalion was certainly a strange one. The troops wore the pale-blue uniform and red fez of the Turco infantry, cut like the zouave uniform and resembling it in all but color. The many-buttoned gaiters were white, the body scarf crimson, and the arabesques and facings on the turquoise blue cloth were clear canary color.

It was known as the "First Battalion of Paris Turcos," and Philip learned from Joseph that its colonel was an individual named Sarre, "a merry, rosy, round little fellow," he said, "whose laugh makes one's flesh creep."

But Sarre never bothered the faithful concierge, nor for that matter did any of the First Turcos. His pass was in order, his mission not at all suspicious, and the sentinels gossiped with him, cracked lurid jokes at his expense, and gave him information which he brought back each day to Philip.

Paris was quiet,—with the quiet of a victim await-

ing death. The army at Versailles made no visible movement, but it was asserted in Paris that intrenchments and parallels were being pushed in the direction of the fort of Issy.

There were rumors of an intended sortie in force to crush the army of Thiers before it could be strengthened by the prisoners who were arriving from Germany.

Bergeret talked loudly and added several ounces of gold braid to his tunic; Flourens, brave, shifty, and probably a little insane, stalked about in company with the sinister, sneering Billioray; Duval worked night and day with Eudes and Cluseret to perfect the scheme of defense, and the Central Committee bickered, accusing each other and everybody they knew of being "suspects," until denunciations, midnight visits, and sudden silent arrests terrified the revolutionists themselves. Nobody was safe; nobody, not even the generals of the Commune, not even the members of the Central Committee, dared face an accusation until they could defend themselves by a counter accusation. Denunciations were at a premium. He who accused most violently was the greatest patriot. The prisons were filling, and Raoul Rigault raged everywhere, urging, forcing, driving his creatures to spy, shadow, denounce, and arrest. People trembled when he passed; even his own friends, even the members of the Commune themselves, would avoid meeting him in the street if possible. All day long he sat in his official den, surrounded by his satellites, inquiring, examining, reproaching the unfortunate citizens brought before him.

With terrible threats, or still more terrible laughter, he would bellow, "Fiche moi ça dedans!" and the prisoner would be seized and driven with taunts and blows through the streets to one of the prisons.

When evening came this bloodthirsty young man doffed his scarf of office, dusted his clothes, and went home. Here, "business" finished, he affected the airs of a dandy; perfumed and gloved, he and his familiars dined extravagantly at some fashionable restaurant, and then, crossing the river to the Latin Quarter, they spent the evening drinking with degraded women in front of the cafés on the Boulevard St. Michel.

Joseph, bringing to Philip as usual the gossip of the barricade, related, under his breath, how Raoul Rigault, drinking with his creatures on the terrace of the Café Cardinal the night before, had cried with an oath: "I need a bouquet of 30,000 heads before I can clean out the traitors!" The café was crowded with students and citizens who heard, and the next day the city knew and cowered lower than ever.

Of the rumors brought in by Joseph, Landes did not prevent many from reaching Jeanne. It was best she should know the truth, and he had unbounded confidence in her spirit and judgment. He pondered all sorts of plans for communicating with the American Minister, but they came to nothing, and he tried in vain to get messages to Jack Ellice and de Carette. He had nobody to trust except Joseph and he dared not draw suspicion upon him, because on Joseph's freedom to traverse the barricade rested their only chance for food.

So the days passed very quietly in the studio. Tcherka's tail was still too gaudy to suit her mistress' taste, and the puppy dug more than enough holes in the garden. The warm breath of the coming spring started the pink buds on the almond trees, the lilac leaves uncoiled in delicate green, the goldfish almost became animated, and the blackbird was wooing his mate, a soft-eyed wild creature which had come into the garden from Heaven knows where, and sat all day on the tip of the almond tree. Such songs as the blackbird sang! What wonder that the shy new-comer listened! Then one day Jeanne came in, radiant, and led Philip out to the almond tree. High on a safe, slender branch nestled the rudiments of a nest. The blackbird, proud and happy, balanced himself above it and held a bit of straw in his bright yellow bill. The lover had turned architect. It is true that he occasionally forgot, and let the straw or twig fall while he sang a little, but his mate never found fault and the building of their little home continued. Tcherka licked her whiskers and blinked at it. It was too safe.

The rue Notre Dame was constantly patrolled by the sentinels of the First Turcos.

Philip never went near the outer wicket, but from the entrance to the ivy-covered alley he could see them without being seen. Once, when a group of officers passed, he imagined he recognized Sarre in a fat little wretch who wore the baggy scarlet trousers of the Turco officers, with the triple blue stripe, the gold-embroidered képi, and the pale blue jacket. However, the officers passed without

a glance at the wicket, and his nervousness gradually wore off.

Jeanne posed for him every day, sometimes sitting on the edge of the stone fountain, sometimes lying in a hammock which he had swung for her between the almond trees.

When showers fell she posed in the studio, and it was there that he began and finished the beautiful portrait called "Youth," which has since been acquired by the French government.

Jeanne never wearied of watching Philip while he painted. He had a habit of biting his under lip when he worked which gave a peculiarly serious expression to his youthful face. This impressed Jeanne. From the first she had no doubt that, if Philip was not already one of the greatest of artists, his becoming so was merely a question of time. Her admiration and her delight in his color were genuine. Her enthusiasm stirred him profoundly, and, perhaps, but for that the portrait of "Youth" might never have been finished.

Until now he had never taken himself seriously. Although his respect for his work had been great at all times, his self-confidence was incrustated with cynicism, and he never could understand why he continued to study his profession.

Sometimes for weeks together he did not touch a brush; it is true that he was always staring at the sunlight or the blue tracery of shadows. Pure notes of glowing color thrilled him with pleasure. Unlike many of his comrades, he never saw in nature anything unhealthy or colorless, nor, when he walked

under blue skies, did nature transpose itself into human nature.

He read the poets who compared the interlacing of forest trees to human embraces, who sang of innocent flowers and attributed to them the passions of human beings, and it nauseated him. He never could see that a splendid snow peak resembled a woman's breast. It always looked like a snow peak to him. The murmur of the sea had for him nothing of human desire. He loved nature for herself.

Jeanne and he exchanged few words on the subject, but each was sure of the other's sympathy and understanding.

A sunbeam searching the depths of the brown water in the fountain, a shadow trembling on the white wall, a breeze whispering among the lilacs,—then a glance, the flutter of the lashes, a faint smile, and their hearts were at ease, for each had read and loved the other's thoughts.

When Philip's hand faltered and the light was shifty, when the sun became overcast and the surface of his canvas changed color like a chameleon, Jeanne would rise from her seat and say: "Come, Philip, I wish to walk in the garden." Then with pretty ceremony she would accept his arm, and they would stroll gravely over the gravel as if they were sauntering through a portion of some vast estate.

On one of these limited tours they stopped to watch a mottled garden toad making his way toward a hole in the wall. His gait and personality were obtrusive and vulgar and Jeanne turned up her nose.

"Oh, he's an old acquaintance," said Philip, "he comes out every spring."

"He is very common," said Jeanne; "I never imagined any little creature of God could look so underbred."

"He's not graceful," said Phillip, smiling; "you should see him jumping after gnats on a summer evening. I call him 'Monsieur Prudhomme.'"

"What a name for a toad!"

"It suits him. See! he has just given one of his graceful leaps."

Jeanne threw back her pretty head and laughed. Monsieur Prudhomme squatted in the tender spring grass, unconcerned, callous, emotionless. He had swallowed a giddy young beetle and was digesting it. Toodles came along and nearly barked himself out of his skin at the sight of Monsieur Prudhomme, but kept at a safe distance, describing eccentric circles round him until Philip, gently but unceremoniously, shoved Monsieur Prudhomme through a hole in the garden wall.

"Do you wish to paint any more?" inquired Jeanne.

"No," he replied, "I feel lazy. How warm the sunshine is. I believe those lilacs are budding."

"Oh, I knew that yesterday," she said. "There is a violet already out in that bed over there. I saw it this morning from my hammock."

He started for the violet bed, but she called to him: "You are not to pick it you know." He came back smiling.

“Won't you have it for a souvenir of our garden?”

She shook her head and sang softly :

“ Le souvenir, présent céleste,
Ombre des biens que l'on n' a plus,
Est encore un plaisir qui reste,
Après tous ceux qu'on a perdus.”

“I don't want a souvenir now, and I shall not need one then.”

“I suppose a shade is all that will remain of these days in a little while,” said Philip. She glanced at him wistfully without replying. As for him he was looking another way.

“Well,” she said at last, “if all the rest is lost will it not be good to have even the shade?”

“But that will soon go too, Jeanne.”

“No, I shall keep it as long as I live. And that will be a long time,” she added lightly, shaking off her seriousness. “I mean to be a very old lady, if you please, Monsieur, I intend to live a great while and be very happy——”

A violent ringing at the gate interrupted her. She turned white and looked at Philip with wide startled eyes.

“Now who can that be?” he muttered. “Jeanne, go back to the studio quickly.”

“I shall remain here,” she said, with a little catch in her breath. “Oh, Philip, can it be the Commune has found you?”

“Me? It is you they are after.”

“They can't harm me, but you—oh, Philip!”

“Do as I ask you, Jeanne, go to your room at once.” She refused to move and looked at him imploringly.

“Can you get over the wall?” she whispered.—“Quick! I’m sure you can. I will meet them—I can detain them. Oh! go, Philip!”

He looked down into her face. “Won’t you please go into the studio?”

She refused with a slight shake of her head. The gate creaked, steps sounded along the alley.

“They are coming!” gasped Jeanne, and threw both arms around his neck.

Before Jeanne could take her arms away again a man in a long blue blouse flung his cap on the ground and rushed at Philip who stared at him and shouted, “Ellice!” and while they were hugging each other like two Frenchmen she had time to realize that the man’s companion, who wore the dress of a market woman of the Halles, was Mademoiselle de St. Brieuc.

“Jack!” cried Landes. “Are you all right?”

“I am—and you?”

“Oh, I’m all right. Where is Alain de Carette?”

“At Versailles.”

“How did you pass the barricade?”

Jack sat down on the edge of the fountain, drew a large red bandanna handkerchief from the recesses of his blouse, wiped his face with it, looked after Mademoiselle de St. Brieuc who was disappearing with Jeanne through the studio door, and laughed.

“We’re beauties,—what do you think, Philip? We sell vegetables now. Our baskets are in Joseph’s

lodge at the gate. Did you think of buying a few cabbages?"

"Tell me how you got here," repeated Philip.

"Well, I hardly know myself. You've got a nasty barricade on the corner, have n't you?"

"We have! Go on!"

"Well—we decided that we must get to you somehow or other;—yesterday we sold your rascally Turcos artichokes and musty turnips, but they would n't let us through the lines, and we tried again to-day. Just now, as we reached the barricade, the street suddenly went mad. A commissary's wagon which was bringing in a lot of live poultry struck a cannon and tipped over. You ought to have seen those hens and turkeys scratching gravel to get away, and those thieving Turcos after them. A fat rooster ran between my legs and the Turco in chase knocked me flat in his hurry to grab the fowl. When I got up they both were running and squawking down the street. The officers could n't do anything with the men. The barricade was empty in no time, everybody chasing turkeys. Mademoiselle de St. Briec and I saw our chance, and we simply walked through an opening in the barricade, and before anyone could detect us we were hidden by the corner of the street above the convent. There was a sentry up by the rue Bara but I suppose he thought it was all right—as long as we had passed the barricade. When he was n't looking we pulled the bell—and here we are."

"If you knew how welcome! Come in and be comfortable!" cried Landes, and he led the way to the studio.

“Joseph,” said he, dragging a lounge into the bedroom, “will make up a bed on this for one of us, and there is my bed for the other. Mademoiselle de St. Briec will share the room of Mademoiselle de Brassac of course——”

“Oh, I won’t stay. You can’t put up four in a place only meant for two. Mademoiselle de St. Briec is glad to be with another woman, of course, but—after I’ve seen you a little while I’ll go and shift for myself.”

“Oh! will you? How will you pass the barricade?”

“Bluff it.”

“And do you know the penalty for bluffing it?”

“No, what’s the penalty?”

“Shooting on the spot without court-martial.” Jack looked blank. “What’s the sense of looking that way?” said Philip.

“But I did n’t mean——”

“Did n’t you mean to risk your life to help me in the Impasse de la Mort? I think you did, Jack. Is n’t it rather late to stand on ceremony with me? Besides do you realize that I have been a prisoner here ever since that night, without speaking to a man except Joseph?”

“What about food?”

“Joseph has a pass. It’s only marketing for four instead of two.”

“Well, if you put it that way. But it did n’t seem when we came in just now as if you had found the absence of male society——”

“Here,” interrupted Philip, dryly, “don’t you want linen and some decent clothes?”

“I do indeed. This blouse is not perfumed with violet.”

“Well—you know the place as well as I do. There’s the dressing case, here’s the bath, filled,—and I’ve had reason before now to think my clothes fitted you!”

“Pure calumny,” said Ellice, shedding his blouse,—“where are the towels? What are you laughing at? Get out or I’ll splash!”

Landes went out into the studio where the concierge was poking the fire and waiting for orders. Giving him instructions to provide for four, Philip strolled on into the garden and sat down on the edge of the fountain to smoke a cigarette. The last rays of the sun fell aslant the gravel where the toad squatted, cold and motionless.

“So you’re back again, my friend,” laughed Philip. For a while he sat and smoked, with his eyes fixed on Monsieur Prudhomme, but he was not thinking of Monsieur Prudhomme. The two goldfish floated near the surface of the water, staring intently until a flighty new-born gnat tumbled into the basin, then they jumped together and fell back with loud flops.

“That must have been a gnat,” he thought, “the first this spring. It is already spring, the lilacs will be in bloom by next week, so will the almonds and acacias. What will the spring bring to us—to Jeanne and to me? What will it bring to Paris—to France?” He thought of the strange year that had just ended—the battles and rumors of battles of the summer, the disaster of Sedan in the autumn, the

siege with its wintry horrors and desolation, the surrender and the entry of the German hordes. How long was this era of battle to continue? The new year had begun badly. January passed amid an iron tempest from the Prussian siege guns. From the fifth until the twenty-seventh of the month, great shells fell like monstrous meteors in Paris, blowing to fragments women and children as well as the city's defenders, tearing houses to pieces, smashing churches, spreading terror and death even in the hospitals where the helpless wounded lay.

February, the month of starvation, began with famine and ended in riots. March had now just ended, but what a month of horror had died with it. This was the third of April. What would April bring?

He sat there thinking; the old jingle kept running through his mind until he repeated it aloud,

“ April showers,
Bring forth May flowers.”

He little knew how truly the old rhyme rang, for the April showers were to be showers of blood, and the May blossoms, the crimson flower of Anarchy.

Twilight fell as he sat pondering by the fountain, and already in the studio a lamp glowed through the drawn curtains. After a while Mlle. de Brassac came to the doorway and looked out into the garden. She could not see him in the shadows, and she called softly, “Philip, where are you?” He rose at once and walked to her. He thought of her arms around his neck an hour before and felt his cheeks burning in the darkness, but all the constraint was on his side.

"You will catch cold without your hat," she said, "come in."

"Is Mademoiselle de Saint Briec well?"

"Quite well. I have lent her everything she needs."

"Well, you will be happy now to have a companion here with you."

"Yes—oh yes. She is very charming. Her name is Marguerite," she said in a low sweet voice.

"Good-bye to our little promenades then," he said sulkily.

For a moment she looked at him without speaking, and he felt very silly standing there on the step below her.

"Come," he said at last, "we must go into the studio. Is Ellice there?"

"Monsieur Ellice is talking with Mademoiselle de Saint Briec before the fire. If you had your hat on we might take a little tour in the garden."

With a laugh she threw her scarf over his head and tied it like a turban. Then she stepped to the ground and took his arm.

"Thank you," he muttered; she bent her head gently and they moved out through the dark garden.

Twice they made the circuit in silence; his heart was beating very fast and the light touch of her hand on his arm filled him with sensations which he was too happy to analyze.

"We must go in," she said, as they approached the doorway for the third time. He unwound the scarf and placed it about her neck. Still she lingered a moment, her hands clasped behind her back, her fair face half turned from his.

"I hope we shall have many more little walks together in our garden," she said,—“if you wish it, Philip.”

"I do," he replied in a low voice.

"Come," she whispered, "I hear Joseph bringing the silver. Dinner will be served before you are ready."

He followed her into the studio and went up to the fireplace, where Mademoiselle de Saint Briec was sitting, with Jack lounging on the rug beside her, and Toodles bestowing his clumsy cheerfulness impartially on them both. Philip explained the arrangements he had made for their accommodation. "I wish I could say comfort," he added.

"I will say it then. You will be more than comfortable if you have Monsieur Landes for your host," said Jeanne, looking after Philip, who had started toward his room to get ready for dinner. He heard without looking back, but all the time he was dressing he was asking himself what was the quality in Jeanne de Brassac which made a man feel so proud at her highest approval.

"Did you find your gardener's dress a good disguise, Jack?" he asked when he rejoined them.

"Perfectly—even to the perfume. That peasant who owned it was a friend in need, but he was n't tidy."

"You don't think anyone could have suspected you?"

"No one did, it appears."

"And your French is not all it might be, either," mused Philip, "but perhaps you did n't talk much."

It's our voices and inflections that betray us," he added thoughtfully.

"Not yours, Monsieur Landes," said Mademoiselle de Saint Brieuc; "you speak like a Frenchman."

He gave her a searching glance to see if it were a compliment or sincerely meant. "But you must know you do," put in Jeanne. "Here comes Joseph with the soup; will you give me your arm, Monsieur Ellice?"

During dinner Jack Ellice did most of the talking, with constant appeals to Mademoiselle de Saint Brieuc. It was evident that Jack fancied himself in love with her, and that her manner of receiving his homage was more peremptory than flattering. It was a mixture of indulgence and impatience which said she thought him an excellent boy, but centuries younger than herself. His love was not very obtrusive, being confined to sudden lapses into silent sentimental contemplation of the young lady, who was certainly very pretty. Then after a few minutes he would emerge and remain in a normal condition for hours.

His temperament was winning, his character fickle, he was true-hearted, kind, and brave, and only tiresome when under his sentimental spells. He never met a pretty woman without falling in love in this manner, and then suddenly, without the least warning, the spoony part of his affection would vanish, and a hearty friendship would remain in its place. With Jack, to love a woman once was to have an immense kindness for her ever after.

When dinner was over Jeanne insisted that the

men should smoke ; so they lighted cigarettes, and Philip, blowing a luxurious whiff to the ceiling, called upon Ellice to tell his story.

“And no embellishments, Monsieur Jack,” said Mademoiselle de Saint Briec, teasingly ; “I am here to correct any mistakes, you know.”

“It does n’t need any embellishments. It’s weird enough without any, but I’ll not be a party to any belittling of what I call the most astounding and diverting adventures of the Demoiselle Marguerite de Saint Briec—and her faithful——”

“Yes, Monsieur Ellice,” said Jeanne, gently, “but unhappily the adventures are not over yet. Must n’t we take them a little seriously until they are finished?”

Jack made her a bow and went on gravely :

“Mademoiselle is right. The situation is serious enough, and nothing is gained by pretending not to think so. When we left you in the cab we expected to meet you again at my studio within an hour. Captain de Carette was unconscious and Mademoiselle de Saint Briec had some difficulty in replacing the bandages on his wounds. I think they slipped that time when Tribert knocked him down, you know.”

“I know.”

“I think Captain de Carette regained consciousness before we reached the rue de Sfax, did n’t he?”

“Yes,” said Marguerite, briefly.

“Well,—when we had crossed the Passage de Lille and were about to enter the rue de Sfax, Mademoiselle de Saint Briec, who was looking ahead from the cab window, suddenly cried out to me to stop the driver.

I did so, of course,—lucky for us she was on the lookout. The whole street was full of Federal troops raising Cain. They were all drunk, yelling like madmen and firing their rifles into the air, so our cabby backed his horses into the passage de Lille which was as dark as pitch. I got out and stole up to the corner to reconnoitre. The Federals were dragging a man out of a vestibule, howling and cursing, and discharging their rifles in every direction. They finished the poor fellow with their bayonets and left him—never mind how. I was simply rooted to the spot, and next thing I saw them break into another house, and after driving every occupant into the street, pillage and wreck it from roof to basement. I could see them raging through the rooms with lighted torches. Then they all came out again and yelled ‘Vive la Commune—à mort Lebeau!’ Lebeau! I thought, why, that is the man who disciplined the National Guard during the siege! He lived in the rue de Sfax. Then a thought struck me and made me jump. *Whose* house was it they were wrecking and preparing to burn? Sure enough, when I crept along close to the wall, and got near enough to see—it was my house and the furniture of my studio, and the remains of my pictures lay, with what was left of Monsieur Lebeau, in the middle of the street.

“I did n’t waste much time there after that, but before I got away a National Guard fired at me, and when I left the bullets were flying down the rue de Sfax. Cabby set off at a gallop,—it was all Mademoiselle de Saint Briec could do to make him wait for

me, and he never pulled up until we were on the Boulevard St. Michel. Then he wanted us to get out; he said we need n't pay him if we'd only go. The jolting had loosened Captain de Carette's bandages, and he was almost helpless from loss of blood. I told Cabby to go ahead, and we started in search of lodgings. You can imagine how careful we had to be. A wounded officer would have queered us badly with the wrong sort of landlord. But it was easy to avoid committing ourselves, for the friends of the Commune were bawling for the Commune, and that helped us very much in selecting our hotel-keeper. After a long search we found one who was so quiet we thought we could venture to trust him, and sure enough he was loyal,—Verdier, the landlord of the Boule d'Or, a little hotel on the Boulevard St. Michel. We got Captain de Carette to bed, and Mademoiselle de Saint Briec dressed his wound while we were waiting for a surgeon. When the doctor came he said he could n't have done better himself——”

“Pardon, Monsieur Jack!—he said nothing of the kind.”

“He said the bandages were all right, did n't he?”

“He said they did very well—but that is of no consequence, anyway. Please go on.”

“Well, the doctor was just on the point of leaving for Versailles and he had a pass from Raoul Rigault, so we just forged another for de Carette. Mademoiselle de Saint Briec absolutely refused to let us provide her with one also.”

“It was too dangerous,” said the young lady; “one

forgery was likely to succeed, but a second, and for a lady, would have been scrutinized."

"So the doctor took the Captain into his own carriage—and carried him off," said Ellice, soberly.

"Have you heard from Alain—but no, you could n't."

"Verdier had a letter from the doctor, after they arrived at Versailles. He said his patient was all right—getting on, and would soon be ready for active service again. And Captain de Carette sent his gratitude and his devoted service to the lady. The letter said——"

"I told you I should correct you when you made mistakes," interposed Mademoiselle de Saint Briec, hastily.

"Very well, but this is n't one, you know. I read it myself."

"And did he not mention you at all?"

"Oh yes, he sent his regards to me."

"And he said nothing about courage and generosity?"

"I forget—I forget in fact everything that happened for the next few days, excepting one which drove all the rest out of my head."

Philip wondered if Jack could possibly be going to forget his good manners and say that the company of Mademoiselle de Saint Briec had driven everything else out of his head.

"No," Landes decided, "he can't be such a fool," and said aloud, "What was it?"

"Merely that two days after we were installed in the Boule d'Or I thought it safe to venture out, and

I strolled down the Boulevard St. Michel—intending to find out if I could what had become of you. I was passing a corner and I noticed a crowd around a bulletin, a big flaming poster, so I stopped to read it. Imagine my abject terror when I found myself reading a description of *myself* with a reward for my apprehension, signed by Raoul Rigault. My knees knocked together—they did indeed—” as Mademoiselle de Saint Briec looked up incredulously. “You were mentioned too, Philip—dead or alive we’re both wanted by Raoul Rigault. Mademoiselle de Brassac and Mademoiselle de Saint Briec also occupied several lines of large type, but they’re not wanted *dead*. Well—I went back to the Boule d’Or and stayed there. Verdier came and held a consultation with us. Mademoiselle de Saint Briec’s family live in Tours; her friends here had all fled to Versailles or elsewhere. She was good enough to admit that she felt safer with my company than without it——”

“I admitted much more of my confidence and esteem for you than that, Monsieur Jack.”

Jack colored with pleasure and went on: “Verdier finally advised us to try our luck at the barricade. There was a market gardener and his wife who sold garden stuff to him—he bought their clothes of them for six times what they were worth, assuring them that if Raoul Rigault ever heard of the transaction they would be corpses the same day. We put on the things in spite of their smells—and sold vegetables at your barricade until we got in. That’s all.”

CHAPTER XIII.

A DANGEROUS QUEST.

NEXT morning before six o'clock Landes was writing a note. It said, when finished :

“DEAR JACK:—Now you are here to take my place, I must go and see if I can't find some help. Your blue blouse, etc., will do for a disguise—if they served you they will me. I am going along the wall to the Passage Stanislas, and unless I have bad luck I shall drop into the street there and make as best I can for the Boule d'Or. I hope your loyal landlord Verdier will befriend me as he did you, and will somehow manage to get a message into the hands of our Minister. Anyway, it 's worth trying, and I don't think the risk is great.

“I expect to be here again before dark. Mademoiselle de Brassac will know that I am doing no more than my duty and will forgive my not taking leave.

“My best services to both the ladies. Keep them and yourself in spirits, Jack.

“Yours,

“PHILIP.”

He sealed the note, and addressed it to Ellice. Then he drew the gardener's blouse over his head,

pulled on the shabby trousers, and took up the cap and bandanna handkerchief.

He stood a moment thinking, then placing the letter on the night-table beside the bed, he quietly entered the studio. Tcherka came to rub against his legs but he did not notice her, for he was looking up to the little balcony and Jeanne de Brassac's door. Next moment he was in the garden.

There was a ladder lying under a peach tree, and he picked it up and placed it against the wall. The wall was high, but he had no difficulty in climbing to the top and walking along it until he reached the intersecting wall of the garden in the rear. This was also broad but much overgrown with rose vines. He tore his blouse on the thorns and scratched his face and hands, but he had no difficulty in following it until it took a sudden turn and he came in sight of the Passage Stanislas. But now another wall covered with tiles blocked his way and he spent ten minutes in trying to scale it. He failed, but there was a chestnut tree growing close to the wall in the garden below, so he dropped to the ground, scrambled up the tree, and swung himself across to the tiled wall. In a minute more he lay flat on his stomach along the wall which borders the Passage Stanislas, and peered down to where the rue Notre Dame curves by the convent. There were no sentinels in sight, the alley and the street were silent and deserted; he quietly dropped to the sidewalk and hurried toward the Boulevard Montparnasse.

It was a queer sensation to find himself walking in the street again. He looked about as if he had

suddenly dropped into a strange city. People passed him, most of them clad in cap and blouse. On the Boulevard the shops were still closed, but the street was lively and the omnibuses and cabs were running as usual. Every few moments he passed soldiers of the National Guard, but nobody looked at him and he began to feel at ease. He met scores of men dressed as he was, and he was sure that if anything had been amiss in his costume they would have noticed it. Except for a barricade here and there, it was difficult to believe that Paris was in a state of insurrection. The life in the city had not changed; people were taking down their wooden shutters, the *crémeries* were open and filled with customers, and market wagons passed in files along the shabby Boulevard toward the square by the *Closerie des Lilas*. On the Boulevard Montrouge he stopped to buy a hot roll, and took it into a *crémérie* where he ate it with a pat of fresh butter and a bowl of chocolate. Two soldiers of Franchetti's Scouts sat in the corner, jabbering noisily over their *café-au-lait*. He listened to their conversation while he sipped his hot chocolate.

The discussion centred on a debauch in which they had participated the evening before, and after a while their language became so disgusting that Philip hurried with his chocolate and rose to pay the reckoning. As he laid the six sous on the counter and turned toward the door, a sentence uttered by the elder of the two scouts arrested him.

“Nom de Dieu! if Raoul Rigault wants the man

he 'll get him; never fear, Sureau, he 'll get him! Tiens! I should very much like to run across either of them. I could pay you your ten francs then,—I 'd have money to toss out of the window, eh! Sureau?"

"Tu m'ennuis," replied the other, sulkily; "if I 'm not going to get my ten francs before you catch this merle-blanc—what 's his name——"

"Philip Landes is one,—Ellice is the other," said the elder soldier. "Alive or dead, it 's the same reward. I 'd fix them. Think, Sureau! Imagine poor old Pastoret coming in with two,—both birds together,—one in each hand nicely spit through with my bayonet!"

"And my ten francs! Get out with your white blackbirds! Look here—I 'm in earnest—Pastoret, I want you to pay me that ten francs."

"I 'm going to pay—there!"

"No cheat."

"No cheat—I tell you!"

"Swear!"

"Tu te fiche de moi, espèce de crétin."

The dispute recommenced with reference to the orgie of the previous night, and Philip waited to hear no more but hurried out into the street.

To his own astonishment the discussion of the reward for himself, dead or alive, neither shocked nor scared him. On the contrary, a pleasant shiver of exhilaration passed through him, his face tingled with excitement, and he stepped along with every sense alert. He felt perfect confidence in his simple disguise, he looked forward to a satisfactory termi-

nation of his mission, and he walked with an air which was almost gay.

The Luxembourg Gardens were turned into a military camp. As he passed along the gilded iron railing beyond the *École des Mines*, he saw artillery parked on the northern terrace and cavalrymen watering their horses at the basin of the big fountain. Federal infantry were encamped around the old palace, from which floated the red flag of the Commune. Sentinels lounged before each gate, chatting idly with citizens who came to enquire for relatives among the insurgent battalions, and sallow-faced officers, blazing with gold and crimson, paced listlessly up and down the gravel walks by the eastern palace wing. In the *Place de Medici* two Hussars of Death sat motionless upon their bony horses, their long cloaks hanging to the stirrups, black *crêpe* fluttering on their arms. Like foul night-birds surprised by daylight, blinking maliciously at the passers-by, these strange creatures peered over the cloaks which shrouded their faces, watching with fierce bright eyes every movement of the people.

The dome of the Pantheon was glowing in the sky, as he passed the *rue Gay Lussac*, and above it the red flag of the Commune flapped black against the rising sun. Figures passed across the terraced roof, silhouetted against the bright blue above, with a sparkle of buttons and bayonets as they turned. On the *Boulevard St. Michel* the cafés were opening, and those hopeless creatures, the morning absinthe drinkers, dotted the terraces of the cafés "*Rouge*

et Noir," and "Garibaldi." A few harsh-voiced women, over whose pale faces the rouge was smeared, were returning with their escorts from some fête in Montparnasse, and their eyes, encircled by violet rings, glittered with vice. Their escorts were students, weary and viciously drunk, and they filled the street with coarse yells and shouts of defiance.

"Vive la Commune!" shouted one.

"Oh, non—pas ça voyons," cried another; "vive Thiers!"

"Vive Thiers!" they shouted ironically.

Then they noticed the Hussars of Death in the Place de Medici, and shook their fists at them in drunken bravado.

"Long live Thiers!" they screamed. "Long live the Republic!" Down with the Commune!" À mort, les Hussards de la Mort!"

Slowly one of the draped cavaliers turned in his saddle and pointed at the students. Drunk as they were they felt the menace of that outstretched arm; their yells and cat-calls died in their throats, and one of the women ran into a café shrieking hysterically. A ghastly silent laugh stretched the skin on the hussar's sunken face, his arm fell slowly to his side, and his head sank again among the folds of the long cloak. Only his eyes, restless and brilliant, glittered venomously above the mantle.

Philip shuddered in spite of himself and a feeling of insecurity began to trouble him. He was in a quarter where he was well known, and, though he pulled the visor of his cap low over his face, a nervousness, almost a foreboding set his heart fluttering

under the blue blouse. Then, as he turned from the Place de Medici to cross the Boulevard, he met Faustine Courtois face to face. She knew him at once, but she passed on, very pale, and gave no sign of recognition. The shock of the meeting unnerved him, and he crept along the sidewalk, listening for pursuing footfalls. Not that he feared Faustine, but if she had recognized him so easily he knew he was not safe. Any shop-keeper in the Quarter, any student or grisette who wished to betray him, through cupidity or from what they imagined to be patriotism, would reap an easy reward and stand high in the favor of Raoul Rigault.

Before he reached the rue des Écoles he passed half a dozen familiar faces, but nobody noticed him and fear began to give place to hope. Still the buoyancy and pleasant thrill of adventure had left him; he cursed himself for a fool in not making a wide circuit behind the Pantheon and avoiding the Boulevard as he would the plague. He could yet escape passing through the Boulevard to the Palais de Justice, and although he was not known in that section he was prudent enough to turn into the rue des Écoles, enter the rue des Carmes, and pick his way through the labyrinth of narrow crooked streets which lie between the Boulevard St. Germain and the river. The bridges which cross the left arm of the Seine to the Isle St. Louis were guarded by troops, so he turned to the left and walked along the quays until he came to the Pont Neuf. There people and vehicles were passing freely, and he mixed with the crowd and crossed unmolested.

The problem now was, how to get back to the Boulevard St. Michel, or rather to that section of it known as the Boulevard Sebastopol where the little Hôtel Boule d'Or was located. Barricades closed the quays along the right bank of the Seine, but the Place du Carrousel was open and he decided to make the circuit by way of the rue de Rivoli. He crossed the court of the Louvre and entered the street. It was useless ; barricades cut him off on every side. For hours he wandered through the city, always attempting to find a path through the jumble of streets and alleys to the Boulevard Sebastopol. In vain, and at last he had to own it to himself as he stood, wearied and discouraged in an archway, wondering what he should do next.

Across the street a sentinel was standing before a gray stone building which he recognized as the residence of the Archbishop of Paris. He had often seen the gentle, kindly old man, and he wondered what the sentinel was doing there. The sentinel was doing nothing as far as Landes could see, for people passed freely in and out of the court-yard, and carriages drove through the porte cochère. A sudden thought struck him. Suppose he could get speech with the Archbishop, and suppose the Archbishop should find means of sending a message to the American Minister ! Without waiting a moment he crossed the street, passed the sentinel who paid no attention to him, and entered the court-yard of the Archevêché. As he stood looking for the right doorway, a servant approached and asked him what he wanted.

“I wish to see Monseigneur Darboy,” said Philip, boldly.

“Monseigneur Darboy is at the Madeleine with the curé of the Madeleine,” replied the servant.

“When will he return?” demanded Philip.

A priest was passing and the servant approached him with a low bow. “Monsieur l’abbé, this young man wishes to see the Archbishop,” he said.

The abbé Lagarde, vicar-general to the Archbishop of Paris, turned pleasantly to Philip.

“Do you wish to see the Archbishop, my son?”

“Yes, my father.”

“He will return by one o’clock ; come then,” said the abbé, with a sad smile, and turning to the servant, “see that this young man is admitted,” he added. Philip thanked him and took his leave.

When he stood again in the street and looked at his watch, he found that it was twelve o’clock. There was an hour to wait, and he wondered how he could best use it. For an instant he thought of attempting to reach the American Minister himself, but remembered Wilton’s warning and Joseph’s experience. Then another impulse seized him. He would have time to go to the Hôtel Perret in the Place Pigalle before the Archbishop returned.

“Who knows,” he muttered—I may be able to find some clue. Anyway I will go and reconnoitre.”

It took him longer than he had thought it would to reach the Place, for barricades were numerous and the detours long, but at last he entered the square, found it quiet and entirely deserted, and crossed the street to the Hôtel Perret. The hotel appeared to

be empty, the door was locked, but the blinds were up and the glass in the window beside the door, which he had smashed with the butt of his revolver two weeks before, had not been replaced.

Without hesitating a moment he climbed through the shattered window and sprang noiselessly up the stairs to the de Brassac apartment. The door was open and he entered, his revolver in his hand, every sense keen and alert. Almost at once he saw that the apartment had been thoroughly ransacked. Cabinets swung wide open, doors in the armoires hung shattered from the hinges, beds were dismantled and pulled to pieces, carpets and rugs lay heaped in the corners, and bureau drawers lay scattered on the bare floor.

He passed through the suite of rooms, treading gently, searching every corner for a lurking enemy, until he came to Colonel de Brassac's dressing-room. On the wall, above a shattered dressing-table, hung a rusty old pistol. He seized it, felt in the barrel, touched a wad of something, worked at it until it slipped out, and a stream of splendid diamonds poured into his hand. He was so overcome with excitement that for a moment he could neither move nor breathe nor even think. Gradually his mind cleared, but still he stood there motionless, pondering how and where he should place Jeanne de Brassac's little fortune in safety. Deep tenderness and exulting pride made his heart beat thickly as he realized that he had been able to serve so well the woman he loved; and, as he tasted the full sweetness of this thought, all at once, somewhere in the house, a door

opened and light footsteps sounded on the bare floor. He thrust the diamonds into his pocket. The steps ceased, a face flashed in a mirror above his head, and down the long corridor which the glass reflected he saw Georgias standing, his eyes starting from their sockets, his jaw hanging loosely between the flabby folds of his chin. The Greek saw him as he saw Georgias, through the mirror. In an instant he had bounded to the door, and at the same moment Georgias fired and fled. With the crash of the splintering mirror behind him, Philip sprang through the corridor, firing as he ran, but Georgias turned into the hallway and sped down the stairs toward the lower floor. As Philip jumped to the landing he caught a glimpse of the Greek on the stairs below. Coolly and deliberately he raised his arm, knowing he had the man at his mercy, and without the slightest compunction fired the last two cartridges in his revolver. Both shots struck Georgias, who screamed shrilly and plunged head-first down the stairway to the tiled vestibule. He was quite dead when Philip reached him. He lay on the stone floor, a hideous heap in a widening pool of blood, his single-barrelled pistol clutched in one hand, a long thin knife lying beside the other. Philip stooped and picked up the knife, then flung it from him with a shudder, for he knew it was the same that he had seen in the *Café Cardinal*,—the same that had been sheathed in the throat of Colonel de Brassac.

The blood crept in long bright streams toward his shoes, and he drew back. Very calmly he opened his revolver; the empty shells flew out and fell ring-

ing to the stone floor; then he carefully reloaded every chamber, snapped the cylinder into place, and thrust the weapon into the leather holster which was strapped around his waist under the blue blouse. Without another glance at the dead murderer, he climbed through the broken window and dropped to the sidewalk.

The square was still deserted. If there were yet any inhabitants among the silent houses opposite, they had either not heard the shots, or they prudently refrained from investigation.

He reached the rue Blanche without difficulty, entered an alley, and threaded his way toward the Archevêché. He had been away nearly two hours, and he hastened his steps, fearing that the Archbishop might have returned and gone away again. As he came in sight of the Archevêché, he saw a carriage drive through the porte cochère, a priest step out and then assist an old man to alight. Philip entered the court-yard and found the same servant who had given him information two hours earlier.

"The Archbishop has just returned," Landes said, "I saw him leave his carriage and come in on the arm of a priest. Will you ask him if he can spare me an instant on a matter of life and death?"

"The Archbishop is tired," said the servant; "Monseigneur is old and not at all in good health. I am not to admit anybody."

"This is a matter of life and death," repeated Philip, slowly. "And you remember that M. l'Abbé gave orders that I should be admitted."

The servant hesitated a moment but finally went

away, and returned presently saying Philip was to follow him.

They passed through long hallways and rich apartments, the servant leading, until they came to a closed door where a priest stood reading. He looked up as Philip approached, dismissed the servant with a silent nod, and then turned his keen eyes on the young man.

"The Archbishop is tired and ill but he will not refuse you," said the priest. "Follow me."

They entered a small room to the left, passed through a doorway hidden by a curtain, and came into a large sunny chamber where an old man was lying on a lounge. His mild face, pale under the fringe of snow-white hair, was drawn as if in pain, but he smiled as Philip entered, and silently acknowledged the young man's deep obeisance. When he spoke his voice was sad and weak, but there was kindly sympathy in every line of his pallid face.

"Can I help you, my son?"

"If you will, Monseigneur."

"If it be God's will," murmured Monseigneur Darboy. "Tell me your trouble, my son."

Before Philip could reply a priest hurried into the room and threw himself on his knees before the Archbishop. He was laboring under terrible excitement, and the Archbishop raised himself on one arm and laid his hand on the priest's head. At the same instant the street outside was filled with the crash of drums; the noise of an assembling crowd grew louder and louder, the shuffling of many feet sounded along the sidewalk, and there was the

clang of arms in the court-yard. So suddenly had this occurred that Philip had barely time to spring to a window before the door burst open and an officer of the National Guard strode into the room and walked coolly toward the Archbishop.

After a moment of silence he had the decency to remove his gold-laced cap and bow to the Archbishop, who returned his salute with quiet dignity. Another officer entered and saluted mechanically. He wore the uniform of a staff captain and carried a folded paper in his gloved hand.

"Is this Monseigneur Darboy?" he demanded.

The Archbishop bowed silently. The officer turned to his companion, who wore the costume of the companies *de marche*.

"Captain Journeaux, take charge of the Archevêché."

The officer addressed saluted and withdrew without a glance at the Archbishop who had now risen to his feet. Then the staff captain turned insolently to the Archbishop and said in a quick, jerky manner: "I am Captain Révol of the staff and I bring an order for your arrest." With a brusque gesture he unfolded the paper in his hands, and read in a nasal sing-song voice, glancing sharply every moment at the two priests who stood beside the Archbishop:

"Order is given to Citizen Révol, Captain Adjutant attached to the Préfecture of Police, to enter the Archevêché and arrest the Sieur Darboy who calls himself Archbishop of Paris, and to there seize all papers of which a minute examination will be made.

"RAOUL RIGAULT."

"An order of arrest," repeated Monseigneur Darboy, incredulously.

"Exactly," replied the officer, folding up the paper and pocketing it.

"It is impossible, this outrage!" cried a priest. He was sternly silenced by Révol.

It was the fourth of April, Holy Tuesday, and the Episcopal Council had been in session at the Archevêché as usual, but had broken up at two o'clock and many of the prelates had gone. However a large number remained, among them the Vicar-General, the Abbé Lagarde, who had gone to bed with a sick headache.

Hearing the drums and the noise of the crowd he had risen and dressed and now entered the room where the Archbishop stood facing the Captain.

"Who are you?" demanded the officer. The Vicar-General took no notice of his question but passed quietly to the Archbishop's side.

"Why am I arrested?" asked Monseigneur Darboy, looking at the Captain.

"Because," replied Révol, coolly, "last night a body of Federal troops were fired upon in the rue des Postes from the house windows. Monsieur the Préfet of Police desires to question Monsigneur about it, as it is believed that the shots came from the windows of a religious society connected with the Archevêché. Of course," he added, "there is no doubt but that Monseigneur will be allowed to return at once to the Archevêché."

The Archbishop repeated this strange story to the Abbé Lagarde who had left the room to bring a warm shawl for the old man, and they consulted earnestly for a moment in low tones.

"Yes," Philip heard the Abbé say, "it is certainly an invention. They have come purely and simply to arrest you."

"And you consent to accompany me?" asked the Archbishop.

"I do not consent—I ask the privilege," replied the Abbé Lagarde.

"Allons! En route!" said the Captain.

"Will you not permit me to say adieu to my unhappy sister?" asked the Archbishop, mildly.

"There is no time for that sort of stuff," sneered the Captain, motioning a file of soldiers to enter.

"Shame!" cried Philip from the window, and the next moment could have bitten off his tongue—for the Captain walked over and examined him with sinister coolness.

"Who the devil are you? An unfrocked priest?" he demanded. With an insulting gesture he laid his hand on the blue blouse—and started back hastily; he had felt the revolver underneath.

"Arrest that man!" he cried to the soldiers. Instantly Philip was surrounded by bayonets and marched out between a double line of troops.

The Archbishop had profited by the diversion to bid his sister farewell. He now re-entered, accompanied by the Abbé Lagarde, and followed the Captain down to where his carriage was standing. Citizen Révol jumped up beside the coachman, and his comrade Journeaux placed himself at the head of the Federal battalion which was standing at attention in the court. As the drums rolled another file of soldiers appeared conducting Philip.

“Put him in with Darboy!” cried Révol from the box—and Philip was hustled into the carriage, the door was slammed, and the cortege started. As they drove out of the porte cochère they passed a group of women gathered at the entrance. Some were kneeling on the sidewalk—all were weeping. One, a girl elegantly dressed, held up her hands imploringly. Philip recognized Ynès Falaise. Monseigneur Darboy’s pale face bent benignly. He raised his hands in benediction, Captain Révol sneered and cursed the driver; the carriage rolled swiftly away toward the Place Dauphine.

CHAPTER XIV.

RAOUL RIGAULT.

IT was a long drive to the Préfecture of Police, and Monseigneur Darboy looked terribly ill and worn. Nevertheless he had nothing but words of encouragement for his companions, and before long he remembered that Philip had something urgent to communicate.

“My son,” he said, “you wished to speak with me on a matter of life and death.” Philip at once told his story. Monseigneur Darboy listened as attentively as if he were safe and at ease in his own residence, only when Philip had finished he sighed heavily and said in a weak patient voice:

“Alas! my son, you see how little I can do for my friends at present. And perhaps—but the event is in God’s hands—if I can help you I will. Believe that. And in case things should go very wrong with me—they may detain me, you know, in spite of their promise to the contrary, but I do not think they will,—if then it should happen that I am prevented from doing what you wish, here is the Abbé Lagarde. He at least can be in no danger. As soon as he returns from the Préfecture of Police, perhaps to-day, let us hope to-morrow at the latest, he will go himself and lay your case and that of the

ladies whom you are so nobly protecting, before the American Minister."

Landes, touched to the depths of his troubled heart by the Archbishop's dignity and unselfish sweetness, knelt and humbly asked his blessing. The touch of those gentle old hands on his head brought him a sense of peace, but Monseigneur Darbois was overcome by weakness and the excitement of his arrest, his face grew deathly white, he sank back on the Abbé's shoulder and closed his eyes; his thin hands trembled. The younger men watched him anxiously in silence for some time, then Philip spoke again, in a low voice, to the Abbé Lagarde.

"I shall probably be shot before the American Minister can interfere, even if you should return to see him this evening. I have Mademoiselle de Brassac's diamonds in my pocket. They are about all the fortune she has. Will you take charge of them, my father?"

"Yes," said the Abbé.

Philip made a little bag of the gardener's bandanna, dropped the diamonds in, and tied the corners as best he could. It was so large that when crumpled together it made a good hiding-place for the beautiful stones, whose presence in its folds it was hard to detect. The Abbé's sad face relaxed an instant with a faint smile at the incongruity, as he placed the clumsy cotton kerchief in the bosom of his soutane.

"Have you any message for Mademoiselle de Brassac, my son?" he asked.

"Tell her that I love her," said Philip, earnestly.

The Abbé bowed in silence.

At that moment the coupé stopped in the Place Dauphine and Révol sprang from his place beside the coachman and opened the carriage door. The Abbé Lagarde stepped out and assisted the Archbishop to descend, then Philip crept out of the coupé and stood quietly before the Captain.

Now the Citizen Captain Révol had no idea that Philip was a prize. He did not know his name and did not care to know it, but he did know that he carried concealed arms and was found hobnobbing with priests, and that was enough to make him doubly a "suspect." Still, in Révol's eyes Philip was of small importance compared with Monseigneur Darboy the Archbishop of Paris, so when Philip stepped before him he was curtly told to follow in the rear.

The gate on the side of the Place Dauphine was closed, but Révol ordered it to be opened, and, followed by the three prisoners and two armed guards, he entered the court. The court was crowded with men who vociferated and gesticulated and filled the yard with an indescribable tumult. They watched the Archbishop with hostile or indifferent eyes until a jailer appeared and Révol handed over the prisoners to him.

The jailer, a weak-eyed little ruffian with a long scar across his cheeks, grinned impudently at the two priests and motioned them to follow him. Through corridor after corridor and salon after salon where repairs were in progress, they passed in single file, the jailer leading. Then they entered a long suite of rooms which were filled with men, smoking, drinking, and disputing in loud harsh voices,

but who paid them not the slightest attention. The room beyond was empty, except for heaps of new military clothing which lay in carefully arranged piles on some long tables. The jailer paused in this room and motioned Philip to stop.

“Your turn will come,” he grinned, “but the Church must not be kept waiting.” Then, bowing ironically to the Archbishop, he opened the door and ushered him into the room beyond. As he did not close the door behind him, Philip, leaning against a table piled high with uniforms of the National Guard, could see into the room. The jailer returned and winked as he passed.

“They will send for you in a moment. Climb up on that table and you will see the fun!” he said, and disappeared, slamming the door behind him.

Philip clambered to the top of one of the tables and looked through the half-closed door into the cabinet of the Préfet of Police.

At the farther end of the room, almost opposite the door by which the Archbishop and the Abbé Lagarde had entered, stood a huge arm-chair on a raised step. In the middle of this chair, before a large table covered with green cloth, sat a small man writing. On his head he wore a military cap, heavy with gold bands, but his uniform was sombre and edged with silver. His cold shallow eyes were raised once or twice, but he took no notice of the Archbishop, who had entered with his hat under his arm and now stood before the green-covered table. All around the room lounged the creatures of the Préfet of Police, some sitting on the long benches, others

standing and conversing in low tones. Most of them wore some sort of uniform, and all affected broad crimson sashes edged with gilt.

Suddenly Raoul Rigault raised his head, adjusted the glasses on his nose, and with a violent gesture demanded brutally who those people were.

"The Archbishop," cried somebody from the other side of the room.

"Ah!" cried Rigault, "are you the Citizen Dar-boy? C'est bien! It is our turn now!"

The Archbishop advanced a step or two. "May I know why I am arrested?" he asked mildly.

Rigault threw himself back in his arm-chair, and waved his hand: "For eighteen hundred years you priests have brutalized us with your superstitions. It is time for that to stop. Your Chouans massacred our brothers. All right,—everybody has his turn. This time it is we who have the power. We will use it. Oh, we won't burn you à la Torquemada,—we are too humane. *But we will shoot you!*"

The Archbishop raised his shocked face to the inflamed face of Raoul Rigault. Then he looked sorrowfully at the others, who had risen from their seats and now crowded around the two priests.

"But listen, my children,"—he began gently.

These words raised a tempest of howls and jeers. From every corner cries, groans, hisses, impossible to describe, filled the air. The old man shrank back and raised his hand to his forehead.

"What!" shouted Rigault, thumping the table with his clenched fist; "you are smiling, citizen! I repeat that you will be shot, and in two days we will

see whether you will smile." Then he turned on the Abbé Lagarde. "You there,—who are you?"

"Vicar-General of the Archbishop of Paris whom I have the honor to accompany," replied the Abbé; but Rigault, who probably imagined some affectation in this response, shouted furiously:

"Here, you!—don't put on any of your priestly airs with me. You're known as a suspect."

"Monsieur the Abbé is truly enough my Vicar-General," interrupted the Archbishop, "but there was no mandate of arrest against him, and he is at this moment beside me because he consented, at my request, to accompany me. I beg you to allow him to depart."

"Ah! ah! ah!" cried Rigault, with savage irony, "the citizen is caged, let him remain caged! Your name?"

"Ernest—Joseph—Jean—Lagarde."

"Good. Allons! Quick, an order of imprisonment for Citizen Lagarde,—and pack both of them off to their cells at once,—separated of course—never leave two priests together! Captain, take them in charge!"

The captain to whom he spoke was grey-haired and elderly. He had a pleasant face and simple bearing and did not appear to share the fury of the others. While Ferré countersigned the order for imprisonment, the captain, raising his hand slowly to his white moustache, stepped forward and said in a quiet voice: "Citizen Rigault, I am an old soldier: I refuse to accept such a mission."

At his words a sort of stupor seemed to fall upon

the company, but Rigault, fearing probably that the ominous silence might end in a more favorable feeling toward the prisoners, turned to a lieutenant who stood swaying on his spurred heels near the door. The lieutenant was very drunk,—so drunk that after raising his hand to his cap and hic-coughing, “*Avec —plaisir, mon Commandant,*” he neither was able to direct the eight soldiers who formed the guard, nor find the door without assistance.

In the meantime, Philip stood on the table in the next room watching with fast beating heart the cruel scene passing in the cabinet of Raoul Rigault. He was alone and unguarded, but behind him lay the long stretch of apartments filled with troops and secret agents, and in the room in front, he knew only too well, a short shrift awaited him. When Rigault turned furiously on the Abbé Lagarde his heart sank and he crept down from the table and leaned against the pile of clothing. Was there no hope? He stared wildly about for a window. There was one, but it had been closed with iron bars. Then his eyes fell on the piles of uniforms arranged neatly on the tables. Hardly knowing what he was about he seized a pair of trousers and pulled them over his linen ones. They buttoned without difficulty. In a moment he had caught up a tunic of the National Guard, flung it over his shirt, and tucked the long skirts of the blouse into his trousers. He buttoned the tunic to his throat, clasped a belt about his waist, and found a képi which fitted. Through the open door of Rigault’s cabinet he heard the order given for the removal of the prisoners, and the tread

of the platoon advancing. In desperation he flung open the door of the room opposite and walked boldly through the crowded hallway which reeked with the smoke and stench of stale tobacco.

“Where are you going in such a hurry, citizen?” cried a man.

“They are bringing the Archbishop to prison!” replied Philip; and the people in the room rose and crowded forward to catch a glimpse of Monseigneur Darboy.

Philip kept straight on until he reached the courtyard now packed to suffocation with a sullen, vicious crowd.

“Where is the Citizen Darboy?” they cried when he appeared at the door.

“They are taking him to prison!” shouted Philip, “make way there!” The throng parted and he squeezed his way to the gate. It was locked. For an instant he stood in despair, but he heard the measured tread of the platoon, and then a wild shout from the crowd, as they came in sight. There was no time to be lost. He sprang onto the cross-bars of the iron gate, climbed to the top, and dropped to the street uninjured. Every eye was fixed on the Archbishop, who now appeared supported by the Abbé Lagarde; no one saw Philip except the little weak-eyed jailer—and his yells were lost in the roar of the mob. So when the jailer reached the gate and, flinging it open, rushed into the street, Philip had disappeared.

CHAPTER XV.

THE AWAKENING.

JACK ELLICE awoke with a sense of being more comfortable than he had been for a long time. He turned over and looked out into the studio; the window was open, the sunshine and the black-bird's song came in together.

"Philip," said Jack, "what time do you have breakfast?" Not receiving any answer he sat up and looked at Philip's bed. As it was empty and tumbled, Ellice concluded the hour must be rather late, and he stood up and stretched. Then his eye fell on the note which lay folded beside his bed, and he picked it up. By the time he had read it he was very wide awake. A clatter of dishes came from the studio.

"Joseph," called Ellice, "where is Monsieur Landes?"

"I don't know, Monsieur Ellice, is n't he with you?"

"He's gone! That's certain!" said Jack to himself. He turned irresolutely back, took a spiritless plunge in the bathtub, dressed hastily, and walked into the studio. The clock pointed to half-past eight; Philip had already been gone two hours and a half.

Joseph, who had returned with the milk and cream jugs, eyed Jack with doleful persistence until he responded with an equally doleful nod. "Yes, he has gone away to seek help for us all."

"Je m'en doutais," snivelled Joseph; "ah! Monsieur Philip is so brave—mais—voyons, Monsieur Ellice, nous étions très bien ici!"

"Yes, I think we were doing well enough as we were, and I wish he had not run the risk just at present." He took the letter from his pocket and translated it to Joseph, who was now weeping among the cups and saucers.

"What do you think, Joseph," demanded Ellice, as the concierge drew his hand across his eyes, "was there any chance of the Turcos seeing him from the rue Notre Dame when he dropped into the Passage Stanislas?"

Joseph did not know and of course feared the worst, and his melancholy became so oppressive that Ellice sent him out and sat down, turning the letter over helplessly in his hand. Tcherka walked up, rubbing against his legs, demanding her breakfast in loud tones, and Toodles, his nose all caked with soil, came pattering in with an unpleasant-looking bone in his mouth, which he had buried some days before in the garden and had now resurrected. In a few moments the door above opened and the chatter and silvery laughter of girls filled the studio.

"Good-morning, Monsieur Ellice," said Jeanne, coming to the edge of the balcony and looking down, "I trust you slept well,—oh, please do take that bone away from Toodles! He will drag the most

awful things into the studio. Oh, thank you very much! Bad Toodles! No, there's no use wagging your tail, for your mistress loves Tcherka, not you at all!"

"And that is what we do not believe, do we, Toodles?" said Marguerite, coming out on the balcony. "Good-morning, Monsieur Ellice,—is Monsieur Landes still asleep?"

"Very well, then, we will put all the cream in Monsieur Ellice's coffee!" cried Jeanne, leaning over the balcony and speaking to the closed door of Philip's room.

"Monsieur Ellice," laughed Marguerite, "you look very sad. Are you hungry, and have we kept you waiting?"

"Listen to Tcherka," said Jeanne, "listen to the poor darling! She wants her breakfast and she shall have it," and catching Marguerite's hand in hers she ran down the stairs to the studio. "Joseph! the milk if you pl——" Mademoiselle de Brassac stopped short and looked Jack searchingly in the face.

"Monsieur Ellice, what is the matter?"

"Don't be alarmed—" he began awkwardly.

"Something has happened to Monsieur Landes?"

"No, oh no——"

"Where is he then?"

"You see—" began Jack.

"Please tell me at once. Has he been taken?"

"No—no—not at all," stammered Ellice—"only—but perhaps you had better read this—" and he gave her the letter, feeling that if it was not the best way of breaking the news to her it was at least none

of his choosing. Jeanne and Marguerite read it together.

"You see, he's only gone to look for help. He wore my market gardener's disguise—and, as he says, if it served me it will him. Oh, he'll come back all right," said Jack, with a jauntiness that did not deceive anyone.

"I am the most miserable girl in the world. I make people who are better than I risk their lives for me," said Mademoiselle de Brassac, turning away.

"Mais non!—mais non, ma chérie!" said Marguerite, tenderly, "it will not be long before he returns."

"We must wait," answered Jeanne, in a dull voice.

She took the head of the breakfast table and saw that the others were served, and when the formality had been gone through she sat in her place looking out into the garden. At last Marguerite, frightened by her deathlike color, rose and carried her with gentle decision up to her own room.

"We are two unhappy women, dear," she said, holding Jeanne's head against her breast. The girl sat on her bed, leaning on Marguerite.

"You, too?" murmured Jeanne.

"I am more miserable than you can be. First because it is my own fault, and then—ah! my little Jeanne, you are only a child. You think you know what it is to love, but you do not know yet."

"Why is it your fault that you suffer?"

"Because I threw away love when it was mine."

"How did you do that?"

"Listen! My name is not de St. Briec. That

was my uncle's name, and when Tribert called me by it, I did not take the trouble to correct him. I am married and I lost my husband through my own folly. We quarrelled one day and I would not be reconciled. The next thing I knew he had gone to the war."

"Have you never seen him since?" said Jeanne, full of sympathy.

"Once—we—met. He treated me like a stranger."

"But if you love him why did you not tell him so?"

"Ah, little Jeanne, because of shame and pride. He does not care for me, and I love him."

After a long silence Jeanne spoke. "If Philip should die, as Victor did, as my father, my mother have done—I should not want to live any longer. If that is love or not—at least it is all I know. Life is too sad it seems to me——"

"Love is all there is in life worth having. Take it, Jeanne, when it is offered and keep it when it is yours."

CHAPTER XVI.

A NEW RECRUIT.

THE news of the arrest of the Archbishop of Paris and of his Vicar-General spread like wildfire through the city. The Faubourgs rejoiced, the Madeleine Quarter trembled, the Latin Quarter offered no protest, but cowered in dismay, listening for the tread of the platoon and the terrible summons: "In the name of the Commune!"

At the Hôtel de Ville the news was received with yells of delight.

"The old wolf is trapped,—now for the cubs!" cried Bergeret, and on the strength of this he added another band of gold to his glittering sleeves.

Billioray sneered openly. "What a fuss they make about one priest; if they would shoot more and talk less there would n't be a priest in the department."

"Then there would be nobody left to shoot," objected Ferré.

"We can always shoot each other," remarked Rochefort, cynically.

"What do you think Thiers will do?" asked Colonel Rossel, who did not join in the general rejoicing.

"What he has always done so energetically,—

nothing!" replied Assi; then turning to Bergeret, who sat examining himself in a small hand-mirror, he cried: "Yes, there is one thing Thiers will do if we let him. He will talk. His chatter wearies me. I'll stop it once for all!"

"How?" demanded Bergeret.

Without replying Assi sat down and wrote rapidly. Then he affixed the seals to the order and handed it to Bergeret. It read as follows:

"Hôtel de Ville, 4th April, 1871.

"Formal orders are given to cut instantly the telegraph wires between Paris and Versailles.

(Signed) "ASSI,

"Governor of the Hôtel de Ville,
"Member of the Commune."

"Very good," said Bergeret, with a smirk; "now let me try my hand," and he seized an order blank and wrote:

"General Headquarters, 4th April, 1871.

"MON COMMANDANT: Until further orders, the Commune has decided that all trains shall be prevented from leaving Paris for Versailles. Enclosed please find an order for the Chef de Gare of the Ouest-Ceinture.

"Le Général Commandant la Place.

(Signed) "JULES BERGERET."

Assi looked over his shoulder, nodding approval. Bergeret found another sheet of paper and continued:

“Order of the Central Committee.

“Stop all trains coming toward Paris at the Ouest-Ceinture. Place there an energetic man with troops, day and night. At the arrival of each train, unless the engineer stops at the signal, the orders require that the train *be derailed!*”

“Come here and sign this, Tribert,” cried Bergeret to an officer in the uniform of a Chef de Legion.

The man approached and, after writing “For the Committee,” signed his name, “Tribert, Commanding the Legion.”

“That will fix them,” chuckled Assi, rubbing his huge hands together and eyeing the barbarous order. It tickled him to think of the carnage which the derailling of a train would produce. The crushing and mangling of innocent passengers would be a spectacle worth seeing.

“It will be very droll,” he explained to Tribert; “imagine all those bourgeoises dumped out like snails in a pan!” Tribert also saw the exquisite humor of the thing and departed grinning, with his hands full of orders, which he consigned to a Hussar of Death at the gate below. The hussar dropped them into his pouch and struck spurs into his cadaverous horse, and Bergeret, watching him from a window, smiled to himself and dusted the gold bands on his sleeve.

As he sat picking at the gorgeous lace on his pelisse with the naïve delight of a savage, three officers in the full uniforms of Generals of the Commune

entered the cabinet and sat down beside him with careless nods of recognition. The three were Eudes, Duval, and Gustave Flourens.

“Well, gentlemen!” burst out Flourens, in his eager, impetuous manner, “the thing is decided for to-morrow then!” He turned to Duval, a small, stern-featured man who had once been a worker in metals, had been made an officer of the National Guard during the siege, and, after the affair of the cannon on the 18th of March, found himself suddenly promoted to General. It savored, perhaps, of the “Grand-Duchesse de Gerolstein,” for Duval, like Fritz in the opera, was promoted in five minutes from a simple soldier to commander-in-chief. But, of the four Generals of the Commune, Duval was the only one who possessed military ability, except Flourens, and the latter ruined what ability he possessed by his fiery and headstrong impetuosity.

Eudes was hopelessly incompetent; and Bergeret, an ape with the vanity of a peacock and the ferocity of a tiger, had no more knowledge of military affairs than a volunteer colonel at Aldershot.

“Is it finally decided then for to-morrow?” repeated Flourens, eagerly.

“Yes,” snapped Duval, “to-morrow we move on Versailles, and the troops will take up their positions to-night, if possible. Bergeret, you have the plan?”

“Yes, General—my own plan,” replied Bergeret, with a self-conscious smirk. He drew some papers from the breast of his pelisse and spread them out on his knees. Then with an affected gesture he began to read:

“The Federal army will be divided into three divisions.

“The first, commanded by General Bergeret, will make an important demonstration on the Rueil road.

“The second, under the orders of General Duval, will advance through Bas-Meudon, Chaville, and Viroflay. The Fort of Issy and the Redoute des Moulineaux will protect them with their fire.

“The third, conducted by General Eudes, will operate along the Clamart road, traversing Villacoublay and Velizy. This corps will be supported by the Fort of Vanves——”

“Where the devil do I come in?” exclaimed Flourens, angrily.

“You go with me,” replied Bergeret, and smiled complacently.

“Will there be fighting?” growled Flourens.

“Plenty, plenty,” said Eudes; “go on, General; what comes next?”

“Nothing more,” said Bergeret, folding the papers. “Is n’t that simple enough? The objective point is Versailles; the plan, without details, is this: First, a diversion toward Mont-Valérien; second, an attack at Clamart; third, flank movement by Bas-Meudon. Is n’t this simple, General Duval?”

“D—ned simple,” muttered Duval, between his teeth; “what if Mont-Valérien fires on your column?”

“It won’t,” replied Bergeret, with conviction; “it’s held by the marine artillery, and they are for us.”

“We’ll take it if it fires,” began Flourens, angrily but was silenced by a gesture from Duval.

“Hark! Was that a cannon-shot?”

They all rose and crowded out to the balcony below the window. Again there came a deep, distant boom, and the window panes vibrated. The four generals of the Commune listened to the cannonade with sparkling eyes. Paris, trembling before the Central Committee, listened also to the sound of the cannon,—a sound which for months had shaken the wretched city to its foundations. Was it to begin again? Where were they fighting? It was the Fort of Issy, some said, which was firing on the barricade at Meudon.

Behind the barricade which closed the rue Notre Dame at the corner of the rue Vavin, the soldiers of the 1st Paris Turcos were lounging over their steaming camp-kettles when the echoes of the first cannon-shot from the Fort of Issy floated into the city on the April breeze.

André Sarre, in the full uniform of a colonel of Turcos, was squatting on the top of the barricade scowling at a letter which he held in his pudgy hands. At the sound of the distant cannon-shot he raised his head and his features resumed their normal aspect, which, at first glance, seemed a merry one.

“Tiens!” he said, “Monsieur Thiers is beginning.” Then he looked at the letter in his hand and scowled again.

A Turco, strolling near, began to sing a little song.

“On dira, quand il sera mort,
Pour glorifier sa mémoire :
Ci-gît celui qui vient encore
De délivrer la territoire !”

This tickled Sarre, and he called the soldier to him.

"My friend," he said, "where did you learn that touching song?"

"Mon Colonel," replied the Turco, seriously, "everybody is singing it."

"But Thiers is n't dead yet."

"He may be before long, mon Colonel."

"That would be too much happiness," said Sarre; "look out! your song will bring us bad luck. Good luck is like game, when you sight it too far off, you miss it. Don't cherish illusions!"

"Illusions are the daily bread of the unhappy, mon Colonel."

Sarre pretended to misunderstand him. "D—n it!" he cried, "don't you get enough to eat?"

"Under the Commune we have food and liberty," replied the soldier, with a grimace.

"Have you any complaint concerning the quality of either?" asked Sarre.

"The food is good," said the soldier, musingly.

"And the liberty?"

The soldier shrugged his shoulders. "Liberty is the tyranny of the street with a Marseillaise accompaniment," quoted the soldier.

"Upon my word," sneered Sarre, "a private soldier and such a philosopher! Wonderful! Wonderful! Now, my friend, you can go and exercise your philosophy in splitting wood with the *corvée*. About! March!" The soldier saluted and turned quietly away to follow the *corvée* which was passing.

"I'll fix you, my philosopher! I'll fix you, my Plato!"

"Fix whom?" enquired a captain, coming up and barely touching his cap in salute.

"See here, Weser," said Sarre, turning on him with a disagreeable smile, "you're getting too damned familiar. Don't you know how to salute?"

Weser muttered an apology and stole a glance at his superior.

"I'm a bit out of humor, Isidor," said Sarre with affected heartiness,— "don't mind; you salute well enough. I've just got a letter from Raoul Rigault. He's lost his head since he turned Policeman General. He's too cursed overbearing and insolent."

Weser saw through Sarre. "Oh," he thought, "Sarre's had a row with Rigault and can't afford to quarrel with his subordinate officers." Then he said with insolent familiarity, "what's the trouble, André?"

Sarre let his eyes rest for one second on Weser's oily face, but his smile was very guileless, as he held out the letter with a shrug.

Weser took it and read aloud:

"Order is given to the Citizen Colonel Sarre, *temporarily* commanding the First Battalion of Paris Turcos, to turn over to the Préfet of Police all moneys, jewelry, objects of art, religious emblems, and vestments, which were taken from churches, convents, and other buildings inhabited or frequented by priests, Jesuits, or nuns, and which were visited by the soldiers of the battalion commanded by Colonel Sarre.

(Signed) RAOUL RIGAULT,

"Préfet of Police."

Weser whistled, folded up the paper, handed it back to Sarre, and whistled again.

“What do you think of that?” demanded Sarre. His features looked very placid, but the end of his fat nose was white with rage, and his teeth clicked together.

“Are you going to do it?” asked Weser, softly.

Sarre snorted furiously. “If you can afford to give up your share of course I can.”

“But I can’t,” said Weser, still more softly.

“Neither can I,” said Sarre.

They looked at each other.

“Well?”

“Well.”

“We can send a few things,” suggested Sarre.

“Yes—a few.”

“Everybody can contribute.”

“Yes; not too much.”

“No, not too much.”

“If we are questioned?”

“We hang together.”

“We hang together.”

“C’est entendu?”

“Tope la!”

They shook hands warily.

“I’ll see the others,” observed Sarre; then bursting into uncontrollable rage; “why can’t he be satisfied with his own pickings? They’re rich enough! If he chooses he can loot the whole of the right bank of the Seine!”

“Including the Bank of France!” said Weser, with sparkling eyes.

Sarre grinned like a hyena. “We owe nothing to Raoul Rigault,—remember that!”

"I'll remember," said Weser, his black eyes glittering.

Sarre scrambled heavily down from the top of the barricade and stood irresolutely, his hands clasped behind his broad back.

"He's thinking he's said too much," mused Weser. "He's wrong, the fat fox! I can't afford to give up my pile for the sake of pushing him to a wall. Then he spoke aloud: "What was the firing? Is Thiers beginning the music?"

"Probably," said Sarre, carelessly.

"Then we will go to the front?"

"Probably," yawned Sarre.

Weser, who had no stomach for fighting, fidgeted about until the heavy report of a cannon from the nearer fortifications aroused the whole garrison of the barricade. Weser turned a little pale and stood stock-still.

"Hey!" exclaimed Sarre, laughing, "that sounds like business!"

As he spoke, there came a furious clatter of hoofs from the rue Vavin, and a Hussar of Death whirled up the street and threw his horse back on his haunches before the barricade.

"Marching orders or I'm a Prussian!" cried Sarre, taking a packet from the hussar; "yes—we start at five—it's half-past four now. I'm d—n glad of it! Weser, order them to sound the assembly! Tell Captain Pagot to remain with the third company as garrison. Where's my ordnance? Tell the buglers to sound, Captain Weser."

"Idiot," muttered Weser, walking slowly toward

the camp, "why could n't he let me stay with my company? Pagot always gets the plums. Sarre's a fool,—bullets don't scare him, the leather-headed turtle!"

He moved aside to allow a file of soldiers to pass, who, with fixed bayonets, were conducting some prisoners toward the barricade; then he resumed his course, cursing his luck and his colonel.

Sarre was in excellent humor again. The bugles were blowing from the camp, the drums crashed out along the rue Bara, and five hundred soldiers tumbled over each other in the hurry and excitement of departure. Sarre beamed, delighted, rubbing his fat hands together and smoking an expensive cigar. The file of soldiers who were conducting the prisoners passed him, and he called merrily to the corporal of the guard to halt.

"What pretty fish have we here?" he asked, walking up to the little convoy.

"Prisoners," replied the corporal, briefly, and saluted as an after-thought.

"Ah! Ah!" smiled Sarre, in great good-humor; "what is this woman here for?"

"Received secret letters from Versailles," said the corporal.

"Bah! That's Rigault's affair,—let her go!" The prisoner, a thin-faced, white-haired woman, dressed in heavy mourning, bowed her thanks silently and hurried away through the rue Vavin.

"One on Rigault, the pig-headed ass!" thought Sarre, delighted at being able to disoblige the Préfet. Then he turned to the next prisoner, a young man, who returned his glance boldly.

“Who are you?”

“Alexandre Ouvrard.”

“What have you done?”

The young man looked at him without answering.

“Speak, you fool!”

“He deserted from Franchetti’s Scouts to Versailles,” said the corporal.

“Oh, you did, did you?” sneered Sarre, twirling his revolver over his thumb; is n’t the Commune good enough for you? Well, if you ’re too fine for this world—get out!” and he levelled his revolver and fired twice at the deserter’s heart. “Take him away,” said Sarre, coolly, with a glance at the quivering, blood-spattered body which had tumbled under the wall of the barricade. Then he replaced his revolver in its holster and examined the other prisoners. There were two of them, both soldiers of the Line, and he smiled as he noted their uniform.

“How is my friend, Monsieur Thiers?” he asked them, with a cold smile.

“In excellent health,—to hang you when he’s ready,” replied one of the soldiers, contemptuously.

Sarre threw back his bullet head and laughed until the tears ran down his face. “He is delightful, that one there!” he cried; “only listen! Oh my! Oh my!”

The prisoner’s face darkened.

“Murderer!” he said between his teeth. Sarre burst into a fresh peal of laughter.

“Oh dear!” he gasped; “this piou-piou is so original. Take good care of him—very good care. Give him a nice large house to live in—let me see—I think Mazas would be large enough. The other

one too—the little fellow who seems frightened,—give him a nice apartment in Mazas also. Don't let them over-eat or over-exercise. Is that all?"

"There is another prisoner," said the corporal, with a shuddering glance at the murdered deserter whom two men had tossed into a stretcher and were carrying out across the rue Vavin.

"Bring him here, corporal,—and you," turning to the guard, "take these friends of mine to the Mazas Prison!"

The platoon moved out into the rue Vavin, and the corporal went away to bring up the remaining prisoner.

Sarre picked up a handful of hay and rubbed some blood spots from the toes of his boots. When the corporal returned with the last prisoner, Sarre was still at his toilet, but he raised his head and examined the man who stood motionless in front of him. Then he drew his revolver again and cocked it.

"You can go," he said to the corporal, who had turned quite white. The soldier left with a hasty salute and Sarre stood alone with the prisoner.

"Stand against that wall," he said.

The young man walked over to the barricade and faced Sarre. The latter raised his revolver; the prisoner uttered an exclamation and shut his eyes.

"Tiens!" said Sarre, tranquilly; "I thought I'd make him jump." He smiled at the prisoner, who still held his eyes closed convulsively. Then he lowered the revolver.

"For God's sake shoot!" groaned the young man, hoarsely,—“don't torture me, Sarre!"

“Look up, my friend,” said Sarre, “you’re not dead yet!”

The prisoner gasped and opened his eyes.

“You don’t seem anxious to die, Monsieur Landes,” sneered Sarre.

Philip stared at him, his face ghastly, his eyes bloodshot and dim with horror.

“Pooh,” continued Sarre, cocking and uncocking his revolver, “what is death? Nothing to be afraid of, mon ami. Death is but sleep, and sleep but an entre-act in the comedy of life.”

Philip neither moved nor spoke.

“Lost your tongue? Frightened?”

“You lie!” said Philip, in a scarcely audible voice.

“No I don’t,” replied Sarre, tranquilly; “you are frightened almost speechless. Voyons, admit it!”

Philip was silent, but his eyes grew clearer and a flush tinged his temples.

“And now,” continued Sarre, “you are getting over your fright and are ready to die like a brave man, eh? Oh, I can see, I’m not a mole. What do you think I am going to do with you?”

“I think you will shoot me,” replied Philip. His voice was coming back again.

“What’s the reward for you,—dead or alive?”

“A thousand francs.”

“Is that all?”

No answer.

“And,” continued Sarre, “you think I’d kill a man for that?”

“I’m d—n sure you would! For God’s sake fire and finish it!” The cold sweat rolled down his face.

Sarre deliberately raised his revolver and pulled the trigger. The hammer fell with a metallic clink. Again he snapped the weapon, and the same sharp ring followed. With a vile oath he threw open the breech of the revolver and jerked back the ejector. Two loaded cartridges and an empty shell flew out, and he picked one of them up and glanced at the primer. Then with a short laugh he tossed it to Philip's feet. "You're in luck," he chuckled; "the hammer hit it fair and square. I'll report these A-3. cartridges."

Philip leaned against the wall. He looked very white and weak and his eyes were two shadowy hollows.

"You're in luck, I tell you," repeated Sarre, closing his revolver and jamming it into the holster. "Now I'm glad I did n't kill you, do you know? Why, it would have been a shame. I can get lots of amusement out of you yet. Do you think I want that reward? No, my friend. Oh, I'm very glad those cartridges hung fire. I missed doing that hog Rigault a favor. What a fool I was,—what a fool!"

He glanced over his shoulder toward the rue Bara, where, the 1st Turcos were forming in heavy marching order. Then he looked at Philip and grinned. "Did you strike, Raoul Rigault? Is it true?"

"It's true," said Philip, with an effort. "What a fiend you are, André Sarre!"

"Now you're mistaken, perhaps," protested Sarre, leering at him. "Did you strike him hard,—hard,—and in the face?"

Philip nodded with an apathetic stare.

Sarre chuckled. "I heard you did. What a shame to shoot a man like you. You may kill him some day,—this Policeman General Rigault, eh?"

"If I live," said Philip.

"And me too, perhaps?" laughed Sarre.

Philip did not answer.

"Landes," said Sarre, abruptly, "I give you your life."

Philip's face reddened and his chest heaved, but he only said, "on what condition?"

"Now bless my soul!" laughed Sarre, "what an intelligent young man! What a shame to have blown a hole in him!" Then he added seriously; "the conditions are that you kill Raoul Rigault——"

"I refuse. I'm no assassin."

"But," sneered Sarre, "you just said——"

"What I do I'll do on my own account," said Philip, with a desperate gleam in his eyes. "I'll make no condition concerning Rigault."

Sarre eyed him narrowly. Then with a shrug; "I'm satisfied. The other condition is that you join the ranks."

"What ranks?"

"These—the 1st Turcos."

"What? You know I'd desert!"

"Oh, I'll attend to that," observed Sarre; "do you accept?"

"And if I do not?"

Sarre called to an officer and asked him for his revolver. The officer handed it to him with a keen glance at Philip. "What cartridges do you carry?" demanded Sarre.

"B-3—new model," replied the officer.

"How many defective in a thousand rounds?"

"None."

Sarre turned with a smile to Philip. "Well, Monsieur, will you join the 1st Turcos?"

"Yes," said Landes, without hesitation.

"I congratulate you," laughed Sarre; "here, sergeant, take this new recruit to the depot and give him his uniform and equipment. Assign him to the First company, Captain Cartier. Tell Captain Cartier I want to see him. If this conscript hesitates in his duty, shoot him without further orders, and instruct the company in that respect. Hurry—we march in ten minutes!"

Weser came up at that moment to report his company ready. He stared in astonishment at Landes, who was following the sergeant across the square, but Sarre, chuckling and rubbing his hands gave him a brief outline of what had passed, and Weser nodded approval.

"You see," said Sarre, "I'll keep him well guarded, and when we strike the Versaillists I'll shove him to the front. If he's shot, we have his body, and Rigault must pay up. If he's not shot, we will have all the fun and then turn him over to our friend the Préfet,—when we get ready!"

"In the meantime we can find where he has the diamonds," suggested Weser, with a cunning smile.

"Izzy, you're a treasure!" cried Sarre. "What a fool I should have been to shoot him—so soon!"

Then the drums rolled through the rue Notre Dame, the shrill fantastic bugle notes echoed from

square to square, and Sarre, climbing laboriously into the saddle of a huge grey horse, drew his sword. "Forward!" he bawled, and the 1st battalion of Paris Turcos swung out of the rue Notre Dame.

CHAPTER XVII.

WITH THE RED FLAG.

DAYLIGHT was fading in the room; the blackbird whistled fitfully, cocking his bright eye at the setting sun, and swallows soared and sailed above the chimney pots. From the garden below came the clank of Ellice's spade on the gravel, followed by retreating footsteps; then the studio door opened and shut and all was quiet.

A wandering evening breeze moved the curtains and touched the curls on Jeanne's white forehead. She lay on the bed, her head on Marguerite's breast, her eyes fixed on the dim light which faded and faded from the window panes. Above the chimneys opposite, the sky was still blue, but it changed, gradually, to palest green and then was hidden in a mass of gold-flecked clouds. Little by little the clouds deepened until they glowed like dying coals.

"God keep my husband!" sobbed Marguerite.

"God keep Philip!" whispered Jeanne.

Then from the north came a deep peal of thunder. Jeanne sprang to her feet, her hand pressed to her throat, her dry lips parted. Again the thunder boomed and the rising night wind bore its rumbling far into the city. The window panes were still shak-

ing as Marguerite crept to the sill and looked out. Far on the horizon the coming night advanced, shrouded in pale mist. In the vaguer blue above, a star sparkled. And now from the north the sound of the cannon grew, increasing like the thunder of an ocean pounding soft sand.

“Cannon!” whispered Marguerite.

“Cannon!” whispered Jeanne.

In the street below a stern voice cried and a bugle clanged. Louder and louder rattled the drums, while the bugles chimed harsh chorus and the hum of departure swelled to a roar. Once a sharp report rang out through the tumult of the drums, and Jeanne glanced anxiously at Marguerite.

“A shot!” she said; “what can it mean?”

“It means war, my darling,—war and death!” and the two women crept closer together.

“Hark!” whispered Marguerite, “someone is calling.”

It was Ellice, standing, pale and excited, in the studio below, and they hurried down the stairs to meet him.

“Joseph says the Federals are marching out of the barricade by the rue Vavin. If they leave no guard I think we had better try again for the American Minister’s.”

Joseph entered hurriedly. “It is as I feared,” he said; “they leave a company to garrison the barricade.” Ellice looked blank. Jeanne went and looked up in Joseph’s face. Her voice was very gentle, but her lips trembled.

“What was that shot?” she asked.

“They murdered a poor devil——”

“Who was it—do you know?”

Joseph understood. He said, looking down at her like a father: “Mademoiselle, it was a deserter named Ouvrard. The sentinel in front of the convent told me so.”

Ellice, who was walking up and down, suddenly blurted out: “I wish to Heaven Philip would come back! It’s nearly dark.”

“Perhaps he is waiting for the night before he returns,” said Marguerite.

“Do you think so?” asked Jeanne, piteously.

“He said he’d be back by night,” insisted Ellice, with querulous persistence.

“It is not night yet,” said Marguerite, quietly.

Something in her voice made Ellice stop and look at her. Then he went and sat down by the fire. “I’m making a precious ass of myself,” he sighed; “I must brace up! Of course,” he said aloud in a cheery voice, “it’s not yet dark, and anyway he may have been detained. Oh, he’s all right—he’s well disguised, and he is too wise to run risks.”

“I am sure he is safe,” said Marguerite, calmly, and gave Ellice a grateful glance which sent him into his state of trance for the next ten minutes.

Joseph flitted in and out, setting the table for dinner, and Jeanne watched with a heavy heart while he laid a place for Philip.

“They say,” said Joseph, “that the Archbishop of Paris has been arrested to-day, along with the Abbé Lagarde, his Vicar-General.”

“That is certainly a lie,” cried Ellice, reassuring the horrified girls with a smile. “Fancy them daring to touch the Archbishop!”

"It's what they are saying at the barricade," growled Joseph. "I thought it was a lie myself. And they say, too, that part of this queer Turco battalion have been looting churches this morning, and have arrested eighty priests and sent them to Mazas."

"Pure invention," said Ellice, confidently.

"It must be," said Marguerite, watching Jeanne's shocked face.

"That's all the news I heard, except that the Fort of Issy fired at the Versailles batteries near Meudon, and there is going to be a sortie to-morrow. The Turcos are to march with Bergeret's column——"

"Was that the bombardment we just heard?" asked Jeanne.

"We could not hear the Fort of Issy," said Ellice, with a desperate attempt to keep conversation going; "it must have come from the big marine cannon by the Point du Jour."

Nobody spoke for some minutes, and it was a relief to hear Joseph rattle the knives and forks as he laid each cover with elaborate care.

The cannonade had ceased, the stars shone through the glass roof of the outer studio, and a cricket chirped from the garden. Through the budding branches of the chestnut tree the new moon peeped, a thin, misty crescent.

Jeanne raised her eyes and saw it. There it glimmered, a narrow band of light among the branches, and a sudden flood of childish memories filled her with tenderness and love. Very innocently she thought: "The new moon is over my right shoulder; I will wish for Philip's return." With her eyes

on the new moon she repeated her wish, unconscious of her childishness. She wondered if Philip was looking at it, wherever he was, and thinking of her. She wondered and wondered, and dreamed and dreamed, until a movement from Marguerite brought her back to earth and she remembered. Then she prayed for him wherever he might be, and her heart seemed bursting with its weight of sorrow.

And the man she prayed for, at that same moment, stood on a bastion of the fortifications and prayed for her with all the strength of his love and passion; and as he prayed, he raised his eyes and saw the new moon shining in the sky.

“God help her!” he muttered, looking out across the shadowy city, where the twin towers of Notre Dame loomed gigantic in the twilight. Then he turned to the north. Far on the horizon the Fort of Issy thundered, and the brooding clouds caught the dull reflection of the flashes. From the great bastion on the fortifications, the country, sheeted in thin mist, stretched away to the uplands of Versailles, where thousands of little points of light twinkled—the camp fires of the loyal army. Farther along, the wooded heights of Meudon sloped gently toward the west, where, through a notch in the hills, the starlight glimmered on the waters of the Seine. As he looked, a column of flame poured from beneath the arches of the viaduct by the Point du Jour, and the shock of an explosion shook the granite redoubt.

“That,” said somebody near him, “is the cannon on the gunboat ‘Farcy.’”

He caught a glimpse of a black-hulled craft creeping from under the viaduct, but the banks of the Seine hid her again. Twice, as he strained his eyes, the huge gun in her bow flashed in the gloom and the echoes crashed among the vibrating arches of the bridge.

On the heights of St. Cloud lights were moving in sweeps and circles, and after a while he realized that they were signals, but could not read them. An artillery officer standing on the breastworks to his right, night-glasses poised, was reporting the signals to a gunner, who sat with a lantern on his knees, jotting them down.

“Seven, one!” cried the officer, in a monotonous, singsong voice.

“Seven, one!” repeated the gunner.

“Seven, sixteen, seven, one, five, nine, seventeen, one!” cried the officer, and the gunner repeated the numbers, writing each one as he called it.

“Why don’t they send that signal officer up here,—he might solve their cipher,” observed a lieutenant of Turcos who stood, tablets in hand, looking over the messages as they were handed him by the gunner.

“Seven, six, seven, eleven, nine—notice how often the seven occurs, Lieutenant!—one, seven, ten, one, seven. They’re using colored lights—green, three; red, two; blue, seven; green, one; blue, seven—note that!—red, one; yellow, six——”

Philip listened wearily to the singsong voice until three rockets cleft the horizon from the Vanves fort, and a cannon flashed from the Clamart battery.

Then far down the river the huge gun on the "Farcy" bellowed, and the fort of Issy replied. It was the parting shot of the night. One by one the signal lights faded from the heights, the cannonade died away, and a hush fell over land and river.

Philip stood looking at the fire near him, where, wrapped in their white cloaks, his comrades sprawled, talking together in low tones. The lines of camp fires stretched in curves along the fortifications, casting strange shadows over angle and glacis, flashing on the polished breeches of ponderous siege guns, and sending showers of sparks into the black sky. The smoke blew in his eyes; he rubbed them with the sleeves of his Turco jacket, and the bell buttons on the embroidered arabesques jingled. He was clothed in the full uniform of a private in the 1st Turcos. On his head he wore the scarlet fez with the blue tassel, his legs were hidden by white canvas gaiters, and his body was covered with a turquoise-blue jacket and zouave trousers. A sabre-bayonet-sheath dangled from a leather belt, clasped over the scarlet body scarf, and from this belt also hung a cartridge-box and a rubber water bottle covered with blue cloth.

He glanced across the fire at the sentinel who moved silently among the pyramids of stacked rifles and knapsacks. His own rifle was there; he could see it, locked among four others. Battle flags, furled and sheathed, lay across the clustered bayonets, and a few feet beyond, a pile of drums glistened in the firelight. Beside these drums stood a group of officers enveloped in their long cloaks. They were

smoking, and conversing in whispers, but they all seemed to be in good humor, judging from the low chuckles which now and then escaped. Philip recognized Sarre and Weser and his own captain, Cartier, a mild-eyed young man who loved fighting with the passion of a bull terrier. After a while he saw Sarre move away, followed by Weser and others whom he did not know. With many good-nights and jaunty salutes the group broke up, Sarre and his familiars moving down to the quarters near the bomb-proof below, Cartier and the other captains strolling across the parade toward a rudely constructed shanty where a lantern hung, shedding its rays over two tables. Soon the faint clink of bottles and glasses indicated their occupation, and Philip saw casks of beer and wine rolled toward the Colonel's quarters behind the bomb-proof.

As he stood, wondering how it all would end, a soldier, wrapped in his white cloak, rolled over and sat up on the ground in front of the camp fire next to his, and Philip started as he heard him say, in perfectly good English: "For G-d's sake give me a chew, Con Daily."

"Divil a wan have I," answered a voice from the depths of a military cloak on the other side of the fire.

"Then give me a cigarette," persisted the first speaker, yawning and stretching. "Wake up, man; you've time to sleep after taps. And you too, 'Red,' sit up, you lazy devil!" He shook a soldier who was lying before the fire, his chin on his hands, and who responded: "Aw, what t' hell!"

“Con Daily,” repeated the soldier, “chuck me a cigarette, will you?”

“Now, do I shmoke thim at all, at all!” grumbled Daily, without moving. “Ask Red McGlone; he has some plug.”

“And Red McGlone keeps his plug; mind that, Con Daily!” put in a red-headed young man with well developed under jaw and a tired eye. He added, apparently as an after-thought: “What t’ hell!”

“What the hell, is it?” said Daily, sitting up; “an’ me lendin’ ye the loan av me pipe——”

“Who’s got yer pipe?” demanded McGlone.

“Me pipe? Ye have me pipe, ye murtherin’ divil! Gimme me pipe now!”

“Charlie,” drawled McGlone, “have I got his pipe?”

“I’ll have me pipe,” persisted Daily, angrily; “Charlie McBarron, ye seen me give it un——”

“Shut up, Con,” said McBarron; “I have your pipe all safe enough, but I have n’t a d—d thing to put in it.” McGlone slowly produced a plug of tobacco from the mysterious depths of his zouave trousers and handed it to McBarron, who chipped off enough for his pipe and passed it back.

“I’ll take a chew, Red, me b’y,” suggested Daily, and McGlone tossed over the plug, from which the Irishman gnawed a piece and tossed it back across the fire. Red picked it up, thoughtfully chewed off a mouthful, rolled it into some cavern in his bulldog jaw, and slowly pushed the remainder into the depths of his trousers.

"When that 's gone you 'll have to come to cigarettes again, Con Daily," said McBarron.

"Will I now," snorted Daily.

"Yer gettin' to look like a frog-eating Mounseer, Daily," said McGlone, sending a thin stream of tobacco juice into the fire. The hiss of the saliva in the coals aroused another Turco, a Frenchman, who protested.

"Aw, dry up 'r I 'll sma-a-sh yer in the jaw," drawled McGlone, with a contemptuous shot at the fire again.

McBarron calmed the frenzied Frenchman and sternly told McGlone to be careful. "We want no more fights now," he said, "you 'll get your bellyful to-morrow at Clamart."

"Can't I spit?—what t' hell!" demanded Red.

"You hear me," repeated McBarron. McGlone glared at the Frenchman, who glared at him.

"Assez nom de Dieu!" growled Daily; "let him be, Red McGlone, ye bull-necked scrapper; voyons, un peu de complaisance, mes camarades?—Ne crache pas comme un voyou, Red, me lad, what the devil should ye worrit the frog-eater fur, I dunno!"

"If you do that again I 'll help the Frenchman punch your head," added McBarron.

"What t' hell!" yawned McGlone, "je ne crach ploo, esker say bieng mantinong,—you monkey-faced snail-eating——"

"Shut up, Red,—can't you see he 's satisfied. Don't spoil it, do you hear?" said McBarron, angrily.

The Frenchman lay down again and covered his head with his blanket. McGlone ostentatiously ex-

pectorated upon the ground, leered at the fire, and observed: "Aw, the regiment makes me tired, see?"

"'T is a sthrange rigimint, sure," mused Daily.

"Bum!" said McGlone, sulkily.

"The biggest lot of cutthroats that ever marched," said McBarron, "except Billy Wilson's Zouaves——"

"I was there," said Daily, angrily.

"So was Red McGlone," sneered McBarron; "both of you marched with Billy Wilson, and a bigger lot of rascals never left New York City!"

"Do ye refer to me?" cried Daily.

"Aw, dry up," snarled McGlone, "I 'm goin' to sleep; what t' hell! Yer a goat-faced bum, Con Daily, and yer know it."

Daily looked around for a brick; seeing none, he started to his feet, his mouth open, but as he was on the point of emitting a yell of defiance, the bugles sang out "taps," and a group of officers passed with a guard and lanterns. Philip crept into the circle of firelight and drew his cloak well about him. Before he could find a place a hand fell on his shoulder and a sentinel pointed to the next camp fire.

"That is your squad," he said sharply; "go!"

When at last he lay, swathed in his mantle, before the fire, he looked up into the starry vault above and his heart sank. What was to be the end of all this? Could it be possible that he, Philip Landes, was a soldier of the Commune?

The bell buttons on his embroidered sleeves tinkled with every movement as he lay there shivering and crushing his clenched fists over his face. The fire flared and crackled and the smoke blew in gusts

across his head. He could hear Con Daily, at the next fire, still muttering threats, while McBarron soothed him in whispers, and Red McGlone snored. When he first heard the familiar sound of his own language he had felt for a moment comforted and anxiously hopeful, but now, the ruffians at the next fire seemed more distant and foreign to him than the worst ragamuffin in the battalion. The whole thing resembled an awful nightmare,—his escape from the claws of Raoul Rigault, his arrest in the Passage Stanislas just as he had started to climb the wall, his frightful experience with Sarre, and his hasty march through the black city where insurgent thousands lined the streets, howling and cheering for anarchy and the Commune.

The death of Georgias, murderer and robber though he was, also affected him strangely. Even when he had stood with eyes closed before Sarre's revolver, trying to pray, trying to think of Jeanne, a vision of Georgias flashed before him, lying as he had seen him, a tumbled heap of clothes in a widening pool of blood. In his ears rang a voice: "Vengeance is mine!" and he clasped his trembling fingers over his ears and cowered under the blanket, while the terrible voice repeated: "I will repay! I will repay!"

When at length he fell into a troubled slumber, the voice ceased and only a distant tumult came to his ears. He dreamed fitfully—now of the garden where the fountain rippled under the lilacs, now of the white face of the old Archbishop, now of rivers and rivers of splendid diamonds which caught him up—carried him away, away to a sparkling sea. Then he dreamed

that the blackbird was singing in the almond tree, and he saw Jeanne come out on the doorstep, holding Tcherka in her arms. He strove to speak, but could not. How loud the blackbird was singing,—how strong, how piercing! He started up. The bugles were clanging a frenzied summons, the stars sparkled in the depths of a fathomless black zenith, and from the reviving embers of the camp fires came the stench of simmering soup. All about him sleepy soldiers stumbled to their feet, and stumped away in the darkness where a dark line was forming, and figures passed to and fro with scores of swinging lanterns.

“Come!” cried somebody beside him, and he rose and hobbled after the others. Sarre, in a fiendish temper, passed him, followed by his staff, and far into the darkness of the early morning Philip heard him cursing his Maker. When the roll was called he answered to his name, and followed the *corvée* to where a bundle of axes lay in the shelter of an embankment. The wood was oak and beech, but the exercise did him good, and after the smoke-begrimed pots were lifted from the fires, he drank his soup with the rest.

It was not yet daylight when the battalion swung through the gate of the fortifications and marched out into the open country. The air was cold and fresh and sweet, but there was no wind across the shadowy plain where the shredded mist still lingered in filmy streamers.

Philip marched in the first company. Just ahead of him the drummers and buglers plodded along in

silence. Ahead of them he could see the vague forms of mounted men and hear the sharp stroke of steel-shod hoofs where Sarre and his staff, who had ridden on, were picking their way along the crowded military road. They halted frequently and other regiments passed them. Sometimes it was a battery of cannon, creaking and bumping, the horses straining under the heavy harness, the gunners clinging to the iron railings on the caissons; sometimes a turbulent battalion of National Guard infantry; sometimes a column of Garibaldians, red-shirted, bearded, and swarthy. Once a ghostly troop of horse rode by with muffled hoof-beats, the gaunt riders shrouded in their long mantles, knots of crêpe drooping on their shoulders. Even the ruffianly Turcos shrank back as the grim troop trampled past, for the Hussars of Death seemed to taint the morning air with the odor of death and decay.

Morning was breaking and still the troops poured along the military road toward the wooded heights beyond, which now loomed up black and mysterious against the paling horizon.

It was four o'clock in the morning when the battalion entered the Rond-Point of Courbevoie, evacuated a few hours before by the Versailles troops. Philip saw that the village was occupied by masses of Federal infantry and artillery. As he stood at ease, leaning upon his rifle, he heard McBarron say in English to one of his companions, that the artillery was "rotten." It certainly did look forlorn, although there were guns enough for an army twice their strength. The cannon were of all sizes, shapes,

and calibres, and were drawn by horses hastily seized from omnibuses and cabs. Behind the cannon, long files of wagons, furniture vans, bakers' carts, and in fact types of every vehicle to be found in Paris, stretched away toward the route de Rueil. These were filled with provisions and arms. An omnibus bearing the sign "Batignolles-Clichy-Odéon" rumbled past loaded down with cases of cartridges and casks of powder.

"Correspondence, si'l vous plait!" cried an irrepressible Turco, "I am going to the Hôtel de Ville to see my mother-in-law." This put the battalion into good humor.

"Is there a place outside for a poor orphan?" shouted a soldier.

"No," bellowed a National Guard, "Monsieur Thiers has reserved the Imperial!" The officers passed along the front laughing, and the troops began to sing:

" Petit bonhomme vit encore,
Mais! Mais! Ma-a-is!"

Philip watched the "marine" artillerymen laboring with their huge pieces which they had started with two days before and only now were placing in battery. Suddenly a cheering broke out across the river where the right wing of the army rested, and in a few minutes an uncovered carriage, drawn by two horses, traversed the Avenue de Neuilly.

"Bergeret!" cried Sarre; "Attention! Present arms!"

It was Bergeret. Glittering like an aurora borealis

in his gaudy uniform, he lounged back in his carriage smoking a cigarette, insolently returning the salutes of the regimental commanders. His carriage, preceded by a Turco who acted as ordonnance, and followed by a gorgeous staff, pulled up in the centre of the square. Bergeret rose in his carriage, turned dramatically toward Versailles, and lifted his hand. It was the signal. The drums beat, the bugles sounded, and an immense clamor arose: "À Versailles! à Versailles!"

Bergeret in his carriage, surrounded by twelve cannon, led the column; behind crowded three battalions of the National Guard, the 24th, the 128th, and the 188th, cheering madly. Then came the 1st Battalion of Paris Turcos, Colonel Sarre, marching well and singing at the top of their voices:

"Voici le sabre !
le sabre !
le sabre !"

which was so appropriate that a staff-officer came from Bergeret with a request that the Turcos change their song. Unconscious of the irony, the Turcos refused, and General Bergeret swore under his breath that he would "purge" the battalion on their return. Behind the Turcos came six more battalions, yelling for instant slaughter.

"Their lungs are all right," sneered Red McGlone to Con Daily, who replied, "an' I'm thinkin' their appetites is better!"

"Wait until we get out of the village," said McBarron, with an ominous smile.

"Phwat's there?" demanded Daily.

“Look!”

As he spoke the battalion wheeled into the open country, and at the same moment Sarre threw up his hand and the captains repeated the order: “Halt! halt! halt!” The three battalions in front had also stopped, and every head was turned toward a great grey hill which loomed up in the morning light, silent and weird as a gigantic tomb.

It was Mont-Valérien.

An involuntary shiver passed through the entire column. Somewhere among the shadows of that hill huge guns were hidden; for the hill itself was an enormous fortress, and it overhung the route de Rueil.

Bergeret turned his carriage and rattled along the front of the column, chattering and jabbering. “It’s all right, there’s nothing to fear, my friends,” he cried. “The fort is occupied by the marines! The marines are for the people! The fort is with us! Forward, and Vive la Commune!”

“Vive your grandmother, you empty-headed ape!” growled McBarron. But Bergeret’s words inspired confidence, and the troops pushed on, until the head of the column reached the turn in the road where the route de Rueil passes scarcely eight hundred mètres from the fortress.

Suddenly an awful explosion shook the solid earth, then another, then another, then three together. It was the Gibets redoubt. Almost at the same instant the upper bastions of the fortress were belted with lightning, and the majestic thunder of the siege guns reverberated among the highlands opposite.

A frightful panic ensued. Some of the Federals lay mangled, some dead, others threw themselves on their faces to escape the bursting shells, but the great majority of the troops, terror-stricken, broke into a wild stampede. In vain their officers attempted to rally them, the old familiar cry: "Treason! treason! we are betrayed!" spread among the ranks, and drowned the shouts of the officers. Everywhere troops were throwing away their arms and flying in wild disorder. Artillery horses, panic-stricken, dashed about in all directions, dragging the cannon with them. Some of the troops seized the horses, and, cutting the traces, fled to Paris, ventre à terre.

The two horses attached to Bergeret's vehicle were blown into atoms, but the "General" escaped, and disappeared in the direction of Paris at the top of his speed. Flourens, the hot-headed and impetuous, fell with his skull split clean in two; the commandant of the 24th Battalion, was disembowelled by a shell, and twenty-five of his men lay dead or wounded in the roadway; the 128th Battalion lost a lieutenant and eighteen men; and the 188th, two officers blown to smithereens, and fifteen men scattered among the ditches. And this was only the first salvo as salute from the fortress of Mont-Valérien.

The 1st Paris Turcos had not been directly in the line of fire, having halted almost at the entrance to the village, but two giant shells crashed into their ranks and burst as they struck. Three men in the first company, including Cartier, the captain, lay on the ground; in the fifth company seven men

were killed, and the captain, Isidor Weser, was lying under his dying horse. Sarre took it very coolly.

“D—n you,” he cried, wheeling through the ranks, —“d—n you! What do you expect when you come out to fight,—a volley of confetti? Steady there—steady! If anybody does n’t like it I’ll give him something he’ll like less! Captain Weser, get up,—here, lieutenant, just give him a pull. Your horse is in the molasses, but you’re not hurt, Captain Weser. I’d like to hear anybody say ‘treason’ in my battalion! Attention! lie down!”

As he spoke a tempest of lead broke over the heads of the soldiers and the rattle of a mitrailleuse echoed from the lower slopes of the fortified hill. Two men were wounded, one a boy who screamed and pitched headlong into the ditch below. Philip, lying on his stomach, saw Red McGlone quivering beside him, drenched with blood. Daily and McBarron were holding his head.

“Red,” said McBarron, kindly. But the wounded man only gasped: “What t’ hell!” and his life went out in the dust of the Rueil road.

Philip turned anxiously toward the looming fortress, now silent and crowned with clouds, but from those grey battlements no cannon flashed; only the billowy sea of smoke belted its bastions. He saw his captain, Cartier, rise from the ground, dazed and rumpled, with a long red gash across his forehead; he saw McBarron methodically examining Red McGlone’s pockets, and as, at a signal from Sarre, he stood up with the others, he caught a glimpse of

Weser, green with terror, staring at the fortress as though hypnotized.

On every side streamed the wreck of Bergeret's corps, legging it for Paris, howling like Indians. Two guns, the wreck of a mounted battery, stood uninjured in a foot-path to the right; the cannoniers had cut the traces and galloped off, and there was nothing to be done in that direction. Sarre saw it and leered at the flying troops. Then he turned to his major, a stupid-eyed Breton named Gloanec, who sat on his horse and watched the stampede with almost as much emotion as a cow.

"Fine view, Major," sneered Sarre.

"Yes," replied that officer, without visible interest.

"The jig 's up in Paris," said Sarre.

"Ma doui," replied the Major, tranquilly. An officer in the uniform of the National Guard galloped up to Sarre and saluted nervously.

"Well?" demanded Sarre.

"The—the twenty thousand troops of the reserve across the river—General Bergeret's corps, have gone——"

"Gone!" shrieked Sarre, leaping straight up in his saddle.

"Gone,—run away, Colonel——"

"Then by G-d!" yelled Sarre, "I'll take my battalion to Clamart where a scented monkey does n't command,—by G-d! I will,—I've had enough of tin soldiers! Sound the alert! Attention! By columns of four—here, take command, Major—— I'll show this traitor Bergeret what I can do,—yes, *traitor*; I've said it! It's the word! I may not be able to

manœuvre a battalion, but I can fight ;—you 'll all see !—Weser, climb on a horse d—n quick, or there may be a few unpleasant words between us. Cartier, can you ride ?—good ; it 's only a scratch as you say. Leave the dead in the village and detail four men and a corporal to bury them. Any of the wounded who can't come must wait there for the ambulances. So they ran, did they ? The twenty thousand National Guards—ran away from Neuilly when they heard the voice of Mont-Valérien ! Look ! there go the Hussars of Death, trailing it for Clamart. Good carrion crows ! Follow them, soldiers, their scent is keen ! March !”

Actually frothing at the mouth, Sarre drove his spurs into his big horse and wheeled into the village. As he passed Philip he pointed at him and cried : “ I put that man in your keeping, Captain Cartier, and you will answer for his body, dead or alive, with your own !” Then, cursing, he struck his horse savagely with his gauntlet and plunged into the Clamart road.

It was nearly six o'clock in the morning before the battalion came in sight of the fort of Issy, which was commanded by Cluseret and had just been supplied with heavy artillery. Under the protection of the forts of the south, General Duval had massed his troops in two columns, one occupying the Clamart road, the other lying under the Moulineaux redoubt. It was the best disposition possible,—far better than the imbecile manœuvres of Bergeret's army,—but still the centre was weak, being composed of possibly five battalions supported by two batteries. As

Sarre, at the head of the 1st Turcos, marched under the Moulineaux redoubt, a staff-officer galloped down the hill to meet him.

“Now what the devil does this peacock want?” sneered Sarre, but he drew bridle and returned the officer’s perfect salute with equal precision.

“General Duval supposes that the arrival of your battalion confirms the report of General Bergeret’s disaster, brought in a few minutes ago by the Hus-sars of Death,” said the staff-officer whose name was Razoua, and who had served as chef de bataillon in the 103d until taken by Duval as aid.

“General Duval supposes correctly,” replied Sarre, and an ugly flush stained his forehead.

“Good,” said Razoua, “General Duval’s compliments, and orders to deploy your battalion as skirmishers at Bas-Meudon woods. The attack begins at six; the signal a cannon-shot from the fort of Issy. It is almost six now.”

“And there goes the cannon-shot!” cried Sarre, in great good-humor, as a ball of smoke shot from the fort and a sullen boom rolled through the woods above.

Shrill hurrahs rent the air and Duval’s battalions poured out of the Issy crater, through the Moulineaux redoubt and started toward Meudon, cheering frantically. Before the deep reverberations of the first shot had died away, a sheet of flame wrapped the bastions of the Vanves fort and the thunder of the great mortars was echoed from the fort of Mont-rouge, while the Moulineaux redoubt flamed and pounded a deep accompaniment.

The works held by the Versailles army replied at once. The batteries at Chatillon, Meudon, and Bas-Meudon raged and blazed; and now the petulant crackling of the mitrailleuses could be heard above Bas-Meudon, and the crash of platoon firing sounded in the direction of Clamart village.

Almost before he knew it, Philip found himself in the woods of Bas-Meudon, flat on the ground, looking into the young growth beyond where a few large trees relieved the monotony of the saplings. Cartier, his captain, stood beside him watching every movement of his company, urging on the tardy, cautioning the laggards, restraining the feather-brained.

As far as Philip could see, his squad was alone in the woods, but he heard the twigs snapping on either flank and he knew the rest of the battalion were worming their way through the undergrowth toward the heights above.

With every sense alert to the danger in front, he yet watched his opportunity to escape. Captain Cartier perhaps divined what was passing in his mind, for he walked over to him and sat down on a log beside him.

"Soldier," he said, "you heard what the Colonel's orders are?"

"Yes, Captain Cartier."

"I shall carry them out," said Cartier.

Philip did not reply. The Captain eyed him curiously.

"You are not a coward,—I see that," he said.

"No—not a coward. I do not wish to die," replied Philip, quietly.

"And you are frightened at the sound of the shells?"

"Yes, they frighten me."

"Why did you not run this morning then?"

"Because I did n't have a chance," replied Philip, innocently.

"Ah—um—yes," said Cartier, twisting his blonde moustache,—“er—you do not care for the Commune?"

Philip laughed in his despair. "Care for it! I'm an American!"

"Oh! Are you the same Landes that Rigault is after?"

"I am."

"Oh!" Cartier was silent for a moment. Then he stood up and said pleasantly; "For my part I wish you were safe; I'm no hangman, but I have my orders."

"Thank you, Captain Cartier," said Philip, as the officer hurried away.

Foot by foot the skirmish lines wriggled forward, their bodies scraping and rustling among the dead leaves like snakes in the underbrush. From time to time a soldier would clap his rifle to his shoulder and aim at the heights, but the Captain was omnipresent, and always kicked up the rifle with a stern admonition. At last a soldier lying next to Philip whipped his piece to his cheek and fired. Philip saw a vanishing spot of scarlet far up among the saplings, and the Captain saw it too.

The 1st Turcos had struck the Versailles pickets.

When the echoes of the single shot died away, a

silence that was almost mournful fell among the troops. Perhaps they began to realize that they were fighting their own fellow-countrymen and that it was *civil war* which had begun. Cartier, sad-eyed and stern, drew his revolver and sent his sword ringing into the scabbard. A Turco near Philip tucked up his sleeves and made one or two preliminary passes with his sabre bayonet at a young beech tree. Minute after minute passed in silence; the long line slowly crept onward and upward.

Philip was beginning to feel hot and thirsty and had already started toward a rivulet which trickled between the stones of an old watercourse, when a movement in the woods above arrested his attention. He turned his head. A soldier, wearing the scarlet cap and trousers of the loyal army, was deliberately aiming at him, and before he could realize it the rifle cracked and a bullet sang past his ears. Instinctively he recoiled, but another bullet struck his tin cup, and another whirled up the dead leaves beside him. Crack! crack! crack—crackle—crackle! The rifles were spurting tiny jets of flame from every thicket, and now, as he peered from the shelter of an oak tree, he saw the red-legged skirmishers, dodging about the woods above, crouching, leaping, stealing forward, always advancing, until the report of their rifles sounded clear and sharp, and he could almost distinguish faces. The Turcos were returning shot for shot, and the firing rippled along the line until it blended in the distant tumult of the forts.

Philip did not fire. He had made up his mind not to except in case a shot alone would save his

life. He intended to desert at the first opportunity. Once in the hands of the Versailles troops, he would explain, if they gave him time before shooting him, and if they did, he intended to take his revenge, rifle in hand, on Sarre and his ruffians. Even the thought of his duty to those in Paris,—to Jeanne above all, could not overcome his fierce longing to requite with bullets the insults which had been heaped upon him. Sarre, he saw, was no coward. He would give him his chance, but Weser he would have shot down, if he could, like a weasel or a skunk. Yes, he would give Sarre a fair chance,—not that he deserved it, murderer and thief that he was, but he at least was courageous. Weser should be simply removed like other vermin—in any convenient way. As he stood clutching his rifle and thinking of his just vengeance, a bullet, flying from a new angle across the woods, struck his water bottle, showering him with diluted brandy. At the same instant a howling storm of canister tore through the branches, covering the Turcos with twigs and bark. Gust after gust of screaming lead whirled over them; fiercer and fiercer shrieked the hail, until the tempest rose to a whistling blizzard of flame and shell, tearing the trees to slivers, cutting the underbrush like scythes, ripping, splintering, scorching all before it. Far up in the wooded slopes the flashes of the guns danced and twinkled like will o' the wisps, and the rifles of the Turcos made no sound in the crash of the cannon and the mitrailleuses. Cartier, cool and unscathed, leaned against a sapling pointing out the Versailles skirmishers, directing a shot here, an

advance there, earnestly cautioning his men to hug the ground and fire slowly. Twice Sarre and his staff, dismounted, hurried along the line, scanning anxiously the heights where the batteries crouched. The second time they passed, the Major was struck by a canister-shot, and they bore him to the shelter of a tree.

“Curse the luck! it’s all over with Gloanec,” said Sarre, brutally; and a few seconds later the unobtrusive Breton died, with perhaps even less emotion than he had displayed in living.

Weser’s company, the fifth, had been driven in with trifling losses, but except for that, the 1st Turcos held their ground well. Their timidity at encountering regular troops had fled, and now they lay firing and cheering, and crept on, inch by inch, until the red-trousered Versaillists found the pace too hot, and their skirmishers began to fall back.

Captain Cartier had been watching Philip for some time, and finally he came over to him and laid his hand on his shoulder. “You have not fired a shot to-day,” he said.

Philip was silent.

“It won’t do,—it won’t do,” continued the Captain; “your example is bad for the rest. You must fire,—you need not aim too closely.”

Philip replied by levelling his rifle at a stump and deliberately knocking the chips from it with his first shot.

“A sharpshooter too,—well, I’m sorry,—I am very sorry you are not with us.” Cartier stood a moment, thoughtfully twirling his revolver, then,

stepping into the middle of his company, he called the names of seven men and a sergeant. They responded instantly, and Cartier, motioning Philip to fall in with them, pointed to a slope which rose to the left, divided from their covert by a gully. "You 're to climb to the top of that slope," said the Captain, "and see why Captain Weser's men are allowing the enemy's skirmishers to nip us with their cross-fire. If Captain Weser needs help, send a man to me; if he is holding his own, stay and drive out the enemy's sharpshooters. I suspect they are over there near that group of sycamore trees."

The sergeant saluted, and the little squad toiled across the gully and slowly began to mount the opposite incline. The slope was steep and densely wooded, but they arrived at the top in a few minutes and found Weser's men popping away with no thought of aim, but with the one desire to make as much smoke and racket as possible. Weser himself was sitting down behind a tree in the rear—very much in the rear. The only reason why he was not lying down was his fear of Sarre. He could have stood the ridicule.

Weser's men were nervous and dispirited. This was not war according to their ideas. Where was the white-plumed leader on his charger, dashing up to the cannon's mouth amid waving flags and acres of bayonets? Where was he? Well, in this case he was sitting behind a tree in the rear, and the white plume had shrivelled into a very small white feather. The truth was, Weser's bowels were water, and the fright of the battle sounds had actually made

him sick at his stomach. Murder, robbery, forgery, he could easily understand. He was not afraid to slip a knife into a man,—when the man was looking another way, but this zip! zip! z-z-tzing! of the bullets was another matter, and for his part he cursed Sarre, the Commune, and all its works, and wished he was in Paris and safe in bed.

Five men had been killed in Weser's company, two of them by the same bullet, and Philip saw their stiffening corpses half supported by the tree behind which a cross-fire volley had caught them. The sergeant, a tall, good-humored Alsatian, was posting his men to pick off the sharpshooters, who had gained the sycamore covert and were now able to fire into the centre of Weser's men. Philip found himself, in company with McBarron, behind a lichen-covered rock. On the ground under a neighboring tree Con Daily squatted, his eyes blazing with the fire of battle.

The cannonade, which a moment before had redoubled in violence, now suddenly subsided; the enemy's rifles were silent, and there only remained dropping shots from the Turcos. Philip caught a glimpse of a Versaillist sharpshooter slinking away through the sycamore thicket, and McBarron saw him at the same moment, but before he could pull trigger a deafening cheer rolled from the trees in front, "Vive la Patrie! Vive la France! À la baïonnette!" and out of the thickets on every side burst swarms of fierce scarlet Zouaves, whirling their terrible sabre-bayonets.

Weser's men gave them one astonished stare—and

fled, but the Zouavés turned on Cartier's company, snarling like tigers. Philip and McBarron crawled to the edge of the slope and looked over. Everywhere the scarlet of the Zouaves was mixed with the blue of the Turcos, everywhere the stocks of heavy rifles rose and fell, and the sharp sabre-bayonets were crimsoned to the hilt. It was over before Philip could catch his breath, and, as there was no quarter (a humane inspiration of Thiers), there were no prisoners. Captain Cartier lay across a log over which his brains were dripping; beside him a Zouave stood, cleaning the butt of his rifle with a handful of dried leaves. All who had not run away were dead or dying. Philip saw the coup-de-grâce given, and his heart came into his throat.

"That," said McBarron, calmly, "is the difference between real Zouaves and counterfeit Turcos."

"Horrible—horrible!" murmured Philip, in English.

Daily, who, in company with the other six men, had come up to the edge of the slope, turned to Philip with a friendly gesture.

"It's glad I am ye're no frog-ater——"

"We'd better be going," interrupted McBarron; "come on, Con Daily—and you, there, whoever you are,—we must get out of this."

"Where?" said Philip.

"Now how should he know, me cherub b'y?" said Daily. "Come on; come on, the divil do I know where——"

"But we've got to git," concluded McBarron, as a bullet whizzed by them and a dozen Zouaves started into the gully at the foot of the slope.

“Give them a volley! huroo! whurro!” sang out Daily, banging away with his piece until McBarron grabbed him by the neck and started after the others who were legging it for safety. They caught up with Philip, who had suddenly decided that the Versaillist army was not exactly the harbor of refuge he had been seeking, and they ran on through woods, keeping the sergeant and the five others in sight. Once they passed a dead horse across which lay a Hussar of Death. His lips were stretched tightly over his yellow teeth, and his sunken eyes set in their sockets like ivory balls. One or two brilliant flies buzzed about his head.

CHAPTER XVIII.

TCHERKA HAS AN IDEA.

WHEN Mont-Valérien opened its iron throat and withered General Bergeret's column at a breath, the majority of the inhabitants of Paris were still sleeping. There were probably exceptions; there certainly was one—Tcherka.

She had slipped out of the studio, unnoticed, the night before and made straight for the rose bush, which unfortunate shrub she had marked for ruin. When Joseph came to lock the door, Tcherka hid behind the lilacs until he had disappeared with his lantern. Then she knew that the night was hers. A night on the garden walls all alone! She had never been allowed to roam at night, but she often longed for the revelry of the moonlit roof tops when she heard other cats burst into impassioned argument or scuttle over the tiles. Instinct told Tcherka that the cats who gambolled and chanted among the chimney-pots when the spring moonlight flooded roof and wall, were not good cats. Tcherka herself was a good cat. She knew this because Jeanne often told her so. Being a good cat she desired to play with bad cats; and this was her opportunity.

Tcherka was not in a hurry to mount the wall and explore the delicious unknown in the next garden.

Coquette by nature, she even coquetted with herself, and now she was pretending to herself that she had n't the slightest interest in whatever lay over the wall. She walked about, frisking occasionally with a tempting dry leaf or a particularly enticing pebble, then she polished her beautiful claws on the cherry tree, leaped softly to the edge of the fountain, and sat down. Liberty was sweet to Tcherka, very sweet, and a delightful sense of danger thrilled her, for she was a maiden cat, and this shadowy moonlit world was new and strange.

She had sat there perhaps ten minutes, and was beginning to eye the wall again, when a swift shadow fell across the gravel, and the ghost-like silhouette of a strange cat appeared on the very wall she was looking at. Tcherka slowly stiffened into a living statue. It was a gentleman cat.

On his part it was love at first sight. Perhaps the novelty of Tcherka's gaudy scarlet tail may have settled him; but, however it was, he was smitten—deeply smitten, and he wasted no time. His courtship song was weird and wonderful. He reached through octaves possibly never before traversed by any voice; his deep chest notes ended in masterly gurgles; his crescendos were crescendos of a virtuoso.

Jeanne de Brassac was lying awake in her bed. All through the long night she tossed and turned, thinking of Philip, pressing her throbbing head deep into the pillows. Marguerite had sunk into a heavy sleep of exhaustion, and the starlight, falling on her face, trembled in points of light under her wet lashes.

Jeanne could not sleep, but it was nearly morning before she crept from her couch and went to the window. A cat was sitting on the wall underneath, making melody as he understood it, but, as Jeanne leaned from the window, he darted into the shadows, and a moment later Tcherka sprang to the wall, and, looking up at Jeanne, hoisted her tail with a little mew of recognition. Jeanne looked at the cat indifferently at first, although she knew Tcherka was transgressing all rules, but after a while she tried to occupy her mind with the creature, and attempted to coax her in. Of course Tcherka refused.

"Come, Tcherka dear, come, my own darling Tcherka," whispered Jeanne, leaning far out of the window.

The night was deliciously cool, and her hot forehead throbbed less painfully. Then, as she could not sleep, she dressed herself noiselessly, threw a scarf over her head, and went quietly down the stairs and out into the garden. Without taking count of time, she moved up and down the paths she loved, thinking always of Philip. It began to grow brighter; the bells in the convent rang for half-past four o'clock. Jeanne sank down by the stone-rimmed fountain to rest.

A second later and the city was shaking with the thunder from Mont-Valérien.

At the first shot, Tcherka gave a bound of amazement. At the second, she leaped into the garden and fled through the ivy-covered alley toward the street gate. Jeanne, who had risen to her feet, pale as death, saw Tcherka scramble past, and a minute

later realized that the cat had made for the outer gate. Scarcely conscious of what she was doing, she followed her pet through the alley and came to the gate on the rue Notre Dame just in time to catch a glimpse of Tcherka flying along the convent wall opposite, toward the barricade on the rue Vavin. Without a thought of herself she flung open the side wicket and ran across the street calling, "Tcherka! Tcherka!" but at that moment a terrific salvo from the north drowned her voice and sent the cat scurrying on toward the barricade. Jeanne ran quickly along the grey façade of the convent, always keeping Tcherka in view, and she had almost caught up with the cat, when a burly figure sprang across the sidewalk and aimed a blow at Tcherka with a rifle butt. The cat dodged and flew over the barricade, and Jeanne, who had followed close, turned on the Turco like a tigress.

"How dare you touch my cat!"

The Turco, a fat-jowled youth with a dull eye and beardless chin, stared at her stupidly.

"How dare you!" said Jeanne, in a low voice; "let me pass instantly!"

Before the sentinel could open his mouth she had traversed the barricade and was hurrying across the rue Vavin toward the Luxembourg. Then the Turco came to his senses and ran to the barricade. "Halt! Halt or I fire!" he called out, and swung his rifle to his cheek, but Jeanne, as if she had not heard him, kept straight on.

"Halt or I fire!" he cried again. She did not even turn her head. He hesitated for a moment,

lowered his rifle, raised it again irresolutely, and finally set it down with a bang. He was not yet hardened to that point; and when, aroused by his warning challenge, the guard came stumbling out of the café on the corner, he lied to the corporal and took a round cursing from that individual without a murmur. Five minutes later the sentinels were changed and he was relieved. Ten minutes later Jeanne reappeared at the barricade with Tcherka clasped tightly in her arms. The new sentinel saw her and brought his gun to a charge. At his challenge she shrank back a little and then stood still. The sentinel, a sensual thick-set fellow, laughed and addressed her chaffingly.

“It ’s too early for the market, Mademoiselle, and besides, we Turcos never eat yellow cats,—only black.”

“I wish to pass,” murmured Jeanne, who now began to realize her position.

“Tiens! So do many people who can’t give the word or show a pass. They ’re not all as pretty as you though. Come, let ’s be sociable. Will you give me a kiss if I let you pass?”

Jeanne was frightened. As she stood there, hugging Tcherka desperately to her breast, she could see the coarse face of the sentinel all flushed and bloated, with little wicked eyes leering at her across the barricade, and her knees trembled. There was no use. One glance at the man’s face was sufficient, but nevertheless she tried again and told her story with a faint heart.

“And you followed that cat?”

"Yes."

"From where?"

"From my house."

"Where do you live and what is your name?"

Jeanne was silent. She dared not say where she lived, and she dared not tell her name.

"Mademoiselle," said the sentinel, with an impudent grin, "those little histories are very pretty for children. Come and give me a kiss or two and we will find other things to talk about!"

Sick with fright, she turned and ran down the street toward the Luxembourg again. The rue Vavin was black and deserted but the rue de Luxembourg was brighter and a stream of people was passing along the gilded iron railing of the Gardens toward the rue de Vaugirard. Jeanne instinctively felt that she was safer in a crowd than alone in the silent streets, and she hurried on and mixed with the moving people, wondering what had brought women and children into the streets at that hour. What to do, now that her only refuge was gone, was a question she dared not ask herself.

She had literally no roof, no bed, and not one penny. Her misfortune was too sudden, too terrible for her to understand at once. She followed the crowd of men and women because she felt safer with them and she had no other place to go. Where they were going and why, she did not stop to enquire, but she hugged Tcherka close and slipped along beside a tall gaunt grey-haired woman who carried a loaf of bread and a bottle of wine in one hand and led a little child by the other. Once or twice the woman

glanced at her without speaking, but as they crossed the rue de Vaugirard and turned into the rue Bonaparte she said abruptly: "Why do you take your cat with you?"

"I don't know," said Jeanne.

The woman's voice was not unkind, and when she spoke again Jeanne looked up into her sad eyes.

"Is it a father or a brother or a lover, my child?" said the woman.

"I don't know what you mean, Madame," replied Jeanne, faintly.

The woman stared. "You know where you are going?" she demanded.

Jeanne was silent.

"And you know that the battle has begun?" continued the woman.

"I—I heard the cannon," replied Jeanne.

"My boy is with the Turcos, the First Paris Battalion," sighed the woman; "they marched with General Bergeret. They say one can see everything from the fortifications."

"Are you going to the fortifications?" asked Jeanne, timidly.

"Of course, are not you? I thought you had a brother or a lover with the army;—you are out so early." Then she cast a searching glance at Jeanne's white face. "My child," she said, "you are in trouble. What brings you out into the streets at this hour. Tell me,—I can see you are good." But Jeanne drew closer to her and hugged Tcherka tighter, saying, "let me stay with you, Madame, I am very unhappy."

Day was breaking when they reached the glacis of the fortifications. In the pallid light, thousands of figures stood out against the sky, men, women, and children, who had swarmed to the bastions when the heavy voice of Mont-Valérien awoke them in their beds. The city gate below was open, and the long road which stretched away into the country was crowded with people who had come to see a battle. As six o'clock chimed from the city bells, the first gun from the Issy fort boomed out, followed by the crash of the batteries in all the forts of the south. A moment later the Versailles works joined in and the artillery duel, which was the signal for Duval's advance, began with a din so terrible that many women left the fortifications and even the gamins looked uncomfortable.

Jeanne sat on the granite parapet overlooking the country below Versailles, clinging to Tcherka, who scrambled madly when the bombardment began. Beside her sat the grey-haired woman, holding the child, a girl of six. Below them the Seine wound through the plain, curving out by Neuilly, where the black gun-boat lay. Clusters of red-roofed villages dotted the plain, with here and there a tower or steeple or a patch of woodland tinged with tender green. The smoke of the battle rose above the Issy fort and hung low over Meudon woods. Bas-Meudon was quiet and clear.

"My name is Cartier," said the woman to Jeanne. After a moment she added; "you need not tell me yours, my child."

"My name is Jeanne de Brassac," said Jeanne, simply.

Madame Cartier started and turned toward her with compassion in her eyes. "My poor girl!" she murmured, "my poor girl!"

"You have heard then?" whispered Jeanne.

"Yes,—the reward is posted in our street. Why did you tell me?"

"I don't know," replied Jeanne, wearily; "I trust you."

"You may," said Madame Cartier. Then she told Jeanne how her son, who had been a carpenter, was already captain in the 1st Turcos and hoped soon to be promoted. "He is a good son to me," she said; "he would not let me sew any longer as soon as he got work, and we were very happy until the war broke out. Then my son went to Metz with Bazaine the traitor, and was betrayed—sold to the Prussians! Ah! He has suffered from the thieves who now come to crush us into slavery with Monsieur Thiers at their head!, Do you hear the sound of their cannon?"

"I hear," sighed Jeanne.

"I do not know what you have done," continued Madame Cartier, hushing the little girl to sleep on her lap, "but I am sure the Commune has no need to trouble a child of your age. If the reward for your arrest were millions it would not make any difference to me. Are you ill?"

"Ill? Oh—no—no!"

"You are so white."

"I—I have lost a—brother,—my only living friend."

"Was he killed?"

“Oh, no,” whispered Jeanne, with a horrified face; “he—I am afraid he has been obliged to hide from the Commune.”

“Mademoiselle, be thankful he is not out there among the shells and bullets. My son is there. Do you know what I feel?”

“Yes—I do, I think.”

“Because you love your brother.”

“He is—is not my real brother——”

“Ah! my child, my child!” said Madame Cartier, gently.

The terrible thunder from the forts continued, day was advancing; the two women sat silent, leaning together. Under her grey hair Madame Cartier's face looked very wan. Jeanne leaned over and kissed her withered cheek.

“Mon Dieu, mon Dieu!” moaned the woman, “nous autres—nous sommes bien bien malheureuses!”

A voice from the gate below broke in harshly: “Bergeret's corps has been annihilated by Mont-Valérien!”

For a moment a sort of stupor fell upon the people who thronged the bastion. Then the cry arose, “Treason! treason!” Everywhere women crowded, imploring, demanding news of some battalion or squadron; the officers on the parapets were overwhelmed with anxious questions which they found impossible to answer. And now in the roads below, the first stragglers from Bergeret's column ran up, howling disaster and treason, and before they had passed the gates, terrified masses of

Federals appeared, flying from the Pont de Neuilly, horses, cannon, infantry, and baggage wagons mixed in an indescribable torrent. Awful stories of the butchery by the cannon of Mont-Valérien were circulated; some said that Bergeret was killed after having two horses shot under him in as many gallant charges. It was perfectly true that he had had two horses killed,—not under, but in front of him,—dragging his carriage. The news of Flourens' death drew cries of anger and revenge from the crowd, as the battalions filed past and entered the gate, now packed on every side by anxious thousands.

“Where are the Turcos?” cried a voice on the glacis.

“Killed to a man!” shouted a frightened Mobile.

Madame Cartier stood straight up, quivering all over.

“Nonsense!” said a heavy, good-natured officer of the National Guard who had climbed the glacis to watch the entry of the troops. “Nonsense!” he repeated loudly, “the Turcos are all right. They were not in the line of fire, and they did n't run away as we did.”

Then the crowd cheered for the Turcos, and some even began to jeer at the National Guard battalions as they streamed along below toward the centre of the city.

A soldier came out of the telegraph station and posted up on the wall a despatch which claimed a victory for Bergeret, and ended: “Have no fear! All goes well with our troops. Bergeret *himself* is there!”

This evoked a storm of derision.

"*Bergeret himself?* And who is *Bergeret himself?*" yelled a gamin.

A roar of angry laughter followed; and from that day the imbecile Bergeret was known from one end of France to the other as "*Bergeret Himself.*"

"Victory?" cried one, "if this is victory, give me disaster and defeat!"

"They are running very fast from their field of triumph!" shouted another.

Madame Cartier approached the good-natured National Guard who had spoken so frankly about his own flight and the probable safety of the Turcos.

"How do you know the Turcos are safe?" she said.

"Because I saw them marching in good order toward the Clamart road. They have probably gone to join General Duval,—who *is* a general," replied the officer, while he filled his pipe with perfect equanimity.

"Do you know Captain Cartier?"

"I do, Madame, and all his company."

"Is he safe?"

"I saw him with his company, filing through the village after the fortress had ceased firing."

"Was anybody killed in his company?"

"I saw an American named McGlone lying dead——"

Jeanne caught the words "dead" and "American," and drew near, holding tightly to Tcherka.

"An American dead?" she asked; "where?"

"In the Rueil road, Madame."

“When?”

“When the fortress was peppering us.”

“Did you know this American?”

“Oh, yes—I camped last night with my comrade Cartier, and I saw several Americans in the battalion,—one a new man, just brought in. He did n’t seem very happy, and Cartier said that Sarre, the Colonel, hated him.”

“A soldier?” enquired Jeanne.

“Yes.”

Jeanne turned away with a feeling of relief, but before she had taken two steps she heard the officer say: “Madame, that new recruit answered to the description of the man Landes, whom Raoul Rigault is so anxious to get that he has just doubled the reward. I mentioned it to Captain Cartier, but he thought I was mistaken, because Sarre knew him, and if he had been this fellow Landes he would have turned him over to Rigault in quick time, I can tell you.”

Jeanne crept back to Madame Cartier, and leaned on her shoulder. “How did this American look?” she asked quietly.

The officer described Philip so perfectly that Jeanne felt herself turning faint.

“Don’t you see, Mademoiselle?” he explained, “that is exactly like the description in Raoul Rigault’s notice. Captain Cartier said this one was caught trying to scale a wall in the Passage Stanislas, dressed as a National Guard, and Sarre gave him his choice of joining the ranks or being shot. But Rigault will get him all in good time——”

"But my son told you, did he not, Monsieur, that it was not the same man for whom the reward is offered?" said Madame Cartier, indifferently, and, as if they had heard all they wished to, she drew Jeanne away to the parapet.

"You love Monsieur Landes," she whispered, as they stood by themselves. "Your name is on the notice of arrest with his. Do you think this soldier in the Turco battalion can be he?"

"I know it is he," said Jeanne, in a heart-sick voice.

At noon the news came that the Turcos were routed, that one company had been annihilated in Bas-Meudon woods, and the remainder were being pursued by the ferocious Zouaves of Charette. Jeanne heard it at the gate and stepped out into the road beyond.

Weser's Turcos of the 5th company were passing, and she recognized the uniform and stopped a soldier with a gesture.

"Where do you come from?"

"Bas-Meudon."

"Where is that?"

The Turco pointed to the hill.

"Where are the others of your regiment?"

"The dead are in the woods; the rest are running to get out of the woods," said the soldier, grimly, and tramped away into the city.

Jeanne, the tears rolling down her pale cheeks, gazed at the distant wooded slope, all dotted with little clouds of smoke. Tcherka leaped from her tired arms and trotted ahead out into the country road, looking back at her mistress to see if she would fol-

low. Tcherka had an idea. It was that if she might wheedle her mistress into the country they could have a much-needed romp together. So Tcherka stood in the morning sunlight, her magnificent eyes glowing like twin emeralds, looking coquettishly back at Jeanne, who stood white and silent in the city gate.

CHAPTER XIX.

SARRE PAYS A DEBT.

WHEN the Zouaves of Charette emerged from Bas-Meudon woods they had swept the underbrush clean of all living creatures. Twice the Hussars of Death turned and swooped through their flanks, black cloaks in ribbons, sabres dripping from point to hilt, but the Zouaves drove them into the ditches, ripping and stabbing horses and riders with their terrible sabre-bayonets ; and, at last, shouting hoarsely, the Hussars of Death wheeled into flight across the stubble to the open country beyond.

Sarre's Turcos had been taken by the flank, and the blow fell disastrously where Weser's men had fled and Cartier's company had been annihilated. The point of the wedge had entered here, and both wings of the battalion were curling up like withering leaves. Sarre raged, shrieking curses on his men, driving them forward at the point of his revolver, but the Zouaves sprang in, storming like fiends among the wavering ranks, hewing, smashing, slashing, dragging officers from their horses and bayoneting them without mercy, seizing battle flags, ripping the red standard of the Commune from its gilded staff. And now it was over. What remained of the 1st

Battalion of Paris Turcos was fighting its way with the fury of despair toward the open country. Again and again the Zouaves hurled themselves on the little square with the bayonet, and at each mad struggle the group of Turcos dwindled, but the Zouaves left as many dead and dying among the ditches and potato hills as did the Turcos.

Sarre, still mounted, seemed to hold the little band around him by main strength of will. His sabre, all smeared with thick blood and hair, hovered above the shock of encounter, menacing the enemy, threatening the faint-hearted among his own followers.

There were perhaps two hundred men around him when they reached the Clamart route, but the Zouaves were firing now by platoons, and the Turcos fell like leaves in a storm, till a dip in the road and a long ridge gave them a moment's shelter. Sarre glared about him like a trapped wolf. On the other side of the road stood a solitary stone farm-house set back among the trees of an orchard. At a glance he saw that here he must stand at bay. There was no use going farther, although they were within sight of the fortifications of Paris. Ten minutes more of the Zouaves' fusilade would leave absolutely nothing of his command. It was a choice of dying in the open road or of dying behind the stone walls of a house. Sarre chose the latter, not because he had the faintest hope of help from Duval, the fort of Issy, or from Paris, but because here he could longer stave off death and have more time to kill Zouaves. With a deadly glance at the red fezes of the Zouaves which began to bob up over the crest of the ridge,

he led his men, now numbering possibly fifty, into the orchard near the farm-house.

“A man to every tree!” he shouted; “ten men to hold that hedge; six men behind the well-curb. Is there a captain here? What! Have they peppered all my captains? Hey! You there,—you lieutenant, d—n you, I forget your name,—take command in the orchard and hold out! Hold out! You’d better if you know what’s good for you—the Zou-Zous don’t take any prisoners. We’ve got to hold until they send from Paris and get us out of this frying-pan.” Then noticing Philip standing silently beside McBarron and Con Daily, he walked up to him with a grin. “You here?” he demanded; “well! well! You have no luck at all. It’s very funny to think that you are going to be spitted on one of your own bayonets. They give no quarter.”

Philip turned away without answering, and Sarre walked over to the shelter of the well-curb, for the shots began to patter among the trees, and the Turcos down by the hedge were firing frantically.

“Lie down,” said McBarron, “lie down, both of you!”

Daily, instead of obeying, coolly brought his rifle to his cheek and dropped a distant Zouave in his tracks.

“What d’ye think av that!” he shouted, shoving in another cartridge.

“Lie down, Con Daily, you fool!” growled McBarron, taking long aim at an officer of Zouaves and knocking him clean over with a bullet through the face.

“ Fool ! ” yelled Daily, “ I ’ m no fool I ’ ll have ye know—whurroo ! d ’ ye mark that, McBarron ? ” as his rifle spit flame again and another Zouave sprang into the air and fell, turning and twisting over the ground.

And now the fire grew close and deadly. From behind every tree, every hummock, every hedge-row, the Turcos poured streams of bullets into the charging Zouaves. The orchard smoked like a bonfire. Three times the Zouaves came on, up to the very hedge-rows, but they could not stand the deadly storm. The trees and hedges were fringed with flame, and death swept out of the rolling puffs of smoke, mowing the Zouaves into rows and heaps, until they broke and sought cover behind the ridge. Far away across the country the Hussars of Death were flitting toward Paris ; in the west, Issy spurted flame and smoke ; and beyond, in the direction of Clamart, a great battle was going on, for the steady crash of volley firing rose above the thunder of the forts.

At three o ’ clock in the afternoon the Turcos, reduced to twenty men, were still holding out, but they were beginning to suffer the tortures of thirst. Two men, shot in the act of lowering the bucket to draw water, had fallen into the well carrying the bucket with them. One of them, still alive, was clinging to some cranny, calling piteously for help, but there was no rope to lower, nor if there had been, was there any time to lower it, for the Zouaves swarmed now about the orchard like angry wasps, just outside of the drifting smoke and rifle flashes,

only waiting for the moment to break in and hack the life from the last living Turco.

Of the two dozen who were left, four held the hedge, ten crouched behind the trees, and three or four lurked about the well-curb. Sometimes for ten minutes not a shot would be fired on either side until a gleam of red breeches, a twinkle of white-gaitered legs, and a loud cheer would bring each Turco to his feet; and then such a cyclone of lead would sweep down the orchard slope, that the Zouaves always halted, and deployed in open order, firing instead of using the bayonet.

Once, however, six Zouaves crept up under cover of the smoke and started cautiously across the northern angle of the orchard, but before they had gone ten paces they stumbled over McBarron, Con Daily, Philip, Sarre, and two other Turcos, who had left the trees and were making for a spring in the meadow behind the house. Sarre clutched a Zouave by his blue sash and cut his throat before he could scream. Con Daily knocked another's skull in with the butt of his rifle, McBarron bayoneted two more, and another was shot in the stomach by Sarre. Philip was not pressed so he did not fire until the last Zouave suddenly sprang on him with an unearthly yell and seized him by the hair. Then Philip caught him around the waist and bent him back until his muscles cracked, and Sarre deliberately ran him through the neck with his sticky sabre. The Zouave fell a dead weight in Philip's arms, writhed a moment on the young grass, then, as Sarre struck him savagely over the temple with the butt of his revolver, he quivered and died.

“Curse them, the slinking wolves!” muttered Sarre, glancing toward the ridge; “we have n’t time to get to the spring—no by God! for here they come! Look out!”

The Zouaves were upon the hedge before Sarre could reach the well-curb, and this time they went through it, beat out the brains or butchered with their bayonets every Turco behind it, and swept on toward the orchard. Here, however, they were met with a scorching fire, and they fell back to the shelter of the hedge.

Then Sarre led his fourteen men into the stone house, for he knew the jig was up and they could only die like rats in their corners, fighting to the last.

The house, a two-storied building, was deserted. McBarron, Daily, and Philip were posted in the bedroom which commanded the orchard and well, while the others piled chests, armoires, and beds against the single door, and stuffed every window with pillows, mattresses, and bedclothes. Sarre nosed about for something to drink, but found nothing, not even a drop of water.

“Here!” he cried, “we’ve got to have water—who will volunteer for the spring? Here are three buckets!—come now, three men of good will!”

“I’ll go,” said McBarron, quietly, looking down over the banisters.

“Good!” growled Sarre, “who next?”

“I have two comrades up here,—they will go,” replied McBarron; “send up three men to watch the orchard and we can drop out of the back window.”

Sarre nodded, detailed three men to mount the

stairs to hold the bedroom window, and sent the buckets up by them. McBarron handed Philip and Daily each a bucket, slung his rifle across his shoulders, stepped to the rear window, and opened it. Then he quietly dropped to the ledge, rested his feet on the shutter below, and sprang lightly into the kitchen garden. Daily and Philip followed him, and in a moment they were creeping through the overgrown gully which had been used as a drain, toward the little spring in the meadow below. The drain led to a deep ditch which wound through the meadow and received the tiny stream of water from the spring. In single file, bent nearly double, they crept along until they came to a rivulet which flowed into the drain from the spring above.

“This will do,—we can’t crawl over to the spring, that’s certain,” said McBarron, and tipped the edge of his pail under the rivulet. Daily and Philip drank their fill, and when McBarron’s bucket was full they shoved theirs under the little stream of water while McBarron peered through the weeds and dried brush-heaps toward the orchard.

“They are keeping very quiet,” he said.

Daily picked up his pail which was full and started toward the house.

“Wait for me!” said Philip, who had just placed his pail under the stream of water.

“No, Con Daily and I had better go back and get these buckets hoisted up safe while we can. You can’t tell,—waiting for you might delay us a second too long. They’re keeping so d——n quiet in the orchard that there must be something up.”

“Then am I to follow you as soon as I get this filled, or shall I wait until you come back for more?”

“We’ve wather enough!” said Daily, “come when ye’re tin’s full,—we’ll pull ye up, me cherub b’y.”

Philip sat down while his pail was filling and watched his two comrades creeping through the drain. When they reached the kitchen garden they crossed it to the house and looked up at the window. Presently a Turco’s head was thrust out, and in a moment more Daily had climbed to McBarron’s shoulders and was lifting his pail to the man at the window. Then a rifle cracked, and a puff of smoke shot from a tuft of dead weed-stalks in the open meadow. McBarron reeled and fell against the stone side of the house and Daily tumbled to the ground, his bucket of water splashing all over him. In a second the Turco at the window whipped his piece to his shoulder and fired, and an answering bullet sped from the tuft of weeds. McBarron threw up his hands and stumbled forward on his face. Daily was on his feet like a cat, and, unslinging his rifle, blazed away at the hidden sharpshooter, but again the tongue of flame leaped from the weed cover, and Con Daily whirled around on his heels and pitched headlong into the ditch.

The water in Philip’s bucket was running over now but he did n’t see it. His eyes were fixed on that tuft of weeds. After a moment he saw a Zouave cautiously rise to his knees and creep up toward the house. Then other figures bobbed up all over the meadow; every hillock, every ditch, held its man; and now the orchard, the hedge-rows.

the fields were swarming with red-legged Zouaves all moving silently and swiftly on the stone house. The farm was completely surrounded, and Philip saw that he was already far in the rear of the advancing Zouaves.

The first thought that came to him was that he must return and share the fortune of his battalion. This was mere instinct, and the next moment he knew that he owed nothing to his battalion, and his debt to his Colonel could only be paid in bullets. But although he felt that now at last he was out of the clutches of the Commune, his sympathies, strangely enough, were with the little garrison in that stone house; for they had been his companions in danger, and now they were about to die. He did not think of escape for the moment, nor yet of his own personal safety. He crouched in the ditch watching those closing lines of scarlet. Would the Zouaves take the house by storm? Ah? he understood now, for the red lines had halted and a section of a light battery trotted across the meadow toward a ridge half sheltered by the orchard. An officer who sat his horse beautifully was directing the two guns, and his indifference to the frenzied volleys from the windows of the farm nearly cost him his life, for his horse sank under him and he was pulled to his feet by a Zouave, who himself fell a second later. But now the guns were in position and the signal was given.

“No. 1, fire!” Bang!

“No. 2, fire!” Bang! Crash!

The house, for a moment enveloped in dust, tot-

tered, then simply crumbled to the ground, and a dozen Turcos tumbled out like rats from a sack. But the Zouaves were upon them and they died hard, fighting to the end. Philip saw Sarre strike down three Zouaves, then stagger about as though dazed, until a sabre-bayonet pinned him to the earth. And that was the end; for the 1st Paris Turcos had been, with the exception of Weser's fifth company, and possibly fifty stragglers from Bas-Meudon woods, absolutely wiped off the face of the earth.

CHAPTER XX.

THE WHITE ROAD.

PHILIP'S pail was running over and the cool water soaked his shoes. Scarcely knowing what he did, he dropped to his knees, thrust his face into the bucket, drank long and deep, then bathed his hot face and neck. Then he laid his rifle and bayonet beside the pail, rose to his feet, bending low, and started to follow the ditch across the fields to where the Paris military road wound like a white ribbon in the distance. He intended to get back to the city because the Versaillists, under Thiers, had started to out-Nero Nero; and, although he had recognized in the officer who commanded the battery section Alain de Carette, the ferocious butchery by the Zouaves had sickened him, and he almost hated the Versailles troops as much as he did the Federals. To run to Alain in his uniform of a Turco and cry, "I am innocent," might possibly be practicable, but if he should happen to meet a Zouave on the way, Philip knew that killing would come first and questions afterwards. And now Alain de Carette had ridden away with his guns and the Zouaves were leaving a guard about the house, while the main body had already moved out toward the Clamart road, where, above the trees, the smoke

rolled up from Clamart village, and the distant bellow of cannon told a tale of fierce and stubborn fighting.

The ditch grew deeper and broader as it approached the Paris route. Philip followed it slowly, for the drain was full of briars and puddles of water. Three times he was obliged to creep on his stomach through long stone culverts partially choked with weeds. Once, on emerging from a culvert, he had to crawl over an obstruction which proved to be a corpse. The dead man lay face downwards in the mud, and as Philip stumbled on, shuddering, sleek brown river rats scuttled away through the undergrowth on either side.

When at last he reached the culvert that tunnelled the Paris route, he ventured to raise his head above the edge of the ditch and look back across the plain. Two miles away the ruins of the stone farm-house lay white in the sunshine beside the orchard, and far beyond, the smoke of the battle hung like a huge mushroom over the trees which hid Clamart village. On the slopes of Bas-Meudon he could see the sparkle of sunlight on bayonets, but, except for that, and a single dark square patch on the hillside which he knew to be troops in motion, the immediate vicinity appeared to be safe enough. He supposed that the ditch ran down to the Seine not far beyond the Paris route, so he crouched again, wriggled through the culvert, and started on. The river was nearer than he had thought it could be, for ten minutes more brought him to the muddy bank. But before he had time to pull himself out of the mud

and climb to the field above, a voice hailed him harshly, and a gaunt creature sprang upon him, crying: "Halt! halt!" He looked up. A Hussar of Death was covering him with a revolver. He was safe at last! To his tired hot eyes the man clothed in his fantastic uniform seemed an angel of mercy. The Hussar of Death eyed him for an instant, slowly lowered his revolver, and burst into a horrible silent laugh. Philip crept out of the ditch and stumbled to his feet beside the trooper.

"I am the last of the battalion," he said, wearily,—"the Colonel and the rest lie yonder. Can I get across the river?"

The hussar turned and pointed through the trees to a pontoon bridge below them. "There is time," he croaked, and Philip hurried on.

When he reached the bridge, a company of Federals were beginning to dismantle it, but they drew aside to let him pass, and in a few moments he had reached the other bank, and stood safe and sound, but tired and feverish and terribly footsore. He saw a group of houses, red-roofed and stucco-walled, on the bank above, and when he had climbed up to them he found himself in a tiny village. The village was occupied by Federal infantry, and the single street was full of officers, who stared at him very hard as he passed. One of the houses seemed to be the headquarters of some general, for aides were passing in and out, sentinels patrolled the garden, and the horses of an escort stood patiently in the shade of a budding chestnut tree by the garden wall.

As he passed the gate a trooper ran up behind him

and tapped him on the shoulder. "The General wants to see you, comrade," he said.

"What General?" said Philip, nervously.

"General Dombrowski."

"What for?" demanded Philip.

"Now I don't know—how should I? He heard that a Turco had come in and Colonel Wilton sent me to find you."

At the name of Wilton, Philip turned away sharply.

"You 'd better come," suggested the soldier, fingering his rifle. A group of soldiers and officers had formed around them and Philip saw that he could not hesitate any longer; but, as he made a motion to follow the soldier, the group parted and a gray-haired officer who held himself very erect stepped into the circle, followed by a file of brilliantly uniformed aides-de-camp. It was General Dombrowski.

"Are you from Colonel Sarre's battalion?" he asked pleasantly.

Philip saluted respectfully. "I am, mon Général."

"Where is Colonel Sarre?"

"Dead, General."

"When?"

"An hour ago."

"And the battalion?"

"Exterminated."

"In Meudon?"

"Partly in Bas-Meudon woods, partly while retreating. We held the stone farm and the orchard on the Clamart route until they brought cannon.

We left Bas-Meudon woods with two hundred men ; we reached the farm with fifty. They are all dead."

"All?"

"All—except Captain Weser's men."

General Dombrowski stood silent and thoughtful for a moment, then his short military figure straightened up and he looked kindly at Philip.

"How did you escape, mon enfant?"

Philip told him very simply.

"And you say that it was the Zouaves who did this shocking business?"

"The Zouaves of Charette."

Angry murmurs began to rise from the crowd around them : "The butchers! So Thiers gives no quarter! We will remember the Zouaves of Charette!"

At a signal from Dombrowski an officer summoned the escort—a troop of Polish cavalry,—and a moment later the General's horse and the horses of the staff were brought out, girths tightened, and the order given to mount. The crowd parted, the cavalcade trotted away toward the river bank, and Philip started on trudging wearily to Paris. As he passed into the village street a woman dressed in the regimental uniform of a Vivandière stepped to his side.

"Citizen," she said, "you need food and drink."

Philip turned slowly and looked her in the face. It was Faustine Courtois. Her face was expressionless, but her eyes were soft and pitiful. Very gently she slipped a loaf of bread, a piece of beef, and a

bottle of red wine into his empty haversack, still walking along beside him.

“Comrade, you’ve caught our pretty Vivandière!” cried a soldier, laughing. Philip turned instantly to Faustine and held out his hand.

“Thank you, citoyenne,” he said in a low voice.

“God bless you, comrade!” she murmured; then with a quick military salute she stood still, and he walked on alone.

Half an hour later he threw himself down beside the white military road and emptied his haversack on the grass. A clear stream gurgled under a little stone bridge that spanned the road below him. He washed the grime from his face and hands and fell to. He had not eaten since that hasty gammel of soup on the fortifications before daylight and, tired as he was, he devoured his bread and meat, and drank his red wine with a keen relish. Then he lay back against the trunk of a chestnut tree and looked across to where the walls of Paris were in plain view. He was not sleepy, but repose was delicious. Before him the road wound away toward the city, passing by two hamlets nestling among groves of sycamore and chestnut, then curved out by the Point-du-Jour through earthworks and rows of tents until it entered the city gate under the granite fortifications. As far as he could see, the white road was deserted, except by two quarrelling magpies. The magpies were disputing noisily. They hopped and bounded and flittered here and there, flirting their black and white wings viciously, cocking their impudent bright eyes, and piling insult upon insult, until Philip, deadly

weary of noise and fighting, closed his eyes, hoping they would carry their war into another region. A few moments later he opened his eyes to see if they were gone. Both birds were still in the road, but they had become strangely silent. He soon discovered the cause of this. A common danger threatened them. A large cat, belly flattened to the ground, was stalking the birds. They saw her. She crept nearer and nearer, eyes glowing, body flat as a serpent's; then gathering herself together she crouched, trembling, for the final spring. At that moment both birds burst into screams of mockery and derision and flitted away over the fields toward a distant dead tree. Slowly the cat turned her head, watching them until they disappeared across the meadow, then she crept up to where they had sat in the road, sniffed about, and finally rose with a disgusted jerk of her tail. A moment later she turned like a flash, for Philip had sprung to his feet and stood staring at her, rubbing his eyes violently. At that instant a solitary figure came into view around the curve in the road,—a woman who walked slowly and listlessly with bared head bent.

“Tcherka!” cried Philip.

The cat trotted toward him, hoisting a gorgeous crimson tail and making pleased observations rapidly. The woman started and raised her head with a gesture of terror, but when he jumped down the bank and sprang toward her she threw out her hands, with a soft cry, and in a moment more his arms were around her and her face lay against his.

CHAPTER XXI.

COMMISSIONS FOR TWO.

THE sun was sinking into the battle smoke beyond Clamart village. High in the zenith the new moon hung, a faint crescent in the rosy, evening sky. The rumble of war had died away in the west, but still from the south deep muffled intonations were borne on the spring winds, and strangely shaped battle clouds climbed above the horizon. The country around was quiet and peaceful; the solemn notes of the cannon grew less and less frequent, and the awful voice of Mont-Valérien was stilled.

Jeanne de Brassac, smiling and happy, sat under a tree in the meadow above the Paris road. Philip lay at her feet, his chin on his hands, his scarlet fez pushed back on his forehead. Tcherka was hunting field-mice. If her success had been in proportion to her enthusiasm, the field-mouse would have become extinct in France. From an oak tree near by two magpies jeered at her efforts until a small hedge-sparrow aroused their ire and they disappeared in headlong chase.

Philip and Jeanne had not said much after their meeting. The swift clasp and clinging caress left one of them happy and thoughtful, and the other

dazed. It had happened so suddenly,—neither was conscious of anything except that heart-sick terror was gone and a dear face was there, unchanged. Very sweetly she clung to him, now quiet and hopeful, with his strong arm clasping her waist, and his firm, young hand holding both of hers. That she herself was safe now did not occur to her at first. She only thought, “Philip is alive,—Philip is unhurt, here by my side.” Of course, she was safe enough now. Was not Philip there? Did anything ever stand against Philip? A moment before, she had been walking on the white military road, alone, penniless, not knowing, nor, for that matter, thinking, where she might lay her head at night; it was the load of deadly foreboding for Philip which weighted her young breast and bowed her head until her mind grew numb with hopeless misery. Her future seemed one long vista, dull and blank and full of sorrow. A second had changed all that,—the sound of a voice, a swift step, a strong arm about her,—ah, yes, one glance into the dear eyes!—and sorrow and trouble had vanished like broken bubbles.

They had told each other their little tales of danger and mischance, but already, in her presence, the dangers which lay behind him seemed so far away and so insignificant that his story was finished in a dozen words. Hers he listened to silently, touched to the quick by her low voice.

“But, Jeanne, how came you to be in the garden at that hour?”

“I could not sleep;”—after a pause she added, “because of you.”

Philip lay perfectly still, his chin on his hands, his eyes fixed on hers. She met his gaze with one, clear and serene, yet very sweet and wistful. He came and knelt at her feet. She placed her white hands on his shoulders, innocently, tenderly. How deep her violet eyes were above her white cheeks! He bit his lip and trembled with the agony of silence, but he would not speak. Oh, he had fought the battle with himself again and again. He knew—he never tried to disguise from himself—that to speak to her of love while she was helplessly dependent on his protection would be dishonorable. And his love, passionate, almost fierce as it was at times from restraint, had never yet mastered his will. But her innocent tenderness, her open, fond affection, together with the joy of finding her, were straining his powers of self-control to their utmost.

“Marguerite,” she began again in her low, thrilling voice, still keeping her hands on Philip’s shoulders, “Marguerite thinks I am nothing but a child—and perhaps she is right. But I did not feel like a child when I was weeping for you last night in our garden,—and I said then that if God would let me see you once more I would tell you that—oh, Philip!—there is no one in all the world whom I love as I do you.”

He bent his head,—a single bright drop of blood fell from his lips on the grass. He strove after the right, safe words to answer. She took her hands from his shoulders. He looked up and saw her drawing back, bewildered, dismayed at his silence, and he cried out: “Jeanne! don’t you understand!—I al-

ways loved you—always!—from the moment, on that Christmas eve, when I first saw you, a mere child; from that moment your face has haunted me—your voice, your eyes, your hair, your hands;—I love you so much and so truly that I have tried to be silent. Oh, Jeanne,—I have tried! I did not mean to take advantage of my guardianship—I never meant to violate that trust; and now I have failed; whether because I loved you too much, or too little, I do not know—but this I know, that your affection for me is returned as purely, as innocently as it is given. And some day, if God is merciful and keeps you safe, I shall come to you, among your own people, and offer you myself, my life, all I am or hope to be;—you will listen then, Jeanne?”

Almost humbly she answered, recognizing and worshipping the ardor, the vital force which she did not yet understand:

“You must teach me how to listen, Philip.”

He took her hand and kissed it, trembling.

“I will teach you,—Jeanne—and—and I will wait!”

They stood up together, a little dazed, as Tcherka came trotting up.

“Here’s Tcherka, blessed cat!” said Philip, smiling with an effort.

Jeanne mechanically stooped to caress her.

“Jeanne,” said Philip, mischievously, “say Toodles!”

“Too-dells, Monsieur!” cried Jeanne, indignantly. “But I should like to know, if you please, where you are going to take me. Do you see it is almost dark?—and the gates at the Point-du-Jour will be closed.”

“I have been thinking,” he answered, with a secret thrill in her perfect trust, “that perhaps it is as well that we can’t get into Paris just yet, until we hear the result of the battle. And I don’t like to take you back to the little village; it’s full of Federals. I see the roof of a farm-house a few steps beyond the curve of the road there. You must have passed it in coming.”

“I did; a young man came to the hedge and called after me as I passed. I did not understand what he said, and I kept on without replying. Shall we go and see if we can get shelter there? I am very hungry.”

“Yes, we’ll try it. Hungry?”

“Yes; I have not eaten since early this morning on the fortifications. Madame Cartier, your poor captain’s mother, gave me some breakfast.”

“What, Jeanne?”

“Not much,” she admitted; “a glass of wine,—some bread. She had to force me to eat it. She was very good to me——”

“And you’ve eaten nothing since that, and now it is almost night!”

Making her sit down again he pulled the provisions from his haversack, constructed a sandwich from the bread and beef, opened the bottle, and handed her a tin cup. With a gay laugh she bit a piece as best she could out of the sandwich, and soon held up the cup to be filled. The wine ran out. “Why, Philip, there is a hole in the cup!—it’s a bullet hole,” she added quietly.

“Oh, yes—I forget—well—you’ll have to drink

out of the bottle then. I 'll hold it." She put up her pretty mouth, and he tipped the bottle, as he thought with great dexterity, until she waved the sandwich for him to take it away again.

"Oh, dear me," she gasped, "what a perfectly untidy person I shall be! Look where the wine has dripped!"

"Look at my uniform!—*you* need not feel embarrassed!"

"My handkerchief is all wine—lend me yours," she implored.

"I wish I had one," he said pathetically; "will this do?" and he cut off a piece of his red sash. She took it laughingly, and begged him to give Tcherka some more meat.

"She shall have woodcock on toast some day," said Philip. "Did n't she bring you to me?"

"The darling!" cried Jeanne; "cut the meat up fine, Philip."

When Tcherka had finished Philip picked her up and they descended the bank to the wood, and walked toward the red-roofed farm-house which stood just beyond the curve. When they reached the gate and entered the gravel path that led to the door, a young man came out carrying a lantern and a set of harness. He looked sharply at them, raising the lantern above his head.

"Good-evening, citizen," said Philip; "can we get a bowl of soup and shelter here for to-night?"

"Can you pay?" asked the man.

Philip was silent. He had n't a sou.

"I have a watch," whispered Jeanne.

Philip nodded. "Yes, we can pay, citizen," he said.

The man hesitated. "I shall have two officers here to dinner," he said, after a moment; "I can get you a bowl of soup before they come."

"All right—we won't keep them from the table," replied Philip.

The man pointed to the door. "The table is there. I must harness my horse first. Go in." He turned away toward the stable, and Philip and Jeanne walked into the cottage. In the room on the ground floor a table stood by the fireplace. Philip drew two chairs beside it and they sat down to wait. In a few minutes the man reappeared outside, leading a horse attached to a dog-cart. He set down his lantern, hitched the horse to the hedge in the garden, and then entered the cottage.

"I hope we do not inconvenience you too much, Monsieur," said Jeanne, politely.

She had made a bad mistake. Philip saw it instantly. "Monsieur" was obsolete in the Commune's vocabulary; "citizen" was the shibboleth.

The man turned slowly toward her; his narrow eyes glittered.

"No, *Madame*," he said, "you do not inconvenience me."

The soup, in two earthen bowls, was hot and nourishing. It was what they both needed. The man sat down beside Philip and glanced over his uniform.

"You are one of Colonel Sarre's Turcos, citizen?"

"Yes, citizen."

"You were peppered?"

"Passably well peppered."

“ They say Flourens is killed.”

“ He 's not the only one then.”

“ No, no, not the only one,” said the man, stealing a glance at Jeanne. Philip watched him without seeming to do so.

“ They say Dombrowski is at the village yonder,” said the man again.

“ Yes. I have the honor of accompanying the citizen General,” replied Philip.

“ Oh,” said the man, more respectfully, “ are you the Turco he has as ordonnance ? ”

“ Yes,” said Philip, lying deliberately. The man cast another swift glance at Jeanne, and then rose and beckoned Philip to follow.

“ Here, citizen,” said the man, as they entered the small room beyond, which was filled with farming implements and garden tools, “ just oblige me by reading that,” and he pointed to a new placard pasted on the bare wall.

It was the placard offering a reward for “ les nommés Landes and Ellice,” and for the “ Citoyennes de Brâssac and de St. Briouc.” The man pointed eagerly to the description of Jeanne. His narrow eyes sparkled.

“ The powder has almost blinded me, citizen,—read it aloud,” said Philip. As the man stepped forward and began to read in a low voice, Philip picked up a wooden mallet from the bench behind him and quietly examined the head. The man finished and turned to him eagerly.

“ Five thousand francs reward for the woman,” he whispered.

“But where is she?” demanded Philip.

“In there! Don’t you see it is the same? I saw her coming along the road two hours ago, and I thought it might be she, but when I went to find her she was gone. I sent my boy to notify the village yonder to watch out.”

“But—but you would n’t betray this poor woman——”

“Bah! She’s an aristocrat. And to think you did n’t know what sort of hussy you had picked up for a night’s frolic! Half the reward is mine, comrade,—I only claim half—oh!—oh! mon Dieu!”—

Twice Philip swung his mallet on the man’s skull, and now he lay beside the rakes and shovels on the damp floor of the tool-room. At the same moment there came heavy steps and the banging of a sabre from the court-yard outside. With one searching look at the prostrate man’s face, Philip shut the door, locked it, and dropping the key into his pocket entered the dining-room. An officer stood, cap in hand, bowing very politely to Jeanne; when Philip entered he glanced at his uniform and drew himself up a little to receive the expected salute. The Turco did not salute in the fashion expected; instead of that he sprang toward the officer and seized both his hands. “Archie Wilton! you’re a God-send to me!”

“Landes! Philip Landes!” cried Wilton.

“Come here.” Philip pulled him into the hallway, opened the tool-room, and showed him the man on the floor. “I don’t think I’ve killed him, but I had to stop his mouth,” and he hurriedly told Wilton

how it happened that he was there with Mademoiselle de Brassac, and how helpless they were without knowledge of the country and in danger of being recognized and arrested for the reward.

“And I have n't one sou, Archie, not a cent to bless myself——”

Wilton took a full minute to recover his faculties. Then he pulled out a fat purse and handed it to Philip. “Here!” he said, with his boyish laugh, “I never meet you but you 've been punching somebody's head—I suppose you 'll punch mine if I don't give you this! There 's a big roll of gold in it—I forget how much.”

“But you 'll need it.”

“No; I 'd only blow it in. Besides, I 'll get more.”

“You are a good fellow, Wilton,” said Philip, deeply moved.

“All right. What about the party with the cracked skull? What will you do with him?”

“Gag him and leave him here locked in?” suggested Landes.

“No; better have him arrested as a suspect, then if he does recover he won't bother Mademoiselle de Brassac. I 've an ordonnance at the gate. He 'll sling the fellow across his saddle and gallop him into the Point-du-Jour.”

They dragged the unconscious man through the room where Jeanne, who had heard the struggle and muffled cries, was standing pale and quiet, and at the garden gate they hoisted their burden to the saddle-bow of a trooper who sat unconcerned on his sweating horse.

“Picard, here’s a suspect. Run him in to Mazas by the Point-du-Jour,” said Wilton. The trooper saluted, grasped the limp form by the waistband, shook the bridle, and was off along the Paris route.

“Seems a low-down trick,” muttered Landes, looking after him. “But it’s our lives or his——”

“Yes, and it seems to me he was getting ready with a trick of his own,” said Wilton. Philip’s face hardened as he remembered how the man had spoken of Jeanne.

“Now what in blazes can I get as a disguise for Mademoiselle de Brassac, I wonder,” pondered Archie—“and for you too. If they find you wandering about in that uniform they’ll shoot you as a deserter. Look here,—I’m going back to the village to steal some clothes for you—I was going to dine here with another officer but he’s—er—incapacitated by drink from keeping his engagement. He won’t miss his uniform at present, and I’ll borrow it for you. If I can find some woman’s clothes I will. If not, Mademoiselle de Brassac has got to wear what I can find.”

“Not—not men’s clothes!”

“She can take her choice,” said Wilton, vaulting into the saddle; “wear them or run the risk of getting caught—and mighty soon too—I heard she had been seen before I came here—a boy brought the news, and the whole village will be after that five thousand francs. She’s young and slender and as straight as an arrow, and if she wears the pointed hood and long loose rain cloak over her cap and uniform you know—she’ll be invisible,—all but her

boots and spurs and the tip of her nose. You 'd better advise her to accept it if necessary—unless you want Raoul Rigault to get her—— ”

“She will do so if it is necessary,” said Philip, stiffly. Wilton wheeled his horse. “I 'll be back in no time,” he called.

Philip stood a moment while he galloped off, then turned and entered the house. Jeanne was standing by the table where he had left her. When he told her what he had done she shuddered a little. Then there was an awkward pause.

“Will you wear an officer's uniform if Wilton can't get anything better?” asked Philip, flushing and looking away from her.

“Of course I will wear whatever you think best,” she answered quietly. “How will the things come?”

“I don't know,” he replied—and sat down a little apart from her, resting his head on his clenched fist. His face had become grey and drawn, his eyes stern and hard. Tcherka jumped on the table and walked over to rub against his shoulder. He looked up. “What shall we do with the cat,” he said, irritably, “we can't carry her about now.”

“Could n't we possibly take her along?” asked Jeanne, timidly.

“Really, Jeanne,” he said, a little sharply, “you can't expect me to risk your life for a cat.”

“Very well,” she answered gently, holding out her hand to Tcherka—who marched over to her at once. Jeanne took the cat's beautiful head in both hands and kissed it; there were tears in her eyes and

she kept the lids down so that Philip should not see them; but he saw them.

"Would n't it be more merciful to shoot her than to leave her? Soldiers are so cruel," asked Jeanne.

"She shall come with us for the present," he answered; "we won't part with her unless we are forced to. My dearest little Jeanne, if you were only somewhere safe I would bring you your cat through thick and thin," he added, smiling sadly. "I am so nervous on your account,—don't be hurt if I am irritable."

"Hurt! And you who are thinking only of me, never once of yourself! Is it on *my* life that the price is fixed? Could I not buy my safety any moment with those miserable diamonds? But you! What price could buy your life from Raoul Rigault. And it is for me you fear!—oh! Philip——"

"Nonsense, I——"

"You are the most generous, as you are the bravest man alive," she said proudly. "No girl ever had such a—such—" she stumbled a little, and then went on, her voice clear and steady. "No woman ever had such a lover as you. I am not worthy of you—but—if I could give my life for yours, I would."

"You will give me your life some day," he murmured.

"I will," she answered,—“when you ask it.”

How he longed to take her to his breast, to hold her close and trembling, to touch her hair, her eyes, to kiss her hands! She was so gentle, so winning in her innocence, so helpless, so dependent. But—the time had come when he dared not trust

the slightest caress; and he was true to himself. He went to the door and looked down the dark road. There was a sound of distant galloping which came nearer and nearer until a rider, all muffled and shrouded, swept up and drew bridle as Philip hurried down to the gate. The horse, ghostly and gaunt was dripping from bit and flank, the rider sat with shadowy face bent on Landes: and his heart sank as he saw it was a Hussar of Death.

“What do you want?” he asked, with dry lips.

“You!” croaked the man, and grinned maliciously as Philip drew back a step. Slowly he took a bundle and a letter from his saddle pouch, and, flinging them on the ground, wheeled his lank horse away into the darkness again.

“Damn their theatricals!” muttered Philip, angry at himself for having been so startled. The deadened hoof-beats died away along the road, and he picked up the letter and parcel and carried them into the cottage, his heart heavy with foreboding. He broke the seal of the letter and read it aloud:

“DEAR PHILIP:

“My battalion marches toward Issy in ten minutes,—the bugles are sounding now. Orders just in from Dombrowski who takes command. I send your clothes by messenger. There is no answer—let him go—it’s one of those goblin Hussars of Death and they are the devil for snooping and spying. Take care of your lovely charge! Goodness knows I wish I could help you out, but I am only a pawn on the board. There is one thing I can do and I enclose

the necessary order. It will keep you safe until you can turn yourself a little. I 'm off.

“ ARCHIE WILTON.”

Enclosed in this hasty letter, Philip found an official looking document :

“ Headquarters of the Army in the Field.

“ April 5th, 1871.

“ Orders given to the citizen Archibald Wilton, commanding the 266th Battalion to detail two or more officers at La Resida for the purpose of inspecting all milk, poultry, fresh vegetables, eggs, and fruit, in requisition and to be delivered at the Point-du-Jour as occasion requires for the garrison.

(Signed)

“ DOMBROWSKI.”

To this was attached a slip of paper :

“ Detailed for service, Lieutenants Dupré and Fabrice of the Subsistence Department, now serving as special aides on my staff.

(Signed)

“ ARCHIBALD WILTON,

“ Colonel.”

And again to this was attached a bit of paper on which was scribbled :

“ La Resida is a village of three houses on the Varzin Route. You 'll be alone and unmolested. There 's a servant there. Follow the road which turns south by the cottage where you now are. It takes two hours to drive there, four to walk.

“ ARCHIE.

“ P. S. A word to the wise. Use the dog-cart. The man won't mind,—being in Mazas Prison for a month or so. You can keep it too—if you don't mind. The horse will need looking after while his master is enjoying the hospitality of the Commune.

“ A. W.”

Jeanne meanwhile had opened the parcel. Two complete uniforms of officers of the Subsistence Department lay in the papers. They were brand new. Pinned to the sleeve of one of the dolmans was a card :

“ I did n't have to steal after all. These are fresh from the Equipment Bureau and I found them in the train-des-equipages just arrived. If a 'tringlot' comes with a bill to La Resida, pay him—you have enough.

A. W.”

“ The d—dear old fellow !” cried Philip, stammering with happiness.

Jeanne gathered up the smaller suit, including the black képi, the slim spurred boots, and the pointed hood and cape, and slipped away into the kitchen, closing the door behind her. Philip threw off his Turco costume and put on the new uniform with a sigh of relief, for it was clean and fresh, and fitted much better than the heavy baggy Turco dress. As he drew his visored silver-edge cap over his eyes there came a knocking from the kitchen door.

“ Come in, Jeanne, I 'm ready,” he cried.

With charming timidity she walked in and stood still, a picture of delightful confusion. Under the

visor of her cap, her eyes, veiled by the long lashes, drooped a little; her scarlet lips were nervously compressed, her cheeks crimson. The astrakhan-edged dolman fitted her lithe body to perfection. Above the tight officers' boots, which came almost to her knee, her young limbs seemed rounded and moulded into the black riding breeches with their triple dark-blue stripe. She touched the hilt of her sword, glancing shyly at Philip, and, as she moved, her spurred heels rang on the tiled floor.

"A perfect soldier! A swordsman! A swordsman!" he cried, marvelling at her grace and beauty.

"But my hair—my hair is very unmilitary, Philip!"

"You can draw the hood on."

"Of course; and that with the long cloak will make me look like a common soldier!—and I'm an *officer*! I shall cut my hair," she announced.

"I'd like to see you!" he cried, "you little Amazon!"

"But I will," she persisted, mutinously, "and I like this costume—a soldier's! I feel so free—I—believe I hate skirts!"

"Oh!"

"I do!" she laughed. There was a slightly strained tone of excitement in her laugh. The long strain of weeks, the series of shocks she had endured so quietly and bravely for two days past were telling on her nerves. This feverish gaiety was a revulsion from the cruel suffering of suspense. It would lead to a crisis unless he interposed.

“Jeanne,” he began——

“*Lieutenant*, if you please,” she interrupted, laughing almost hysterically.

“Jeanne,” he repeated, “I must clear up here before we go; will you help me? Have you your own clothes? No? Get them at once and make a bundle, as small as you can, then take Tcherka and go and sit in the dog-cart until I come. Hold on to Tcherka, for we’ve no time to chase her if she takes it into her head to run away. I must go and hide my Turco suit.”

He looked around the tool-room and found a spade, and, going into the garden, dug a hole large enough to accommodate his Turco’s costume. Then he returned to the house, put out the lamp, shut and locked the door, and joined Jeanne, whom he found sitting in the dog-cart. She had put on the long hooded cloak, and she looked very meek now, hugging Tcherka to her breast.

“Good,” he said, unhitching the horses and springing to the seat beside her. “You will need your cloak, it is going to be a cool drive.” He glanced into her face. It was quite white, all trace of excitement was gone, and she looked terribly fatigued. He wrapped his own cloak about her feet, muffled her hands in the warm folds, and then deliberately put his arm around her neck and drew her head down to his shoulder.

“Sleep—if you can,” he whispered, giving the reins a shake, and the dog-cart swung into the Varzin road due south from the Route de Paris.

CHAPTER XXII.

WITHIN THE WALLS.

THE great sortie to Versailles, conceived and directed by Bergeret "himself," had failed utterly. Flourens' column had been repulsed and driven through the Porte Maillot and Flourens lay dead in the road with his crazy head split open by a gendarme's sabre. Bergeret's column, with the exception of the 1st Turcos and the Hussars of Death, had made good time toward the Point-du-Jour, headed by Bergeret "himself." Eudes was anxiously dodging behind the bomb-proofs of Issy with the fragments of his command, and Duval's column, fighting bravely, was slowly retreating from the shambles of Meudon and Clamart. Duval, with his entire staff, had been captured late in the day, and, in harmony with Monsieur Thiers' ideas of civilized warfare, had been backed up against a wall and shot without court-martial. He met death gallantly, quietly removed and folded his jacket, placed it on the grass, and throwing open his shirt front cried: "Long live the Republic! Aim! Fire!" And old General Vinoy who stood by, gnawing his moustache, growled: "C'était un crâne bougre,—il est mort comme un bon bougre!"

The Army of the Commune was in fragments, and from the Hôtel de Ville a howl went up which

chilled the Parisians to the marrow. The howl was answered by one still more sinister from Cluseret.

In 1848 Cluseret was a Mobile, later he was a Captain in the Foot Chasseurs, but his resignation was requested on account of some alleged irregularity in money matters. Then he went to America and became a General during the War of Secession, but history is silent as to his exploits. When he returned to Paris he edited a newspaper. According to his own statement, "he had n't read very much," but he signed his articles "General Cluseret," and that went a great way with himself, although it shocked the professional sense of the Paris press.

Hardly was he installed in the Hôtel de Ville before he began to issue decrees at such a rate that the Government printer resigned his position.

The first decree re-established the *Compagnies de Marche* of the National Guard. It read as follows:

"In consequence of the patriotic demand of the great mass of the National Guard, who, although married, insist on being accorded the honor of defending their country and their municipal independence, the decree of the 5th of April is modified as follows:

"1st. From the age of seventeen to nineteen, service in the Army of the Commune will be voluntary; and from the age of nineteen to forty, *obligatory* for all National Guards whether married or not.

"2d. I urge all good patriots to serve as police for their own city wards and to force all refractory persons to serve in the Army of the Commune."

This infamous decree was signed:

"Le délégué à la guerre,.

"GENERAL CLUSERET."

According to its terms, a citizen would be forced to serve, in civil war, a cause which might be odious

to him. No measure was more unpopular or did more injury to the cause of the Commune. It organized and legalized the search for and pursuit of neutral citizens, anywhere and everywhere,—in the streets, in their homes, in the very churches,—even at the foot of the high altar.

But General Cluseret's second decree was destined to dim the lustre of the first, for in it he established military terror—the Court-Martial.

Raoul Rigault looked askance at these proceedings, fearing no doubt that they would take away from him people whom he might prefer to murder himself, so he redoubled his "vigilance" and the prisons were gorged with priests.

Meanwhile at Versailles, MacMahon took command, always, of course, under the foxy eye of Monsieur Thiers; and now the Army of Versailles was composed of two strong infantry corps and a heavy corps of cavalry, besides two divisions of infantry held as reserve. MacMahon lost no time. On the 6th of April the outer line of forts was besieged; on the 7th, the Versaillists reached Gennevilliers; the 8th, Montaudon's division fell upon the bridge of Neuilly and swept it clean; on the 9th, de Gallifet's chasseurs galloped into Courbevoie; and on the 17th Davoust led the assault on the famous Château of Bécon which was the key to Gennevilliers. On the 18th, a regiment of gendarmes chased the Federals out of Bois-de-Colombes; the 19th, the Hussars of Death, the Polish Riders, the Garibaldians, and the 34th de marche were hurled across the bridge of Asnières and fled pell-mell into Paris. Had it not

been for Dombrowski, the passage of the Seine would have been open to the Versailles Army.

“You cowards!” he cried, spurring his horse through the flying insurgents, “must a Polish officer give lessons in courage to Frenchmen!” And he pushed himself, followed by his staff, straight into the enemy’s fire, crying: “No cowards need follow me!” The Federals heard him, rallied and charged, and the bridge was saved.

General Cluseret, “délégué à la guerre,” selected three lieutenants, and to do him justice he selected them fairly well. The best of the three was Dombrowski, who was intrusted with the lines of defense from Saint-Ouen to the Point-du-Jour, and who established his headquarters at La Muette. His strategy and defense were admirable.

The second of these lieutenants was Wrobleski, another Pole, who probably knew more than most of the gentlemen at the Hôtel de Ville and certainly knew more than Cluseret, but he was not the equal of Dombrowski. Wrobleski commanded the lines from the Point-du-Jour to Bercy.

The third man selected by General Cluseret was La Cécilia, a well-bred, harmless gentleman, who spoke or understood twenty-six languages, and passed for an erudite mathematician; but, although he had distinguished himself as a Colonel of franc-tireurs in the Franco-Prussian war, he was no General, and would have done much better to have remained a simple Colonel.

With these three men Cluseret might have done something; he ought to have done a great deal,

but, like Monsieur Thiers, he "did nothing," and did it almost as energetically as Monsieur Thiers. Then the pack in the Hôtel de Ville fell on him, as it had fallen with him on others.

"Cluseret is an incapable!" shouted Arnold.

"Cluseret is a fool!" yelled Vaillant.

"*Cluseret is a suspect!*" added Clovis Dupont, with a cold sneer.

That settled it; the word "suspect" always settled things. Cluseret was relieved of his command, cashiered, and a decree was issued, which after many preambles ended thus:

"It is decreed—

"That the Citizen Cluseret be placed under arrest, and so maintained until the end of the present military operations."

So Raoul Rigault had his grip on Cluseret's throat; and Rossel, the same day, stepped into Cluseret's shoes.

The abandonment of the fort of Issy was Cluseret's last act; the recapture of that fortress was Rossel's first act.

On the 29th of April the Versailles batteries at Meudon and Breteuil pounded the last semblance of shape and form out of the fort of Issy, and in spite of the armored trains which opened fire from the viaduct of the Point-du-Jour,—in spite of the gunboats and the terrible storm from bastions 76 and 77, the Versaillists advanced by Clamart and Moulinaux, occupying the park and trenches of the Issy fort, and rapidly threw up breastworks which protected them from the musketry fusilade. The bom-

bardment ceased at midnight, but when the day broke the batteries of Val-Fleury thundered, and the smoking ruins of Issy were again covered with bursting shells. All day long the exhausted garrison crouched among the débris, and when night came, their commander having fled, they crept out of the crumbling crater and entered Paris at the Point-du-Jour. The fort had fallen, the Versailles troops were already crawling cautiously over the trenches and glacis, when Colonel Rossel, at the head of the Husars of Death and the remnants of the 1st Turcos, burst through the Issy cemetery, swept the Versailles troops from the Park, the Château, and the Couvent des Oiseaux, and once more the red flag of the Commune flapped from the iron staff on the ruins of the Issy fort.

Until the 9th of May, the handful of men of the 1st Turcos clung to the fort of Issy, now in ruins. The crash of their siege guns and the rattle of their American Gatlings comforted the wrangling patriots at the Hôtel de Ville; but the fort of Issy was doomed, and on the evening of the 9th of May the walls of Paris were placarded with this poster:

“ THE TRICOLOR FLOATS FROM THE FORT OF ISSY ;
THE FIRST BATTALION OF PARIS TURCOS IS ABSOLUTELY
ANNIHILATED.

“ LE DÉLÉGUÉ À LA GUERRE,

(SIGNED)

“ ROSSEL.”

Then the Hôtel de Ville shrieked "Treason!" but Rossel stalked into their midst, sternly reproaching them for their inaction.

"I asked you for artillery and infantry, and you delayed. Where is the treason?" he cried. "I asked you for a general, and you sent me a seedy professor; I asked for colonels, majors, captains, and you sent me bakers, butchers, and political scavengers! Where is the treason? Your quarrelling committees have paralyzed my every movement, your feeble hesitation has lost me my fort." Then turning disdainfully to Delescluze, he said: "I resign,—and I have the honor to request of you a cell in Mazas Prison!"

The Central Committee gaped at him in amazement. Delescluze frowned, and turning to Billioray, muttered: "Do you hear what he asks?"

"I do," sneered Billioray; "give him his cell, and come to dinner."

Of the three hundred men, the remnants of the 1st Battalion of Paris Turcos, only one escaped destruction in the fort of Issy. With his company which had fled from Bas-Meudon woods and with Pagot's company from the barricade in the rue Notre Dame, Weser had marched through the Issy cemetery and had been present when the troops, led by Rossel, swept the Versaillists from trench and rifle pit and regained the fort; but the lines of investment grew tighter day by day, and on the morning of the 9th of May the Zouaves of Charette fell once more upon the crumbling fort. It was over in a few minutes, no quarter being given, and the

tricolor fluttered gaily over the heaped up corpses. Isidor Weser, the night before, had foreseen this. He did not require very long to make up his mind as to what he should do. Pagot, half divining his intention, kept a keen eye on him.

"Izzy," he growled, "if you ever try to desert your men, I'll see that you go farther than Paris."

"You mean—to heaven?"

"I mean to hell."

So when, on the night of the 8th of May, Weser crept out of the bomb-proof, Pagot, lurking behind the ruined barracks, saw him steal across the parade, and promptly confronted him.

"Where are you going, Izzy?" he enquired.

"I've got a bullet in my foot," replied Weser, "I'm going to the hospital."

"Curious! You don't limp," mused Pagot.

"Look for yourself, then," said Weser, sticking out one tattered shoe.

Pagot stooped and took the foot in his hands.

"Where is it? Does it hurt, Izzy?"

"It is very painful."

"But I don't see—" began Pagot.

"Don't you?" snarled Weser, burying a knife in his back,—“so sorry, but I must go now.”

And so it happened that Isidor Weser, a little foot-sore and with wary eyes on the watch, walked into the bureau at the Hôtel de Ville, where Tribert sat comfortably copying orders and decrees. Tribert eyed him in surprise, and his surprise changed to something else when Weser began to relate his feats

of prowess, in what he asserted was the last assault on the Issy fort.

“It’s marvellous that I alone was saved to tell the tale,” he ended fervently.

“Yes,” said Tribert, “it is really marvellous.”

“I fought like a demon——”

“As usual,” observed Tribert.

“All my men were down,—the cannon thundered and the air was literally solid with shot and shell. Poor Pagot fell with a bullet in his heart——”

“So when he lost his heart you lost yours.”

“The bastions crumbled into dust,—the ground was wet with blood,—blood flowed through the trenches,—blood splashed in the rifle pits—blood ran——”

“So you ran.”

Weser paused and fixed his bright black eyes on Tribert’s face. “Don’t you believe me?”

“No, Izzy.”

“What are you going to do?” said Weser, softly.

Half an hour later, Weser, in a fresh uniform of a staff-officer, filed his marvellous report of the Issy massacre, and settled down to write orders in Tribert’s bureau.

He would have felt himself very comfortable but for what he knew Tribert suspected, and what he feared Tribert might know—and his peace of mind was also ruffled by a vile habit Tribert had of saying things to frighten him.

“Izzy,” he observed, one very pleasant afternoon when Weser felt like enjoying himself,—“Izzy, the Commune is on its last legs. We shall all be shot soon, when Monsieur Thiers comes back.”

“Bah!” replied Weser, valiantly, but his blood was chilled.

“Officers will get no quarter,” continued Tribert; “Raoul Rigault and you will probably be tortured.”

“Bah!” said Weser, angrily.—“When is Raoul Rigault going to shoot those priests?”

“Soon, I hope—he ’s slow. The old Darboy has been kept waiting too long for his congé. I ’d have hung him long ago.”

“Yes, Raoul is slow sometimes, unaccountably slow.”

“But he ’s sure, Izzy, and I think he ’s got his eye on you,” said Tribert, with clumsy malice.

“He ’s a lunatic!” muttered Weser, quailing.

“No—I think only a little fond of killing. We ’re none of us safe, Izzy, with him—now that he has begun to turn suspicion on the Central Committee. Yesterday he arrested Rossel, to-day he denounces Eudes, to-morrow it may be even Delescluze——”

“Or you, or me,” suggested Weser, slyly, detecting a tremor through Tribert’s bravado. “And he ’s not very clever after all; I wonder why we let him frighten us,” continued Weser, feeling he was getting the upper hand;—“for instance, after all the pains he took to catch the American, Landes, he never caught him.”

“Landes,” repeated Tribert in an ominous voice.

“Yes,” said Weser, pretending not to understand—“don’t you remember him? You ought to, he ’s left his mark on your face——”

Tribert burst into a rage so wild that Weser seized

his portfolio and fled to the next room, where he locked himself in and sat down and laughed until his bead-like eyes grew glassy. He could hear Tribert on the other side of the wall stamping and cursing, and at last he lay down on a lounge weak with mirth.

“The ugly baboon!” he chuckled, “how nasty white he got, and how the scar showed! Oh my! Oh my! the bull-necked bully! Oh dear! Oh my!” Weser had to hold his sides again.

The same afternoon Tribert, pocketing his reluctance to meet Raoul Rigault, set out for Police Headquarters. He found Rigault washing his hands in a basin of scented water.

“What can I do for you, Colonel Tribert?” he asked, with a smile so cold that Tribert faltered. Drying his plump white fingers on a damask napkin, he called an orderly to brush him.

“If you are going out I won’t detain you,” said Tribert, sorry he had come, and edging toward the door.

“I am going to dinner, but if you wish to denounce anybody I always have time for that, you understand.”

“No—yes—that is, I wished to ask whether you have been able to find any trace of the American, Landes.”

“Have you come to criticise my department?” asked Rigault, with a dangerous flicker in his near-sighted eyes.

“No! Oh no, no, no!” cried Tribert in a hurry. “I only wished——”

“What?” snarled Rigault, shooting a deadly glance at him.

“I—I merely wanted to say that I would be—be glad to add five thousand francs to the reward.”

“You are very generous, Colonel Tribert,” said Rigault, deliberately. “And most disinterested I am, sure!—five thousand francs out of your own pocket! and you only a poor Colonel, with nothing but a Colonel’s pay—just three hundred and sixty-five francs a month. Really, if I did not know you to be incorruptible, I might almost wonder how you could get your five thousand francs.”

Tribert’s forehead was cold with sweat, and terror was stamped on every feature. He stammered something and moved again toward the door.

“Good-night, Colonel Tribert,” said Rigault, looking after him with his pale eyes.

CHAPTER XXIII.

A VOICE FROM THE CLOUDS.

THE white hamlet of La Resida lay in the sunshine under a sapphire sky. On every side stretched meadows already beginning to vibrate with insect life, for the bright sunlight of May had gilded the silver clover and opened little buds on thorn and hedge. Deep in the fragrant hearts of the field lilies, bees hummed and buzzed, and white butterflies flitted across acres of daisies, now settling upon some blossoming stalk, now hovering capriciously, now drifting on the soft wind.

When sudden shifty breezes swayed the clover, each butterfly clung fast to its blossom, but when the wind died out and the ruffled surface of the shallow meadow pools grew glassy, the butterflies rose together and sailed over the clover in powdery clouds.

A yellow cat, who was spending all her energy in pursuit of a low fluttering butterfly, became excited at the sight of such swarms of winged creatures, and leaped frantically into the air; but her paws only patted space, and she settled down again among the clover, smelling and pretending she had n't jumped. Then from the white highway came the creak of wheels and the sharp snapping of whips.

The cat knew what that meant. It meant a bowl of fresh cream and perhaps a strip of tender meat; and she bounded away through the meadow toward the largest of the three houses, before which a train of market wains had now drawn up.

The dusty blue-bloused teamsters climbed to the ground, and the half dozen troopers, who served as escort, dismounted with a great clattering of sabres and carbines, and led their horses under the long red-tiled shelter behind the house.

“Tiens, here is the cat again,” cried a burly dragoon; “she knows on which side her bread is buttered.” He called to her gaily and she came, tail erect, uttering pleased mews of expectation.

“Come here—here, Tcherka,” called a young trooper, trailing his scabbard in the grass to lure the cat to him, but Tcherka knew her business, and proceeded to rub and mew and flatter the burly red-faced cavalryman until he laughed and called to a teamster: “Eh! la-bas!—bring me a jug of cream and a cup!”

At that moment the door of the stucco cottage opened and a man in the black, blue, and silver uniform of a Lieutenant of the Commune, Subsistence Department, stepped out on the lawn. All the troopers saluted, and the teamsters raised their long whips and stood at attention. The officer touched the polished visor of his cap, nodded smiling, and looked at Tcherka, who crouched in ecstasy before a cup of pure cream.

“I see, citizens, that I am becoming superfluous as inspector here. My cat samples and tests for me;

I have nothing to do but to countersign your invoice," he said.

Every morning it was understood that some mild pleasantry should be dispensed concerning Tcherka's prompt arrival on the appearance of the provision convoy, and every morning the troopers laughed and saluted, and the teamsters grinned and snapped their long whips.

"She is a fine cat,—no finer cat exists in France, Citizen Lieutenant," said the burly red-faced dragoon. This was his invariable reply to Philip's pleasantries; it came next in order, after morning greetings had been exchanged.

Philip nodded, and taking the long strip of stamped paper which the head teamster fished out of the crown of his peaked cap, walked slowly along the lines of wagons, poking a cabbage now and then, picking up and critically weighing eggs in the palm of his hand, sipping samples of milk, or nibbling at a leaf of escarole or romaine. The head teamster had taught him how to do this. It looked knowing and very official, and he supposed it was all right, because General La Cécélia, who was in command at the Point-du-Jour, was never heard from, and the garrison found no fault with the quality of the food. So Philip played at Provision Inspector, frowned a little when he thought he had been smiling too much, looked with sudden suspicion at an innocent carrot, hemmed, coughed, and stamped the invoice. Then affixing the seals and signing with a flourish, he returned the certificate and invoice to the head teamster, who ducked and smiled in anticipation.

“Citizens, you are tired—the road is dusty—a little wine?”

This was Philip's invariable formula, and the invariable chorus came heartily: “A thousand thanks, Citizen Lieutenant!” So Philip called to his long-legged servant, and Jacques,—his name was Jacques Jean Marie Louis Joseph Bottier,—brought out a tray and a half dozen bottles of ordinary wine. Philip solemnly filled his glass and raised it.

“To the Republic, citizens!”

“To the Republic!” they cried, draining their glasses.

Then the troopers led their horses from the shelter, the teamsters climbed into their heavy wagons, the provision train slowly moved away toward the summit of the low hill from which one could see Paris and the Seine; and the little hamlet of La Resida lay again silent and deserted in the bright May sunshine.

Philip stood in the doorway until the last wagon had disappeared behind the hill and the last trooper had trotted out of sight. The stillness of the morning was perfect. In the road below, a very young rabbit hopped out of a hedge, wrinkled its nose, stared at Tcherka with large moist eyes, and scuttled noiselessly back into the hedge again.

The chances were a hundred to one that no human being would pass along the disused road until the wagon train returned at midnight. The chances were a thousand to one that Jacques Jean Marie Louis Joseph Bottier would stumble and break at least one glass when he shambled out to remove the

tray. Philip mentally took the bet, although the odds were terrible, but he knew his man, called to him, and won the bet hands down. Jacques Jean Marie Louis Joseph Bottier had broken three glasses.

"I—I am very sorry, mon Lieutenant," mumbled Jacques.

"Never mind, the Government pays, mon enfant ; get a broom and sweep up the bits,—and be careful where you throw them. Is Lieutenant Fabrice up yet ?"

"Not yet, Lieutenant."

"Indeed, I am," said a gay voice from the window above ; "Jacques, my son, I wish my coffee at once. Good-morning, citizen Lieutenant Dupré !"

"Good-morning, Lieutenant," replied Philip, gravely saluting. "Am I to have the honor of joining you at breakfast ?"

"Charmed and flattered," came the answer ; "wait a moment, Philip ; I'll come down under the trees with you," and the figure at the window above disappeared.

"Bring the coffee out here, Jacques," said Philip, and sat down under the chestnut trees at the hedge gate. In another moment a supple, slim young figure, clothed exactly like Landes, appeared on the threshold.

"I have a mind to put on my own clothes to-day, Philip ; what do you think ? It's over a month now that we've been here, and we have never seen anything more dangerous than the wild rabbits and Jacques."

"Wait, Jeanne," he said soberly.

“But I don't see—there! don't frown, Philip—I'm not going to be unreasonable,—but I would like to dress like a—a woman again just for a few hours——”

“And suppose General La Cécélia should gallop out here to inspect!”

“He won't!”

“Or suppose troops should pass!”

“They never do!”

“Or the wagon train come back!”

“Not before midnight.”

“Don't ask me, Jeanne.”

“But I do ask you, Philip.”

“Then—don't.”

“Very well,” she sighed, “but really the rabbits won't know the difference, and Jacques Jean Marie knows it already, and we can trust him.”

“It is too dangerous,” Landes said; “suppose some wandering trooper or prying peasant should see you? I tell you, Jeanne, the teamsters and the escort of the wagon train are good fellows and swallow all I give them about your special clerical work, but if they begin to wonder why it is they never see you except at your desk by the window in the mornings, and take to snooping about here, they will find out the truth in no time, and you and I will decorate the branches here above our heads. Don't ask me, Jeanne.”

“Then I won't, you dear fellow,” said Jeanne, and looked at him with clear, sweet eyes. “Do I worry you nearly to death? You will begin to turn grey, I suppose—why! I do believe you have two grey

hairs on your temples. What a shame! Is it on my account?"

"No," said Philip, laughing, but his laugh was not as genuine as it might have been, and it ended with a scarcely perceptible sigh. It *was* on Jeanne's account. Within the last six weeks his eyes had grown hollow and those firm lines had come about his mouth in thinking of her. Not of her danger alone. No, there was something besides that. His love was beginning to wear on him, and in spite of himself he was growing morbid. He knew she loved him tenderly, but not with the full love he wanted. He began to fear she never would love him as he did her. He knew that under the circumstances he ought to thank God for her simple childlike affection, and yet sometimes the temptation almost mastered him to try and change her feeling to a deeper one. The struggle began to wear on him.

Jacques brought coffee and rolls, and they sat down to breakfast under the flowering chestnut trees by the hedge.

"What are we going to do to-day, Monsieur," she said gaily.

"We are going to teach you to say 'Citizen' instead of 'Monsieur,' I think—you imprudent girl!"

"Et après?" she persisted, with a wilful smile.

"Whatever you wish—shall we walk across the meadow to the brook in the woods?"

"Oh, certainly, so that you may spend the day poking about to see if there are any trout in the pools!" she laughed. "You know you might as well look for mermaids in the Seine!"

"If I only had my colors here!" he said wistfully.

"Poor boy! You shall look for trout all day, if that will help you to forget your easel!"

"Well then, suppose we fix up a couple of rods and try the stream anyway."

"For the trout that are not there?"

"They may be there,—those pools are deep and no May-flies have hatched out this season. I believe I will try it. Jacques has hooks and lines; he fishes for gudgeon in the Seine. Here, Jacques!"

After Philip had selected two from a bundle of cane fishing-rods which the servant brought him, he asked Jacques, "What do you do for bait?"

"Worms!" said Jacques, briefly.

Jeanne turned away in disgust. Philip removed the gaudy quill floats from the lines and called; "Jeanne, where 's your work-basket?"

"In my room."

"Go and get it, Jacques, and bring me some shoemaker's wax and all of your spare hooks. We are going to have pigeons for dinner, are n't we?"

"Yes, Lieutenant."

"Are they plucked?"

"Yes, Lieutenant."

"And there is a duck and a pullet in the cellar. Did you pluck them too at the same time?"

"Yes, Lieutenant."

"Can you bring me the feathers?"

"Yes, Lieutenant."

"Good. Now, Jeanne, come here and learn how to tie a fly," he said presently, and she immediately sat down on the ground beside him. Piles of mottled

feathers lay all around them, spools of red and yellow silk were in their laps.

"Watch me, Jeanne, see, it is very easy."

He took a fine hook in his hand, laid the hackle from the pullet's neck against the shank, and bound it firmly with a twist or two of the waxed silk. Then he clipped the tip from a white pigeon feather and bound it to the end of the shank for the wings. When he had finished winding the body and had inserted a bit of scarlet worsted just above the barb, he laid a strand of silver tinsel from the galons of his sleeve over the body of the insect, bent back the wings, gave a dozen quick turns to the thread, and snipped the thread with his knife.

"That 's a very fair 'Royal Coachman,'" he said, holding it out for inspection.

"How pretty!" she cried; "I shall make one immediately."

They worked quickly, but her slender fingers flew faster than his; and before he had finished explaining the mysteries of "Professors," "Green Drakes," "Yellow Mays," "Hackles," "Spinners," and "Gnats," she had a little heap of a dozen tempting-looking flies in her lap, while he could only count eight.

"They are beautifully dressed," he said, highly delighted; "you tie a fly much better than I do."

"Of course I do," she laughed, springing up, "and now I intend to go and catch a little fish."

"This is a highly accomplished young lady," said Philip, rising and brushing the bits of tinsel, silk, and feather from his braided jacket; "look at your

spurs, Jeanne; who ever heard of a trout fisherman in spurred boots? Give your sabre to Jacques!"

"Who ever heard of a fisherman in staff uniform?" she retorted.

They unbuckled their sabres and handed them to Jacques, whose approval of the proceedings was expressed in a grin.

"Take care of Tcherka, Jacques," said Jeanne, with a pretty gesture toward the cat, who sprawled dozing in the sun by the hedge; "when shall we return, Philip?"

"By six anyway. Dinner at seven, Jacques;—pigeons and salad, you know,—and don't you dare burn the soup!"

Jacques ducked and grinned.

"If anybody should come," began Philip—

"Nobody will come; are you ready?" she cried impatiently.

"Yes," he said, picking up both rods; but Jeanne insisted on carrying her own, and imitated Philip's method of disposing of his flies by sticking them all over her silver-banded cap. The cap set very naturally on her head now, for, eluding Philip's vigilance, she had cut off her lovely hair, and now it curled and waved all over her small head.

Philip swung to his shoulder a campaign sack in which were chicken sandwiches and a bottle of wine, and followed her through the hedge gate.

"If anything happens and we don't return for dinner," he called to Jacques over the gate, "you must not be alarmed; keep a cautious tongue in your head, and stay right here until we do come back."

“And take good care of Tcherka!” added Jeanne, gaily. At the sound of her name, Tcherka raised her pink nose and blinked in the sunlight, but Jeanne and Philip had turned into the meadow and were already wading ankle-deep in the scented clover. She moved through the clover lightly, her fair face faintly tinged with color, little glints of soft hair blowing over her cheeks. The collar of her jacket dented the skin on her white throat and she left it open.

“Did you bring any brioche?” she asked.

“For you—of course.”

“You never forget anything.”

“I cannot—anything that concerns you.”

“I’m sure there is one thing you forgot.”

“What?”

“Salt!”

“But you do not use it.”

“But you do!”

He laughed and colored.

She was silent, and they moved on lightly through the fragrant meadow.

“Butterflies, butterflies, and more butterflies!” she exclaimed at last. “I think the clover has taken wings! Do you suppose they are happy? I am sure they are. See them whirl and hover and then go fluttering up, up, up, until they fade into the blue. Do they ever come down again? There go two more up, up to the sky. Do they always go together—two together—when they sail away into the blue sky?”

“Perhaps they are seeking the haven of love,” he said sadly.

She noticed his tone, and continued in a low voice: "Psyche holds a butterfly. Is love immortal, Philip?"

"Some love is."

"How do you know?"

"How do I know?" he repeated sharply.

"Yes—how do you know?"

"Because I love."

They went on some time in silence. She was a little in advance. When they came to the meadow brook she waited for him at the edge. He helped her over, and, when he would have dropped her hand, her slender fingers held his. Her eyes were turned toward the near woods.

"Listen!" she said—"the birds."

How deep and warm the fragrance of the sunlit meadows! How sweet and cool the glades through which their path now lay! Her soft white hand, which thrilled him so, lay in his own, quite passive, as side by side they moved along the narrow woodland path. And from the dim arches of the forest aisles the song of the birds swelled unceasingly. High on the tip of a tall pine a blackbird was singing to his mate.

"A blackbird! Our prophet!" whispered Jeanne.

"What does he prophesy, Jeanne!"

"Happiness—I think."

"For us?"

She bent her head, the color mantled neck and forehead.

"For us?" he repeated.

"He is our prophet," she murmured; "don't ask me yet, Philip—give me time."

"Tell me," he pleaded.

"What?"

"That you are learning to love."

"To love," she repeated, trembling. "Oh, I don't know—wait—wait, I must have time. I scarcely know what I am saying. It came so suddenly—in the meadow——"

"You are frightened," he said, in a low, happy voice; "I will wait, Jeanne,—don't tremble so, I am only Philip, your comrade——"

"You are more," she cried—"Philip, I love you!" and she flung her arms around his neck.

"The birds are still singing," he murmured, as she lay trembling in his arms. She nestled her head closer to his, her eyes, half-veiled, drooped with a new shyness.

"Jeanne, Jeanne," he murmured, "I love you."

And at last she answered him, speaking his own language: "Ah! How I love you, my Philip!" She raised her face to his in the innocence of her passion. How her heart was beating! He held her closer. The forest around was very still. Their lips met. The blackbird uttered a long liquid note.

If there had been trout in the stream, and if Philip and Jeanne had fished for them, the trout might have taken the artificial flies. But those prattling rapids, and deep amber pools swirling under green leaves, were never disturbed by fishermen that day. A heavy fish floundered up after a struggling cricket, but the leap and splash did not draw a glance from Philip. A sleek otter slipped silently into the pool from the bank above. A baby fox crept from the

thicket into a sunny circle among some ferns, cocking his enormous ears and peering cunningly across. He played boldly in the sunshine until Philip took a step forward, then he came down on all fours barking impudent defiance.

“What is that?” asked Jeanne, raising her face from Philip’s shoulder.

“Nothing, my darling, only a fox cub.”

Presently the fox, tired of barking, curled up, tucked his brush under his flank, yawned, and blinked at them with glittering, malicious eyes.

Through the tree tops the sunshine glimmered like powdered gold. Far in the forest depths some lost sunbeam sparkled and paled as the branches swayed in the breeze. A grey hawk darted through the labyrinth of trees, and his long wings flashed as he wheeled and hung breathless above the baby fox. The cub leered up at the bird and snarled, the hawk sailed away over the tree tops uttering a desolate cry. Then, as Philip raised his head to look after him, a sudden shadow, vast and grey, enveloped them. They started up,—a balloon was gliding through the air just above the tree tops. At the same instant a voice came from the wicker car, clear and distinct: “Let go that sand bag, we’ve got to rise; this wood is deserted;—ready—heave!”

A torrent of sand came rushing earthward through the leaves. The fox cub fled. Jeanne caught Philip’s arm.

“Signal General de Gallifet to attack, Lieutenant,” came the voice from the sky, more faintly now.

“Bien, mon Colonel.”

“Ready with another sack,—heave!” Again the descending rush of sand tore through the branches.

“Signal Clamart when we get higher.”

“Bien, mon Colonel.”

The words grew fainter and fainter until the voices died away in the sky and the balloon rose higher, higher, while the sun glinted on the pale yellow silk, and struck showers of sparks from the flashing heliograph.

“We had better go,” said Philip, quietly,—“that is a Versailles balloon, and they are signalling to attack.”

“I suppose if you had hailed it they would have fired at us without inquiry,” said Jeanne, anxiously.

“Yes—our uniforms—and they shoot first under such circumstances.”

She sighed and drew his arm about her waist, but before she could speak, the distant bang! bang! bang! of cavalry carbines sent Philip leaping to the edge of the woods.

“Oh, look,” cried Jeanne, “they are shooting up at the balloon!”

It was true. A dozen cavalymen were capering about on the road below in great excitement. Now and then they drew bridle and fired from their saddles at the balloon above, then dug spurs into their horses and galloped madly after it. The balloon moved slowly toward the west, the car was too indistinct now to distinguish flags or figures, but high in the clouds the heliograph sparkled and flashed its messages across the country to Clamart and Meudon and the heights of Versailles.

“What is that—oh! see there, Philip!” she cried again.

“Where? What?”

“There—by our house—don’t you see? Away off there near that queer red square on the hillside.”

“That queer red square on the hillside is a regiment of infantry of the Line,” he said quietly; “and what you see beyond them, near our house, is the sunlight striking the cannon of a field battery. See how they move now. They must be close to our house. Look! The cavalrymen have given up chasing the balloon. I believe they have just discovered the Versailles infantry—yes—there they go to warn their main body!”

“Then—then we can’t go home, can we?” said Jeanne, faintly.

“No indeed,—we’re homeless again, my darling, —unless the Federals are in force in this vicinity, which I don’t believe. If we had n’t come fishing we would have been taken by the Versailles scouts.”

“And shot?”

“Not you I trust.”

“It would be the same,” she replied indifferently, “I shall die when you do.”

A nearer crackle of musketry sounded from a patch of woods below.

“Hello,” cried Philip, “the Federals are here after all. That was the pickets;—now they are firing by company,—Hark! See the white cloud on the hill back of our house! The battery is shelling the grove. That shell fell perfectly;—it must have exploded among the battalions.”

“They are going to turn our paradise into a battlefield,” said Jeanne, desperately; “oh, do you think they will?”

“I fear so,” he said, drawing her closer.

For now, from the battery on the distant hill, the pale flames leaped incessantly, and the insurgent infantry in the wood below poured out of cover in disorder, scattering in every direction. Then other batteries, masked among the groves and thickets of the circling hillsides, burst into smoke and flame: everywhere reddish-brown squares and oblongs blotted plains and hillsides, and bayonet tips sparkled in the sunlight.

Crash! ripple—crash! came the volleys on every side. Like rats scuttling from a settling hulk the Federals tumbled out of the undergrowth and made tracks for the denser cover of the forest.

“They are coming here,” said Philip, “we can’t stay any longer.”

“But where can we go?” asked Jeanne.

“To Paris—we have no choice. The whole Versailles army is on the move. Oh, if we could only get rid of these uniforms!”

“Look! Look! Philip!” cried Jeanne, catching him by the arm and pointing at a little footbridge not a quarter of a mile below them.

“I see,” he muttered, “the Federals will be cut to pieces;—it is a flank movement.”

For a moment they watched a dense column of red-legged infantry crowding at double quick across the little bridge, then Philip turned away with an irresolute gesture.

“It would mean safety for you if you were not wearing this cursed uniform. What a fool I was not to listen to you when you wanted to wear your own clothes!”

“It would have made no difference,” she said, “you would not have been able to go with me.”

“Your safety is the first thing,” he said, almost roughly. “Look down there; see how near they are! What a fool I was!”

She slipped her hand into his and smiled.

“Are you not going to take me to Paris?”

“It’s time,” he cried, “ah, if you were only safe——”

A half-suppressed scream from Jeanne checked him. Through the trees, over the soft thick moss, a file of horsemen were advancing in perfect silence. Towering above his skeleton horse, wrapped in the awful emblems of death, the leader of the cavalcade moved noiselessly toward the edge of the forest, and after him swarmed his hideous legion, gaunt, pallid, shrouded in *crêpe*. Grimly, above his horse’s rusty mane, the leader stooped and pointed. His sunken eyes glittered. Then came the sharp hiss of sabres leaping from steel scabbards, the hoarse croak of command, and the Hussars of Death wheeled and fell upon the enemy.

“Oh, Philip!” moaned Jeanne, covering her eyes, for the spectacle at the footbridge was terrible. Fascinated by the horror of the swift butchery on the bridge, Philip had stepped out to the edge of the woods, but Jeanne’s cry roused him and he cast a quick glance around. Already the red-capped sharp-

shooters were creeping in their direction, while from the meadow below the frightened insurgents clambered up the hill and fled through the woods toward Paris.

"Come," he said, and seized her hand, and they started, running after the rest.

It was a long dash through the woods, but she kept up bravely, her hand clasped tightly in his. When her breath came in little gasps and her limbs faltered, he would slacken the pace and walk until she signalled silently that she was ready again. Once a prowling Versailles sharpshooter took a snap shot at a Federalist who was running just ahead of them, and the fellow dropped, cursing, with a bullet in his ankle, but the sharpshooter was instantly enveloped by a swarm of fugitives who fell on him, snarling like wildcats, and literally tore him to pieces among the underbrush.

Twice Jeanne stopped to quench her thirst at some of the rills that crossed their path, and little by little the flying Federals passed them, until they were left entirely alone on the farther edge of the forest. And here Jeanne sank down, panting and tearful, and Philip knelt beside her, taking her hands in his.

"I—I can't go on!" she gasped.

"You must—don't hurry—but you must."

"I cannot," she sighed,—“my heart seems to suffocate me!”

He walked swiftly to the edge of the fringe of trees and then hurried back again. "Courage, my darling. We are close to the ramparts of Paris. Only one more effort and we are safe," he whispered.

She looked up at him and held out both her arms. "Lift me," she said, "I will try."

He stooped and raised her and she clung about his neck, smiling through her tears. And as he stood for a moment, holding her in his arms, a man came creeping through the thicket before him. He sprang back, and Jeanne slipped to her feet, but other men jumped on him from the bushes and struck him savagely, and in a moment he was rolling, stunned and bleeding, among the dead leaves. Jeanne, pale and silent, struggled between two marines of the Commune, but one of the men drew his sword and pressing the point against her braided jacket, sternly bade her be quiet. Then Philip opened his eyes, gasped, stared, and staggered to his feet.

"Ah!" sneered Weser, "a spy in the uniform of the Commune! Very funny—oh, very funny—but what 's coming is funnier yet!" Then turning to a corporal beside him: "take that man to La Roquette—and take that pink and white putty-faced young fool there along with him. He looks like a snivelling woman. I'll give him something to snivel for. Where 's my horse? Tell my aide-de-camp to notify Rigault that the fellow Landes is caught, and is safe in La Roquette,—and tell him to send the reward to me at the Hôtel de Ville. By the way, you need n't say anything to Colonel Tribert,—I 'll speak to him myself. If the prisoners are unruly smash their skulls in. March!"

CHAPTER XXIV.

WESER BIDS TRIBERT GOOD-NIGHT.

WHEN the last of the Paris Turcos, Pagot's company, were exterminated at the fort of Issy, Tribert notified Colonel Rossel that the barricade on the rue Notre Dame was empty and undefended. Colonel Rossel, a soldier to his finger tips, and a brave man, was busily occupied in trying to retake the Issy trenches when Tribert's despatch arrived, but he found time to send a message to Dombrowski, urging the immediate direction of a battalion to the rue Notre Dame, and explaining how important that barricade was, covering as it did the approach to the Gare Montparnasse and the Luxembourg. So Dombrowski twisted his grey moustache, scowled, glared at Bergeret's reserves, who were filling ten thousand sacks with earth (all they were good for), and finally galloped to the Hôtel de Ville, where Tribert received him in fear and trembling.

"I want a battalion," said Dombrowski; "a good one—none of the Bergeret kind."

Weser, who was sealing orders for Tribert, chuckled to himself. "Tribert's got to go, the lazy rat," he thought; "how he will hate to leave this sunny, comfortable bureau!"

"There is the Marine battalion," began Tribert, smoothly, but was rudely interrupted.

"D—n the Marine battalion!" said General Dombrowski; "they are a lot of drunken footpads. What I want is a tried battalion,—franc or guard, I don't care which! Have you any such?"

"No," said Tribert, sullenly.

"Then you 've got to take command of your 'Avengers'—I can't help it if they are not formed yet—they are the flower of the veterans, and the only franc corps worth their salt, now that the Turcos are gone. I wish Colonel Sarre was alive!"

"Thank God, he 's dead,—the feather-headed fool!" thought Weser.

"Alas," said Tribert, with a wily glance at Weser; "it is true that Colonel Sarre is dead, but there still remains one of the bravest of his captains,—a cool, prudent fellow, but a fiend incarnate in battle. His courage has been put to proof at Meudon and Issy, and yet to-day this loyal son of the Republic is but a simple captain, asking nothing, claiming nothing, only seeking to do his duty. You ask me, General Dombrowski, who this modest hero is? And I reply, he is my dear comrade, my friend and more than brother,—the last of the Turcos,—Isidore Weser!"

Weser, whose expression had changed slowly for the worse while Tribert was snivelling his eulogy, fairly bounded from his chair when his name was pronounced, but Tribert gave him no time to protest.

"General," he pleaded, "I ask that this gallant man

be rewarded. He has merited well of the Republic. Give him this coveted honor, the command of the 'Avengers.' Proud as I would be, happy as you make me when you ask me to command the battalion which I have formed, I would be still prouder and happier if I could see my dear brother and comrade leading the 'Avengers' into battle!"

"Stop!" gasped Weser, in a cold perspiration. "I—I don't wish to—I don't deserve this—this honor!"

"You do! Isidore, you do!" cried Tribert, enthusiastically.

"I don't!" snarled Weser, and darted a terrible glance at Tribert. Tribert continued to eulogize him, smiling blandly at the white malignancy of his face, and finally the brave old General interposed.

"You are too modest, Citizen Weser," he said, for, being brave himself it never occurred to him to suspect cowardice in others; "you are too modest even for a brave man. You have waited patiently for recognition. You shall have it. I give you command of the 'Avengers.' Be worthy of them as they will be worthy of you. It is ten o'clock. By twelve you will have your commission. Join your battalion at once and occupy the barricade in the rue Notre Dame." Then, returning Tribert's prompt salute, Dombrowski walked away to find Delescluze and Ferré, and if possible to drag those bloodhounds away from Rossel's trail.

For a moment Weser and Tribert eyed each other in silence. Weser's face was green with suppressed fury, but Tribert, after a minute, shrugged his shoulders and turned to his desk.

“You have played me a dirty trick!” said Weser, in a passionless voice, but his eyes were deadly.

“Silence!” roared Tribert; “do you know whom you address?”

“I know,” said Weser.

“I am your superior officer—remember that!” sneered Tribert. Then he began to laugh. “You ’re trapped this time, Izzy, sure as guns are guns!”

“I am very glad to go,” said Weser.

Tribert burst into shrieks of laughter.

“Of course you are! Why, I can see martial ardor burning in your eyes! How you must long to bare your breast to the Versaillist bayonets! Bayonets hurt. How you must yearn for the bursting shells! Bullets hurt, too, Izzy,—but what is a leg, an arm, an eye, a face torn to pieces—what is a human life when one can give it for the glory and—oh, dear me! ha! ha!—the glory and honor—yes, honor, Izzy,—of the Commune?”

“May the God of Israel curse you!” said Weser, slowly. His eyes were burning in his distorted face, and he stretched out his arms in an agony of fear and hate. Then he went out of the room, and far down the street Tribert heard his sabre clanging on the stony pavement.

So Tribert was left alone to laugh his fill—and curse a little too, for there was something in Weser’s voice and face that troubled him more than he cared to acknowledge. He was glad his bureau was public property. Officers of every grade, in gorgeous uniforms, passed and repassed, and all were discussing the same thing,—the latest issue of the Official

Journal of the Commune, or the "Official," as it was called. In it were the full reports of the trial and sentence of Cluseret before the Commune. The Commune had been in session that morning, and measures of urgency were voted at Rossel's request. Day after day Rigault, Delescluze, Billioray, and Ferré had urged their bloody measures, and most of them had been passed. The death penalty, swift, merciless sentences for civil and military offences, the law of denunciations and midnight visits to suspected houses, the compulsory service with the National Guard,—all these measures had been passed, and were now laws in full operation. And still Rigault demanded more power, more plunder, more blood; and the Commune trembled before him.

Perhaps Tribert was thinking of Rigault, perhaps of some other unpleasant subject, for he started violently when a small, near-sighted man sat down beside him without ceremony, and, drawing a pair of glasses from his silver slashed jacket, adjusted them and smiled. It was Rigault.

"Sit down, sit down, Colonel Tribert," he said, noticing the other's involuntary start; "I want to chat with you a bit. I've just come from the séance of the Commune. They are beginning to suspect Dombrowski now. Hey! The dance goes on, and my prisons are getting too full. I must shoot a few people to make room. I've just convinced the Commune that there are twenty or thirty gendarmes who are of no use to the world. They're sentenced, and by this time are filing out to be shot. I'm sorry to miss it too, for there are a dozen cowardly Na-

tional Guards among the batch who hate to die. Where is your friend Weser?"

"He is detailed to command the 'Avengers,'" replied Tribert, with a sickly smile.

"Ah—um—I see. So you escaped and he was caught, eh? He's a coward—but you are not—at least, not that kind of coward. You merely love comfort and good food. Who detailed him?"

"Dombrowski."

"*Dombrowski is suspected*," said Rigault, coldly; then, "if I could shoot ninety-nine per cent. of the Commune it would leave traitors enough and to spare. They say—I know they say that I am crazy,—that I am blood-drunk, but I know who the traitors are! Do you suppose that a single whispered word escapes my spies? Do you suppose a single traitorous heart-beat is not noted in my 'Book of the Condemned'? I bide my time."

Tribert stared at him, mouth ajar.

"I came to speak about the American, Philip Landes," said Rigault, "do you know where he is?"

"No," gasped Tribert.

"I do," said Rigault.

"You—you have caught him!"

"Yes. Your friend Weser caught him. He wants the reward now."

"Where is—where is this American?"

"In La Roquette. I am very much pleased. I shall not shoot him."

"Not shoot him!" blurted out Tribert.

"No—I shall have him strangled—slowly." They

sat silent for a while, then Rigault spoke again: "Your face will always bear his marks."

Tribert ground his teeth.

"I have also my little account to settle with Monsieur Landes," continued Rigault, with a meditative glance at Tribert's disfigured face.

"When are you going to do it?" demanded Tribert, after a moment.

"Do what?"

"Strangle him."

"Oh, really I don't know. I want to take my time,—I wish to give my personal attention to it. The young man really merits it. I am going to shoot a lot of gendarmes and priests first, to clear out the prisons. Then I'm going to shoot the priest Darboy."

"The Archbishop?"

"That's what he calls himself. After him there are a lot of others. It won't be very amusing. I am saving the American as one saves a good morsel. Would you like to be present at the interview?"

Tribert nodded.

"I will let you know in time. I shall torture him," continued Raoul Rigault. "Have you heard any news of the de Brassac hussy?"

"No," said Tribert, "it's a wonder they were not trapped together. Was he alone?"

"No—he had another young fellow with him;—both were masquerading in our uniform. But Weser saw no traces of the de Brassac wench."

"How did Weser stumble on Landes?" enquired Tribert, curiously.

“Do you remember the day you sent him to Dombrowski with Bergeret’s despatch,—the day that the Versaillists outflanked La Cécilia and knocked Moulin-Saquet and the Montrouge fort to pieces? Well, this fox, Weser, also went on a little errand of *mine* at the same time, and that errand was to arrest Colonel Wilton of the 266th, who is in my eyes a suspect. He got him and packed him off to La Roquette, and, coming back with his marine escort, he had the luck,—the pure luck to stumble on a fugitive—a private in your old battalion, the 265th, named Martin. This man Martin was the fellow who was on guard at the Impasse de la Mort when Landes got in and carried away the de Brassac girl. Well, Martin had seen and recognized Landes, although the American cur wore our uniform; so Martin, remembering the reward, and also having an old score to settle, followed the American and his brother spy, and when he saw Weser and his marines, he denounced Landes, and led Weser to where he stood. That is the whole story. Simple, is n’t it?”

“Yes. Does Martin get any of the money?”

“Half. Here is Weser’s share.” Rigault flung a bag of gold coins onto Tribert’s desk.

“Weser’s gone,” said Tribert.

“He’ll be back. See that he gets his money. Money’s cheap now. There is plenty in the Bank of France.” Then he rose, adjusted his sword, mopped his chin with a scented embroidered handkerchief, and walked out.

Tribert leaned back in his chair, his eyes fixed on

the bag of gold. He had sat there for an hour, scarcely moving, never taking his eyes from the bag, when a light step sounded behind him, and Weser reappeared in the uniform of a Colonel of the National Guard. Tribert looked at him, expecting another outbreak, but Weser smiled, and motioned him to rise.

“I want to have a talk with you,” he said pleasantly; “come into the secret office. Have you got the keys?”

Tribert, a little surprised, but willing to escape another wrangle with the man who was now his equal in rank, fumbled in his pocket for the keys, and produced them. “I’ve got something to say to you also,” he said, picking up the bag of gold, and balancing it in his hand; “come on, Izzy.” Weser followed him down the broad staircase, through a series of gloomy corridors, and then down another staircase to a landing, closed at the end by a massive door. Here he fumbled with his keys for a while, but at last the heavy door swung open, and they entered the secret office.

“Whew!” grumbled Tribert; “that door is heavy!”

“How thick are the walls?” asked Weser.

“Thick enough to deaden the screams of the damned. Nobody can hear us now. Sit down.”

The room contained a table and a dozen chairs. In the corner stood a sink. Two quaintly wrought faucets dripped water into the iron basin, and the constant drop! drop! drop! irritated Tribert. He tried to turn the faucets entirely around, but they

stuck fast, and the water continued dripping with solemn regularity.

Weser had closed and bolted the door, and now sat before the iron table, his pointed ferret-like face in his hands, his black eyes roaming restlessly about the room.

"I have never before been here," he said; "what is that ring in the floor for?"

"That iron ring? Oh, it lifts a slab of stone."

"What's there?"

"Down there? The river."

"Under the floor here?"

"Yes. D—n this faucet; I can't turn it. What do you want to see me about, Izzy?" He came and sat down opposite Weser, and lighted a cigar. "What do you want?" he repeated.

"I want to know what you honestly think of the chances of the Commune,—for one thing."

"Well, Izzy, as we are alone, and no witnesses at the keyhole, I can safely say that the jig is up."

"You think so?"

"I'm sure. Only a compromise with Thiers can save our necks."

"Why?"

"Why? Look at the Issy fort! Look at the viaduct of the Point-du-Jour! Look how they sunk our gun-boats! Look at the forts of Mont-rouge, the battery of Moulin-Saquet, bastion number seventy! Do you know the Versaillists are running their parallels within a few mètres of the enciente? They are already in the Bois de Boulogne."

“So are we—in the Bois de Boulogne.”

“Yes, and we are quitting it in a hurry too. The shells are falling all about the Arc-de-Triomphe, the shells are digging holes in the Boulevard des Italiens. Our only hope is behind the barricades.”

“And then?”

“Then? Then if they take the barricades, we can burn the city, blow up everything behind us, and run for the German lines. The Prussians are neutral. Is that all you wanted of me?”

“All—for the present. What do you want of me?”

“Nothing—a trifle. I hear you have been earning a reward.” Weser raised his eyebrows. “A fat reward,” continued Tribert, “in the service of Raoul Rigault.”

“Yes.”

“You never told me, Izzy.”

“What of it?”

“Oh, nothing. I might have shared the reward with you if you had.”

“The reward is mine. Where is the money?” said Weser.

“In my pocket, Izzy. Half of the reward went to Martin, half I keep.”

“It’s mine,” said Weser, in a low voice.

“But you will give it to me,” sneered Tribert, “won’t you, Izzy?”

“Give me the money,” said Weser again.

“I’m sure you’ll give it to me, unless you care to have it known that Pagot died with a knife in his back,” grinned Tribert.

For a moment Weser's face was awful to see. Then a ghastly smile stretched his mouth. "Oh, if you put it in that way I suppose I must not find fault," he said, with the slightest quaver in his voice. "You can keep the money." Tribert grinned again.

"Thanks," he said, rising and walking toward the door. "Are you coming, Izzy?"

"Not yet."

"No? Well, good-bye then."

He bowed ironically, and touched his cap in salute. "Good-night, Colonel Weser."

"Good-night," said Weser, and shot him through the back.

CHAPTER XXV.

HUSBAND AND WIFE.

THE crash of the revolver in the stone room set Weser's ears tingling, the pungent powder vapors stung his eyes and choked him. Little by little the smoke floated to the black ceiling, where it wavered in broad bands, drifting and settling like filmy cobwebs. Through the silence of the sealed chamber the water in the sink dripped, dripped, dripped, until the sound seemed to grow like rain increasing with the wind. His whitened fingers still clutched the revolver, but now his wrist began to ache, and he laid the weapon on the table softly. His eyes had never left the bleeding, dusty heap before the door, and presently he rose and bent above it. Then he rolled it over with his foot. Death was stamped on the loose face and glazing eyes.

When he had searched the body,—a task which he hated, for Weser disliked to touch the dead,—he dragged what had once been his comrade to the square slab in the floor, and seizing the iron ring, lifted the slab. From the black depths a foul odor crept. It nauseated him, and he seized the corpse by the feet and pushed it head-foremost into the

hole. Then he turned on the water in the sink, mopped up the lake of bright red blood with the table covering, and flung it into the hole.

When he had washed his hands and replaced the slab in the stone floor, he counted the twenty-franc pieces in the bag, carefully arranging them in piles of ten each. Several were badly defaced, and he rubbed his thumb nail over them, whistling under his breath. Then he examined the plunder taken from Tribert's pockets. In one pile he placed a handsome American watch, a gold pencil case, a silver-handled knife, a bunch of keys, and a gold-rimmed wallet stuffed with twenty-franc pieces. A handful of silver coins he dropped into his own pocket, and then sat down to read the letters and papers; but they were unpleasantly smeared with blood, and he finally took them, together with a revolver, a sabre, a bundle of order blanks, and a tobacco pouch stuffed with cigarette materials, and dropped them into the hole. For a moment he stooped, listening to the faint clash of the sabre as it struck the sides of the well, then the odor of death and decay sickened him, and he once more replaced the iron-ringed slab. When he had washed his hands again, and had pocketed the plunder from Tribert's corpse, he was ready to go; and he went, humming a tune.

At the street gate below he halted a moment. Somewhere in the city, across the Seine, the drums were beating the alarm, and the tocsin added its clamor to the rising tumult. His battalion, the "Avengers," lay behind the barricades across the river. Should he join it? For a moment he hesitated, then

turned in the opposite direction, walking swiftly, holding his sabre tightly under his left arm.

The day was Sunday, the 21st of May, or, as the Commune styled it, "3rd Prairial of the year 79." It was late in the afternoon, and the fury of the bombardment had slackened toward the Point-du-Jour, now merely a heap of smoking ruins; for the Versaillist batteries had riddled the viaduct, driven away or sunk the gun-boats under its arches, and had cleared the neighboring bastions of men and cannon. The fort of Montrouge and the batteries at Moulin-Saquet still replied to the Versailles batteries, or flung their shells among the thickets of the Bois-de-Boulogne: and Delescluze, now *délegué civil à la guerre*, was very well satisfied with his inspection of these forts, and the enceinte of the south and east.

The rue Notre Dame had so far escaped the shells, but on the 21st of May, at five o'clock in the afternoon, a huge projectile appeared in the sky above the Pont Neuf. Shrieking, hissing, it fell in the Luxembourg Gardens, and exploded among a group of children and nurse-maids. Then horror multiplied on horror; the air was rent by howling shells, and the crash of explosions drowned the shrieks of innocent women and children.

The "Avengers" massed behind the barricade on the rue Notre Dame heard the tumult and waited impatiently for their new Colonel, Weser.

"The shells will be falling among us before long," they growled; "we won't stay here to be decimated without firing a shot."

“We want our Colonel!” clamored the officers, angrily, as a shell struck a house at the bottom of the rue Vavin and exploded with a startling “bang-g-g!”

“It appears to me that your Colonel is a coward,” observed a man wearing a red ribbon across his breast.

“That ’s it! A coward! a coward!” shouted the soldiers, lifting their rifles above their heads and shaking them with rage. “Give us a leader! Give us a man! To the fortifications! to the fortifications!”

“I will lead you,” said the man who wore the red sash across his breast.

“What ’s your name?” yelled an officer.

“Delescluze, délégué civil à la guerre, citizens!”

Then the troops broke into maddening shouts of joy, and the drums rolled from the rue Vavin.

“Delescluze! Delescluze! Forward! He will lead us into fire!” they howled, and the rue Notre Dame echoed with the confused din of departure.

From the iron gateway of a court-yard, half way up the street, a face, with two frightened eyes, appeared, cautiously reconnoitring. As the “Avengers,” company after company, tramped away through the rue Notre Dame and swung into the rue Vavin cheering for Delescluze and the Commune, the face was thrust farther and farther from the gate; and at last, as the rear of the battalion disappeared around the corner of the Convent, the head, shoulders, and finally the whole body of the anxious watcher appeared. It was Joseph Lelocard,

concierge to Philip Landes. Trouble and fright had paled Joseph's features. His face, now thin and unkempt, worked convulsively for a moment, then he turned hastily back into the alley and, galloping through the garden, entered the studio without knocking. Ellice was sitting before the empty fireplace, his head in his hands, and he looked up, startled, as Joseph entered.

"What in Heaven's name—" he began, but Joseph's face was radiant, and he swung his arms about his head in a delirium of joy.

"The Federals have gone! Oh, Monsieur Jack, they have gone! Not a single Communard remains in the rue Notre Dame! You do not believe me! You turn pale and tremble! Yet I, Joseph Lelocard, say it—they have gone!"

"What is it, Monsieur Ellice?" cried Marguerite, coming to the balcony of the room above. She was very pale but more beautiful than ever.

"Mademoiselle de Saint-Brieuc," stammered Ellice, "Joseph says the Federals have gone."

"Come for yourself and see, Monsieur Ellice,—come and see, Mademoiselle de Saint-Brieuc,—it is as I say!"

"If they have gone—really gone this time," said Marguerite, slowly, "we should not lose a single moment. For the man who got into the garden yesterday was a spy; there can be no doubt about it, and Raoul Rigault will not leave us in peace for many hours more."

"I fear he was a spy," said Ellice; "I have tried not to be anxious or frighten you, but I have no

doubt that he was here from Rigault's police. We ought to leave this place at once. How soon can you get ready?"

"I am ready," she replied.

"Mademoiselle is right; it is better not to take anything with you through the streets," said Joseph.

"Then come quickly," cried Ellice, putting on his hat; "I have all the money with me."

Marguerite ran down the stairs into the studio, and they walked hastily through the garden, Joseph following.

"Good-bye, Mademoiselle; good-bye, Monsieur," he said, while the tears ran over his cheeks; "I will take good care of the studio and the puppy. If God wills it, you will come back and bring my poor, dear Monsieur Philip and—and—Mademoiselle de Brassac"—he was blubbering outright now, and Ellice shook his hard hand silently.

"We will come back, my good Joseph," said Marguerite, with tears in her eyes; and followed Ellice into the rue Notre Dame. Ten minutes later, as Joseph stood in the doorway of his lodge, contemplating a bone which Toodles had recently disinterred from a flower bed, a file of National Guards entered the alley-way and halted before him. But it was two late, the birds were on the wing, and Ferré, who led the file of soldiers, retired, menacing Joseph with future punishment in case it was proved that he knew of the fugitives' flight. For Joseph had done the idiot act to perfection, and Ferré, muttering "imbecile, crétin, idiot!" went out banging the gate violently.

By half-past five o'clock Ellice and Marguerite had managed to reach the Trocadéro. Their path to the American Legation was a tortuous one, for barricades cut the streets everywhere, and long, weary detours were necessary.

"I don't know," said Ellice; "this seems to be almost hopeless. Here we are at the Trocadéro and not the slightest prospect of getting any nearer to Mr. Washburn."

"Ah, if his Excellency only knew!" sighed Marguerite. Then in a low voice she continued: "Don't look, Jack, but a man is watching us from the kiosque behind you. What shall we do?"

"Is it a Federal soldier?"

"No—a citizen; oh, he is coming!"

Ellice turned and faced the man, who was now close to them.

"Whom are you seeking in this quarter, citizen?" asked the man, politely lifting his hat.

Ellice did not answer.

"You appear to be lost," said the man. "Are you looking for any street to which I may be able to direct you?"

"No, Monsieur—" began Marguerite—then bit her lip, for she had forgotten to say "Citizen" instead of "Monsieur," and the man would know that they were either suspects or fugitives.

Then the man began to laugh. "Do not be alarmed, Madame," he said, "I also belong to your party. My name is Ducatel, Conducteur des Ponts et Chaussées. You can speak freely. Can I aid you?"

"Indeed you can," said Ellice, "if you really

mean it. We are homeless. Can you give us a roof for the night?"

"I would be very happy to do so. I live near the Point-du-Jour, but in my house the cellar is the safest place just now. If you will do me the honor to follow me, I will lead you there in twenty minutes," said Ducatel, pleasantly.

Ellice was inclined to be suspicious of Monsieur Ducatel and his offer, and said so frankly.

"Mon Dieu!" laughed the Frenchman, "it is your affair. I regret that these times make friends seem like enemies, but I can only offer you what I have."

"Then we accept your offer," said Ellice, a little ashamed; and he and Marguerite followed Monsieur Ducatel toward the Point-du-Jour.

"Do you not think it is strange that we meet no Federal troops?" said Ducatel, after they had been walking for ten minutes in silence. Ellice looked about him. It was twilight. The long rows of empty streets stretched away into Paris, and in the lamps no lights appeared. The houses stood up on every side, black, battered, and deserted. He began to realize the desolation of the scene and glanced at Ducatel.

The Frenchman hurried on, growing more and more excited as he neared the fortifications.

"Monsieur," he cried, "I believe the Federals have abandoned the quarter! See the marks that the shells leave,—everywhere ruin and destruction,—ha! there is a barricade; can you see any movement behind it?"

“It is abandoned,” said Ellice, quickly, catching the excitement.

“Then—do you know that nothing is here to prevent the entry of the Versailles troops!” cried Ducatel. “It seems incredible that the Federals should leave the ramparts. Just look how battered they are! That breach would be wide enough in a few days at any rate. What a chance the Versaillists have—if they only knew it!”

“Suppose we try to attract their attention,” said Marguerite.

Ducatel looked at her. Then he drew out his handkerchief and tied it to the end of his umbrella.

“Madame is right,” he said eagerly, “we can try. The Versaillists are not two hundred mètres from the bastions.

Ellice and Marguerite started to follow him to the ramparts but he waved them back.

“They may fire,” he said, “why risk three lives?”

“Is it necessary to mount the ramparts?” asked Marguerite; “why not try to signal them from the gate there?”

“Better still,” muttered Ducatel.

Ellice and Marguerite helped him drag the iron grille open and then the Frenchman stepped along the massive sally-port, peering anxiously out through the twilight into the country beyond. Ellice and Marguerite were too excited to stay behind, and presently the three stood on the extreme edge of the moat, waving handkerchiefs and hats in the direction of the Versailles trenches. One by one a dozen dark

heads bobbed up from the rifle pits and Ellice caught the glitter of musket barrels in the starlight.

“Go back, Mademoiselle,” he said hastily, “they may fire!” but Marguerite refused.

The minutes passed and the dark forms in the distant trenches increased in number, but no answering signals came back. Ducatel was in despair. “Ten to one they think it a trick!” he said bitterly; “you, Madame, and you also, Monsieur, should not expose yourselves, for I, for my part, expect a volley.” Ellice tried to lead Marguerite back to the shelter of the gateway, but she refused obstinately and swung her handkerchief in desperation.

“They must understand!” she kept repeating, “oh! do you not think they will?” Then, as they looked, a form leaped from the trenches, bearing aloft a white rag tied to a sabre.

“They understand! They are coming!” cried Ellice.

Ducatel waved his umbrella frantically. Nearer and nearer came the grey figure, and now they heard a challenge shouted across the fields; “Don’t fire! Officer with flag of truce!”

“Thank God!” sobbed Marguerite.

Ducatel sprang forward on the causeway, and Ellice saw him join the Versailles officer in the middle of the field. The meeting was unmistakably cordial, for he saw Ducatel fling himself into the officer’s arms and embrace him vigorously. Then a whistle sounded and out of the trenches sprang masses of men, and before Ellice had time to think, they were pouring across the causeway to the shattered sally-port.

“Is it deserted?” cried an officer, incredulously.

“Yes! Yes! Hurry!” replied Ellice, laughing with joy; “there’s not a Federal in the Trocadéro quarter!”

From the star-lit fields outside the trenches, long dark columns now appeared, infantry and artillery, and presently a field battery clanked through the sally-port. Ellice drew Marguerite aside to let it pass. She was weeping now, for the joy of sudden deliverance was too great. As they watched the passing cannon, out from the throng and press of horsemen a cavalier trotted, holding a torch. The glimmering light fell full on men and cannon, and Ellice smiled silent greetings to many a bronzed artilleryman, bumping in through the gateway. The batteries rumbled past, and an officer, riding a fiery black charger, attempted to cut out ahead of the caissons.

“Go back!” said Ellice, “you will crush us!” But Marguerite sprang forward and caught at his stirrup.

“Alain!” she cried, “oh, Alain!”

The officer bent in his stirrups and, seizing the girl, swung her to the saddle in front of him. Then raising his hand, he shouted, “Halt! halt!” and the long file of guns and caissons stopped.

“What is the trouble, Captain de Carette?” cried an officer hurrying up from the rear.

“No trouble, Major—my wife was in danger for a moment. Wait until I take her out ahead of the train—now you can order them forward.”

And so Captain Alain de Carette rode into Paris at the head of his battery with his fainting wife on his saddle-bow.

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE VIVANDIÈRE OF THE 66TH.

ON the night of the twenty-second of May, forty prisoners were hurriedly transferred from the Mazas Prison to the prison of La Grande Roquette. Of these forty, Monseigneur Darboy, Archbishop of Paris, was the most important in the eyes of the Commune; the least important were Philip Landes and Jeanne de Brassac.

That morning, as Delescluze, *délegué civil à la guerre*, sat consulting with Raoul Rigault in the Hôtel de Ville, a messenger arrived breathless with the news that the Versaillists were in Paris.

Rigault bellowed his astonishment, but Delescluze, scornfully discrediting the news, jumped into a carriage and drove rapidly toward the Trocadéro to see for himself. An hour later he returned, haggard and anxious.

"The gate of the Point-du-Jour was abandoned last night," he said, "and the enemy hold the Trocadéro!"

"Then," replied Rigault, coolly, "I must hurry my executions. Where is Colonel Weser?"

"Deserted," said Delescluze, in a low voice.

"You'd better inform the Commune," returned Rigault; "au revoir, I'm going to shoot a few

priests," and he walked away toward the Mazas Prison.

Delescluze called Fortin and told him all.

"They can never pass the barricades!" growled Fortin, but Ferré, yelling like a lunatic, burst into the council chamber of the Commune, shaking his fists and rolling his bloodshot eyes.

"Treachery! Treachery!" he shouted; "the Versailles are in Paris!"

The Commune rose in a body, angry, incredulous.

"Who dared say it?" thundered Sicard, his face distorted with passion.

"To the barricades!" cried another, and pandemonium broke loose in the Hôtel de Ville.

Then began that horrible seven days' fight in the streets of Paris, where thirty-five thousand Federals were butchered by the Versailles troops. In three divisions MacMahon's army encircled the city, and hour by hour the circle contracted, leaving heaps of corpses, and gutters pouring blood into the overflowing sewers. Street after street, barricade after barricade fell, and inch by inch Thiers' army fought its way through Paris amid the frenzied acclamations of the citizens, while the Commune, retreating from the blood-wet barricades, turned savagely on the people with torch and sword.

Heavy explosions shook the city to its foundations; the splendid rue Royale was blazing, and the Ministry of Finance, its noble façade dripping with petroleum, caught fire and sent a roaring pillar of flame into the sky. Ruffians from Belleville and

the Faubourgs dashed pails of petroleum over museums and palaces, or pumped it out of fire-engines, directing streams of kerosene from the great fire hose, over wall, roof, and spire. The Tuileries vomited flames from every window, the Louvre, the Palais Royale, the Conseil d'État, the Palace of the Legion of Honor, all were burning. An enormous mushroom-shaped cloud hung over Paris, hiding the sun, and through the pall of smoke and dust plunged the shells from Mont-Valérien, whistling, shrieking, bursting, and crashing, among the barricades, drowning the fierce roar of the flames and rattle of musketry. The Palais de Justice sank to the ground, a heap of glowing coals, through which the Sainte-Chapelle showed intact. When the Préfecture of Police began to pour out volumes of thick black smoke, Raoul Rigault sauntered out of it with a sneer on his lips.

A man, standing all alone on the corner opposite, watched the conflagration with satisfaction until the 66th battalion of Federals appeared at the lower end of the street closely pressed by a body of Versailles dragoons. Then the man, who wore the uniform of an insurgent staff-officer, started to run, but his progress was interrupted by a fresh influx of Federals from the opposite end of the street, and he struggled for a moment to disengage himself.

"Where are you going, Citizen?" cried a young girl whom he had jostled. She was dressed in the uniform of a regimental Vivandière, and carried her left hand in a sling.

"Tiens, it's Isidor Weser!" she added, angrily;

“running away too. This won't do, you know, Citizen Weser!”

“Let me alone!” panted Weser, starting to run again.

“Stop him!” cried the Vivandière, “he is deserting in the face of the enemy!”

“I'll fix you, Faustine Courtois!” snarled Weser, trembling with fright, and he struck at her savagely with the hilt of his sabre. The blow fell on the interposed barrel of a rifle, and two Federal soldiers seized him by the collar.

“Oh, he strikes at the Commune, does he?” cried a soldier, snatching a revolver from his red sash, “let us settle this gentleman's affair!”

Before he could fire, however, he was knocked off his feet by a sudden stampede of the insurgents. The Versailles dragoons were among them, sabring, shooting, trampling, but the 66th battalion rallied and threw themselves on the horsemen like wild beasts, howling, bayoneting, tearing tooth and nail until the dragoons wheeled and fled.

There was a barricade on the rue Caumartin, and to that refuge the fragments of the 66th surged, Weser among them, bleeding, dishevelled, and terribly frightened.

Faustine, one hand in a sling, a revolver in the other, marched behind him, her pretty face pale but determined. The Federals threw themselves behind the barricade, thrusting their smoke-stained rifles over the top, glaring furiously toward the distant corner where their comrades' corpses lay heaped among the stiffening horses of dead dragoons.

Faustine cast a scornful glance at Weser, mounted the barricade, and turned to the soldiers below.

“Brothers,” she said, quietly, “the assassins are here,—the assassins of Versailles! They bring us death or slavery. Choose!”

“Death!” cried the insurgents—“down with the Royalists! Vive la Commune!”

“Vive la Republique!” echoed the girl in a clear voice.

At that moment a staff officer, who walked very unsteadily, entered the barricade from the rear and attempted to pass the sentinels.

“Qui vive!” they demanded.

“Go to h—l!” replied the officer, attempting to draw his sabre.

“Citizen,” cried Faustine, “you can’t pass without the countersign.”

“Hey! Shut up, you hussy!” he shouted, and added a gross insult. Faustine stood silent, the hot flush of shame staining her neck and cheeks.

“Drunken fool,” sneered Rigault, tripping him up, and shot him to death as he sprawled in the gutter. Then he hurried away, saying: “Bayonet that man Weser, I am going to shoot some priests.”

They hunted high and low for Weser, and finally found him hiding under a gabion. “To the wall! To the wall!” they cried. “Death to cowards!” Weser fought, biting and scratching, to the foot of the blood-spattered wall, but as they jerked him to his feet, a cry arose: “Look out! the Line!” and the lower end of the street was filled with Versailles sharpshooters. In an instant the barricade spurted

flame and the field-piece crashed out, hurling a storm of canister over the pavement. Weser lay quite still for a moment, then cautiously dragged himself to the vestibule of the opposite house and curled up in the darkest corner.

The fusilade from the barricade had swept the Versailles infantry off the pavement, but they still fired from the corner of the street and bright jets of flame shot from the closed blinds of the houses on either side of the rue Caumartin. Presently muffled explosions told the Federals that the enemy were blowing their way through the house walls to out-flank them.

“Never mind! Courage!” cried Faustine, “the barricade will hold in front. Turn your cannon on that yellow house, citizen Faure!”

“They will try the bayonet soon,” said Genton, who had just entered the barricade with his secretary, Fortin.

“Let them!” smiled Faustine.

“They take no prisoners,” said Sicard; “the six poor fellows whom they captured an hour ago were shoved against the first wall without mercy.”

“Very well,” cried Genton; “we also can shoot. What is Rigault doing with his hundreds of priests and gendarmes? Why don’t he shoot six prisoners also?”

“It’s a good time to settle the Archbishop!” suggested Sicard.

“Then let us settle him!” urged Fortin. “Here, Sicard, come with Genton and me. Take half a dozen volunteers and we’ll find Ferré and get the order.”

Faustine, standing on the barricade, heard Fortin's threat and protested. "Citizen Fortin, you are doing a shameful thing!"

"You don't know what you're talking about," said Sicard, brutally; "shut up and mind your business!"

"I protest!" cried Faustine;—"it is murder! Why should you harm that old man! Fortin, you are my friend——"

Fortin looked at her calmly for a moment and then laughed. "You are very pretty," he said, "but you can't teach me! What do you care, anyhow?"

"Have you no shame?" cried Faustine, angrily. "Have you no courage except to murder priests? Is this then the Commune? Is this the cause for which we fight?" There were tears in her eyes and she brushed them away.

"Get down from that barricade," said Fortin, "they are firing at you." She paid no attention to the warning, but began to plead earnestly for the life of the Archbishop.

"He is so old," she said, "so helpless and gentle. Has he ever harmed anyone? I trusted you, Fortin."

"Let him die anyway," growled Sicard; "we want six, and he's no better than any of the others."

"He must die," said Fortin, coldly, "but I'm not particular who the other five are."

"I am," shouted a soldier standing behind him. "My name is Martin, and I demand the death of the American, Landes."

“Martin! Martin!” cried Faustine, trying to make a diversion—“and who cares if your name is Martin?”

“That’s all very well,” said the soldier, doggedly, “but I demand the death of the American, Landes.”

“Well, it’s as easy to shoot a Yankee as a Frenchman—we’ll finish him along with the priest,” said Genton; “come along, Fortin.”

“Come down from the barricade,” cried Fortin, as a bullet struck the stone at Faustine’s feet.

“Not until you promise me to spare the Archbishop and—the American.”

“Come down, you fool.”

Faustine looked him steadily in the eyes. “Emile,” she said, “do you hear? I forbid you to shoot the American.” A volley from the Versailles troops drowned her voice, but she went on as soon as she could be heard: “I demand the protection of the Commune for the American, Landes.” A second volley cut her short, and a whistling shower of bullets spattered the barricade. Fortin caught Faustine by the wrist and tried to pull her down.

“You’re in the way! They are coming! We must fire!”

“Let me go!” she panted, struggling and clinging to the wall.

“Get down, you little idiot; can’t you see you’re obstructing our cannon?”

“Fire your cannon!” she screamed, wringing herself free.

“Will you get down?”

“No!”

“Fire, then!” yelled Martin, jerking the lanyard.

“My God!” shouted Fortin, “the girl was in front!” He sprang on Martin, and they rolled over and over, till Fortin could draw his sabre. A moment later he picked himself up, streaming with blood.

“Now for the Archbishop,” he cried in a voice like nothing human. Followed by Sicard, Genton, and six more grimy insurgents, he left the barricade.

CHAPTER XXVII.

"THE PRISON OF THE CONDEMNED."

THE light was growing dim in the long corridor of the "Prison of the Condemned," and François, the Governor, rubbed his eyes, and bent lower over the file of papers on the table before him.

"I can't see,—here, Romain, get me a lamp," he said, yawning and scratching his head. The Brigadier Romain departed, and returned in a few moments with a lighted lamp. The Governor blinked and yawned again.

"It makes me sick," he said, "to have that whining priest on my hands. Why does n't Rigault shoot him. He's always miauling and praying and pretending he's sick."

"He says he can't sleep on the board in his cell," observed the Brigadier Romain.

"Why not?"

"He says he's old and sick."

"And an Archbishop; that's the trouble, he thinks he's an Archbishop still! I'll correct that impression. I wish I'd left him in No. 1. Cell 23 is the best cell in La Grande Roquette, and he'd better be satisfied. And you tell him to stop writing on the wall. I won't have it. What did he write just now?"

"Oh, some Jesuit foolishness—'the cross is the strength of life and the salvation of the soul.'"

"In French?"

"No, Latin."

"Then," growled François, "it's some cipher signal and I won't have it,—you understand? These Jesuits are devils at treachery. Did you change all the prisoners on this tier?"

"All," said Romain, with his misleading pleasant smile. François turned and looked along the dark passage. The central corridor was lined on either side by massive doors, each pierced by a small "judas" with iron crossbars. In the centre of this corridor were half a dozen wash-stands, through the basins of which water ran continually.

There was no furniture in cell or corridor except the iron benches let into the solid masonry, and the single chair and table, which was only for the Governor's use. A grating at the farther end of the corridor looked out on the grassy prison court, and just beyond one could see the chapel, and a section of the wall surrounding the circular road or "ronde."

François peered into the prison twilight, then shuffled to his feet and passed along the rows of cell doors, touching each lightly with the roll of paper in his hand, followed by Romain.

"Who's there,—what's the number?"

"Twenty-two,—it's the Jesuit, Guérin."

"What! And the Archbishop in the next cell! You're asleep. Put that American, Landes, in there after the roll-call, and shove the Jesuit into the

American's cell. Whom did you put in twenty-four?"

"That baby-faced friend of the American who proved to be a woman."

"Let the slut stay there then, but don't lock any more Jesuits next to the Archbishop, or by God——"

"Now, now," urged Romain, "you must remember that he is n't an Archbishop!"

"Slip of the tongue."

"And you forget that God is out of date; you've sworn by Him twice."

"Did I," sneered François; "well we all make fools of ourselves at times, and nursery rhymes are not easily forgotten. You don't suspect me, do you?"

"Oh, no," said Romain.

"You'd better not!" blustered François.

"Of course not," repeated Romain, in his soft, pleasant voice.

The Governor turned and looked at him. "You're the damnedest, scoundrelly hypocrite unhung!" he said; "you can spy about and fool the prisoners with your sympathetic ways, but you'd better not try any treachery on me!"

"You wrong me," said Romain with a sincere manner that would have misled anybody but the Governor.

"Oh, I know I do," said François; "what did you worm out of the Jesuit, Guérin, this morning?"

"Not very much. He says the Archbishop relies on Thiers, implicitly."

"Then he's the biggest fool in Paris. What time is it?"

"Six."

"It's too late to turn the prisoners out. I suppose they can stand it; if they can't, I can, and it's all the same."

"Will you call the roll?" asked Romain.

"Yes, give me that lamp and unlock the doors."

Romain unhooked a heavy bunch of keys from his belt and rapidly unlocked the cell doors, passing from one to the other with a light swiftness which argued practice and devotion to his profession.

"Cell number one! Caubert!" cried the Governor, holding the long sheet of paper close to the lamp in his hand. The cell door at the end of the corridor opened from within and a pleasant-faced priest walked out and stood facing the Governor. François raised the lamp in his hand and eyed the priest. "Caubert!" he repeated.

"I am here," said the priest.

"Then go back again," said the Governor, brutally. Père Caubert turned back to his cell with a touch of irony in his quiet smile, and the Governor locked him in.

"Number two! Ducoudray!" cried François.

"I am here," said Father Ducoudray. He was locked in without comment.

"Number three! Olivaint!"

"Here."

"Number four! Allard!"

"Here!"

"Yes, here now, but probably under ground before long," sneered the Governor.

"If God wills," said Father Allard.

"If Raoul Rigault wills," mimicked François,

slamming the cell door. Presently he came to cell twenty-two.

“Twenty-two! Guérin!”

“Here!”

“Where’s that American,” asked François, turning to Romain. “Oh, you’ve got him with you, eh? Then run this Jesuit into his cell and put him next to the Arch—to the old fox, Darboy,—so. Landes, I hope you won’t mind the smell of a Jesuit. We’ll air your cell in the morning;” and he closed the door on Philip’s heels.

“Twenty-three! Darboy!”

“You’ll have to open the door and go in. He’s too sick to get up,” observed Romain.

“He’s got to get up!” cried the Governor, and at the same moment the Archbishop appeared on the threshold of his cell. His hair was white as snow, and his long white beard which had grown in prison fell untrimmed on his breast.

“I am here,” said the Archbishop in a voice weak with pain.

“Glad to see you. Exercise will do you good,” said François; “do you sleep well?”

“No,” said the old man.

“Evil conscience!” commented the Governor, and slammed the door in his face. “Twenty-four! Citoyenne!”

“I am here,” said Jeanne de Brassac, stepping from her cell.

“Ah, you little devil of a spy, I’d like to ring your neck,” observed François, leering at her.

Jeanne, still clothed in the faded uniform of the

Subsistence Department, leaned wearily against the cell door. It was not the first threat she had received from the Governor of La Grande Roquette.

"Faugh! Get in there, you hussy!" growled François, and pushed the door back. Then he moved on with his roll of paper and his little lamp, and presently the great gate in the court clanged and the corridor was silent, save for the measured tread of the first night watch and the tinkling of the water in the iron wash-basins.

Philip, sitting in his cell, heard the gate slam, and knew that the Governor had gone. He sat thinking for a moment, then rose and walked to the grating which formed a section of the partition which separated his cell from the cell of the Archbishop. Through this grating he could see across a portion of the Archbishop's cell, and catch a glimpse of the grating in the partition of the cell beyond, but the light was growing so dim that the grating was merely an indistinct blot in the twilight. He looked at the Archbishop, lying silently on the wretched board which projected from the wall.

"Monseigneur," he said, softly.

"My son," replied the old man, painfully rising on his elbow and looking up.

"It is I—Philip Landes, the American, Monseigneur."

The Archbishop smiled. In the hours of recreation in the court-yard he had become very fond of Philip.

"So you are there now," he said; "what has become of the Abbé Guérin?"

"They put him into my old cell, Monseigneur. Can I be of any use to you? I have not yet eaten my supper."

"Eat it, my son ;—I thank you, but they give me much more than I am able to eat."

"Are you suffering very much to-night, Monseigneur?"

"Not more than I can bear," said the old man. "Do you know that Mademoiselle Jeanne is in the cell beside mine?"

"No. Will it disturb you, Monseigneur, if I speak with her?"

"I will call her myself," said the Archbishop; "Jeanne! Jeanne!" Then Philip heard a timid voice from the darkness; "Je suis la, Monseigneur."

"Jeanne," called Philip, softly.

"Philip! Oh, are you there, my darling?"

"Hush!" said Philip, "or they will hear us. Are you well? Have you enough to eat? I have my supper here."

"Eat it, you silly boy; I have all I wish for."

"And are you well?"

"Perfectly," she replied, bravely;—"are you?"

"Oh, yes. You have not lost hope?"

"No, no, not while you are there."

"And God lives," said the Archbishop.

"And God lives," they repeated reverently.

After a pause, Philip spoke again:

"Did you hear the firing this morning, Jeanne?"

"Yes. It seemed to be very near."

"A shell fell into the street outside about four o'clock. I saw it from my window in the opposite tier."

"Do—do you think the Versaillists could have entered?" asked Jeanne, timidly.

"I dare hope so. That firing came from the city. What else could it have been,—unless they are massacring the people."

"It may have been a peloton of execution," said the Archbishop, feebly.

"I do not think so, Monseigneur; it was not single volley firing,—it sounded like the firing from a barricade."

The old man was silent for a moment, then he sighed and turned over on his board.

"I think I might sleep a little," he said at last.

"Then good-night, Monseigneur," they said. He gave them his blessing, and turned his face to the stone wall.

"Good-night, my darling," whispered Philip.

"Good-night, my own Philip," sighed Jeanne. Then she stood silent, seized with a sudden terror.

"Hark!" cried the Archbishop, suddenly sitting up and turning his head toward the cell door. From the street outside came the sound they had learned to know so well—the voice of an angry crowd growing louder and louder, until somewhere a great door was flung open, and the dash of many feet sounded on stone floors. Then came a single cry, ominous, sinister, penetrating even the solid stone walls of the Prison of the Condemned, "Death!"

The Archbishop tottered to his feet and stood facing his cell door. There came a shout, the clash of bayonets, and in a second the long corridor was filled with the blazing light of torches and the rush of a mob.

“What’s this?” shouted the Governor of the Prison, hastening into the corridor, half-dressed; “Romain, I call you to witness——”

“Oh, shut up!” interrupted Fortin, contemptuously, “we’ve got an order. Where’s the old fox, Darboy?”

“Order? From whom?”

“Ferré!”

“Oh!” said the Governor, “that’s another matter.” He looked at the motley throng, Garibaldians, Hussars of Death, Avengers of the Republic, National Guards, and deserters.

“Who commands?” he asked, briefly.

“I, Jean Verig, captain of the 180th!” roared a villainous-browed fellow.

“No, you don’t, you fool!” said Fortin, “I do, and here is my order,” shoving it under the Governor’s nose.

“I can’t see it,—read it,” said François, sulkily.

Then Fortin read in a loud voice :

“The Citizen Governor of the Prison of the Condemned is hereby ordered to execute six hostages—notably the Sieur Darboy, calling himself Archbishop of Paris.

(Signed)

“FERRÉ,

“RAOUL RIGAULT.”

“That is all right,” said François, rubbing his hands. “We’ll take the first six on your list. Read the names!”

“Silence!” commanded Fortin, and read the first six names in a heavy voice :

"Darboy.

"Deguerry.

"Bonjean.

"Clerc.

"Allard.

"Ducoudray."

Brigadier Romain had opened a cell door and the Archbishop dragged his fever-racked frame across the threshold.

"Are you the Citizen Darboy?" demanded Verig.

"Yes, my son."

"Stand there, then!"

"Am I to die?"

"Are you to die?" mimicked Sicard; "my faith! I think you are."

The five other victims were hastily led out of their cells and placed in single file. Romain, swinging a lantern, led the procession, followed by the motley throng of Federals, Genton, Fortin, and Sicard bringing up the rear with François.

Slowly they descended the stone steps, twenty-five in number, entered a gallery which bordered the façade opposite the court-yard, passed the doorway, descended six more steps, and entered the path which encircles the prison walls,—the dreary "chemin de ronde." Again they turned to the right, through the garden of the hospital, through the "Salle des Vieillards," and entered the second "chemin de ronde." Here the Archbishop was taken suddenly faint, for the road was long and he was very ill. The President Bonjean was sobbing, and Sicard laughed at him.

“Coward,” he said.

“It is not for myself, I have a family,” said Bon-jean.

“You cannot intend to shoot us,” said the Archbishop, piteously; “it is impossible——”

“Enough!” cried Fortin, and the procession moved on to the grille, passed it, and stood below the exterior wall of the prison.

“Monseigneur!” cried Father Clerc, falling on his knees. All the priests knelt. The old man silently blessed them, then tottered to his place against the wall.

“Hurry!” urged François, “or you can’t see to aim.”

“Lend me your sabre,” said Sicard to Fortin: “I’ll order the firing.”

Genton placed the armed mob in three ranks and stepped back beside François. Father Allard opened his soutane and bared his breast, and at the same instant Sicard raised his sabre. The rifles cracked sharply. “Fire!” shouted Sicard again, and again the rifles blazed. And, the Archbishop still showing signs of life, Sicard motioned a man to finish him with the bayonet and strolled over to Genton.

“Well,” he said, “that settles the Archbishop!”

“My compliments,” said Genton; “have you got a cigarette?”

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE LAST BARRICADE.

THE morning after the Archbishop's murder, two new prisoners were brought into the "Prison of the Condemned." François inspected them, while the Brigadier Romain read their orders of arrest in a voice which seemed to vibrate with pity :

"Archibald Wilton, arrested by order of Raoul Rigault, charged with treason. To be executed without court-martial on receipt of signed order from the Préfet of Police."

"Saves me trouble," continued François ; "hey ! are you wounded ?"

"Hands shot off," said Wilton, drily.

"Let 's see."

Wilton raised a mutilated arm.

"You 'll die anyway," observed François ; "you might as well be shot."

"If you want to shoot me you 'd better send me a surgeon first," said Wilton, in a faint voice.

"I believe I will," mused the Governor, biting the end of his pencil ; "if you die now I 'll have trouble with Rigault. What 's this woman here for ?"

Romain read from his order slip :

"Ynès Falaise, accused of speaking ill of the Com-

mune, convicted of aiding the Versailles wounded, notably the traitor Wilton. To be shot upon receipt of order signed by Raoul Rigault."

The Governor leered at Ynès, who stood beside Wilton. She was dressed in black, and wore a red cross on her arm. "Who are you?" he demanded.

"Ynès Falaise, formerly actress in the Folies St. Antoine." Her voice was almost inaudible.

"You are not a religieuse now, are you?" asked François.

"No."

"Then why do you wear the Geneva Cross? Speak louder!"

"I devote myself to the wounded!"

"Really? Very commendable, indeed. Dressed in black too?" sneered the Governor; "oh, how pious! What are you in mourning for?"

"For my country's honor."

"Oh—I thought it might have been for your own. Is this traitor your lover?"

"I love him," she replied, and laid her hand lightly on Wilton's shoulder.

"Then you can take care of him," roared the Governor, "I won't work my surgeon to death on every foreigner who comes here! Take good care that he lives long enough to be shot, you hussy, or I'll have you put out of the way with a clubbed rifle! Romain, throw that loving pair into the dead Jesuit's cell, and ring the signal for recreation. The prisoners will have to take it in here, for it's raining."

"Then these prisoners get no recreation to-day?"

"No, you fool! Ring the signal!"

The Brigadier Romain led Ynès and Wilton into the cell of the dead Archbishop, locked the door, and moved swiftly toward the end of the corridor where a rope dangled from the great gong over the doorway. Landes, lying on the board in his cell, heard the clang of the gong, and sprang to his feet eagerly, for that signal meant an hour's liberty with Jeanne.

"Jeanne!" he called through the grating, his eyes fixed on the bars across the intervening cell. She came to her grating, and at the same moment his eyes met the eyes of Wilton.

"Hello!" said Wilton, weakly, "I heard that you were here." Then Philip's astonished gaze fell upon Ynès. She looked at him piteously.

"Monsieur Wilton is badly hurt," she said; "I am to nurse him——"

"So we can both be shot," gasped Wilton. "Are you ill, Philip?"

Before Philip could reply, the door of his cell was flung open, and the Brigadier Romain, smiling amiably, invited him to come out and get a little air.

In the long, dim corridor, hundreds of prisoners were gathered, for the hour of recreation was the same for all the tiers in La Grande Roquette, and now the prisoners from the upper floors were crowding down the small circular stairway into the immense corridor below. Everywhere groups were congregating, but Philip noticed that gestures and voices were more subdued than usual, especially among the priests.

"They all know about the Archbishop," he thought, and looked around for Jeanne. She was

standing alone by one of the wash-basins, and he made his way toward her through the throng of priests, gendarmes, Versaillist soldiers, imprisoned policemen, and Gardes de Paris.

"Who are the people in the cell between yours and mine?" she asked, laying both her hands in his. He began to tell her, but stopped as the Governor came up and eyed them insolently.

"Pretty birds!" he said; "now I have two pair of turtle-doves caged here," and he made an insulting gesture toward Jeanne.

"I have already told you what I should do if you lay your hand on that lady," said Philip, between his teeth.

The Governor looked at him for an instant. "That is the third time you have threatened me," he said.

"I hope it will be sufficient," returned Philip, doggedly.

The Brigadier Romain at that moment entered the corridor, stole up behind the Governor, and touched him on the shoulder.

"What do you want?" said the Governor, his eyes still fixed on Philip.

"Rigault is going to shoot some more priests and gendarmes," he whispered; "here is the list. Shall I notify the gentlemen?"

The Governor nodded, never removing his eyes from Philip's, and Romain glided away among the prisoners, tapping the condemned softly on the shoulder with a cheerful: "We need seventy-five this time; come, Monsieur! Pray do not look so frightened, gentlemen."

There was the silence of death among the prisoners, as a file of Federal soldiers entered the corridor and closed in around the condemned.

“And you,” said the Governor, stretching his arm out toward Jeanne and Philip, “I will get permission to have you shot with the next batch!” Then he turned on his heel and followed the long line of the condemned moving in single file toward the prison court.

An hour later, Philip and Jeanne crept back to their cells, and the Brigadier Romain facetiously bade them good-night and good-bye, “for,” he said, “to-morrow the Governor will go to see Rigault about you.”

Light faded in the long corridor, the guards began their monotonous tramp, tramp, tramp. Philip pushed his miserable supper aside, and flung himself face downwards on the stones.

Wilton’s voice aroused him, and he stumbled to his feet and went to the iron grating. “Philip,” he gasped, “send a guard for a priest. Tell him I am dying.”

Landes obeyed, and, pressing his face to the “judas,” called out.

“What do you want?” replied the Brigadier Romain, who was passing with a lantern and a bunch of keys.

“The man in the next cell is dying, and asks for a priest,” said Philip; “hurry!”

“Fichtre!” murmured Romain; “the Governor will catch it from Rigault.”

“Hurry! You cannot deny him a priest!” repeated Philip.

"No—it is permitted," answered Romain; "a man has the right to go to hell in his own way," and he unlocked a cell door a little way down the corridor, and hustled the priest who occupied it into the cell where Wilton lay, his head on Ynès' knees. "Give him a good send-off," said Romain, laughing loudly. "A priest's recommendation goes a long way with the devil." Philip beckoned Ynès, and she came and leaned sobbing on the grating, while the murmur of confession rose from the end of the cell:

"Mon père, je m'accuse——"

"Oh, Philip,—it is hard," whispered Ynès; "I love him so truly,—I would be a good woman if he could live. I have been different ever since I loved him."

"You have been working in the hospital?"

"Yes, and the field."

The murmur of confession went on.

"Are you married?" asked Philip.

"No. Archie wishes we were—now."

"Yes—-it is better," said Philip.

"I—I never thought it mattered when one loved," sobbed Ynès.

"It does matter, Ynès," said Philip; "don't cry so,—there is another life after this. Don't you believe it?"

"Yes, I do now. I understand that there must be another life."

With Philip and Jeanne behind their bars as witnesses Ynès Falaise and Archie Wilton were joined in wedlock. Then the priest knelt beside Ynès on

the stone floor, reciting the prayers for the dying, and Ynès, holding the wounded man's head against her breast, gave way to bitter weeping.

"Less noise there!" shouted the guard, hammering on the door with the butt of his rifle. At the sound, Wilton sat up.

"What was that?" he said.

"Nothing, Archie," sobbed Ynès.

For a moment there was silence, broken only by the low murmur of the priest. Then Wilton lay back, calling feebly on Landes. "Good-bye, Philip."

"Good-bye, Archie, dear fellow," answered Philip. Wilton sighed, turned his face to Ynès, and died quietly in her arms. Romain came to the door, opened it, and turned away, leaving Ynès crouched beside her dead husband.

It was four o'clock in the morning. Philip was stretched on his board, staring at the ceiling, when something came crashing into the street outside, and burst with a loud explosion under his window. At once the prison was in an uproar, but Romain hurried from cell to cell, cursing savagely, and threatening to shoot any prisoner who did not keep silence.

"Que Dieu me damne!" he cried, dropping his mask of good nature, "if I hear another word I'll let the mob in on you! Keep quiet you cursed priests,—and you too, you cowardly Yankee!"

An inspiration flashed upon Landes; he hammered on his door and shouted: "the Versaillists are in Paris! Death to the Commune!" A tremendous shout answered him.

“You lie!” screamed Romain; “if you open your mouth again I’ll shut it forever!”

“Try it!” cried Philip.

“Will you be silent!” howled Romain, drawing his revolver.

“No! Down with the Commune!”

Romain flew to the cell door, shoved his revolver through the “judas,” and fired. Landes dropped.

“Good!” yelled Romain, unlocking the door; “I’ll make sure of you now!”

As he flung the door open, Philip leaped at his throat, twisted his wrist until it cracked, and dragging the revolver from his limp fist, fired it in his face. Romain plunged face downward on the stones, his keys ringing, the lantern rolling into the cell. It was not extinguished, however, and Philip picked it up, seized the keys from the dead man’s belt, and hurried into the corridor.

A dozen guards, rifle in hand, stood motionless by the staircase, but Philip cried out to them to aid him, for the Versailles troops were in Paris, and they stood no chance unless they surrendered.

It may have been the overpowering impudence of the request that held them back, but it was also true that most of the armed guards had been recruited among the former police and gendarmes of the Empire, and they had no stomach for their work or for the Commune. Through terror of François and of Romain, and also to save their skins from Raoul Rigault, these former gendarmes had consented to enter the prison service of the Commune. Now that Romain was dead, and the Versailles were in

Paris, and especially now that somebody had taken the initiative, they did not hesitate very long.

“Will you speak a good word for us, Citizen?” asked one.

“Yes, indeed! Here, take these keys and let out the prisoners on the other floors!” cried Landes. “The Commune will come for us and we’ve got to intrench ourselves!”

“Then give me the keys,” said the man, “I’ll do it if I am shot for it!” and he hastened away toward the upper corridors.

Somehow or other the news of the fate of the seventy-five victims taken that morning had reached the prison. The inconceivable horrors of the massacre in the rue Haxo, where the mob had flung itself on the helpless prisoners and had literally hacked them to death with knives, were recounted to the smallest details by the friendly guards, and in a moment the long corridor resounded with the excited cries of the prisoners.

“Shall we go tamely to be butchered?” shouted a Turco of the Line; “shall we go to the rue Haxo?”

“Let us defend ourselves!” cried the gendarmes, lugging bedding, boards, and planks stripped from the ceilings to make a barricade. They had no weapons except the dozen or so rifles of the guards, but a priest tore the iron bars and stanchions from the benches, and his example was followed by the rest. A Line soldier named Ziem took command of the barricade, posting a dozen gendarmes, who carried rifles, in the centre, and asking those armed with iron bars to lie close behind.

Philip, his arm clasping Jeanne's, stood guard at the long stairway which rose from the prison court. François, the Governor, had escaped in the confusion, and the prisoners knew it would not be very long before the battalions of the Commune swarmed into the prison.

François, in his night-shirt, had fled at the first sound of the insurrection, and half an hour later he stood shivering before Raoul Rigault in the Luxembourg Palace.

"You're a traitor!" yelled Rigault, beside himself with fury.

"No, I'm not," chattered François, "and if you'll give me some clothes I'll head a battalion to quell the riot. It's only that they've heard of the affair in the rue Haxo and have become desperate."

"Then you can get on your clothes and go back and finish the lot of them," said Rigault; "how many are there? Fifteen hundred? Good! Here is an order to execute every one of them!" And he seized a stamped paper and wrote the order.

"And if they refuse——"

"What's that? Don't I give you a battalion?"

"Yes, but suppose they resist."

"Then collect every criminal in the city prisons—scour Belleville and the Faubourg St. Antoine until you get a mob that can smell blood through the walls of La Grande Roquette. I tell you to tear the walls down, blow the prison up, anything, to get at the prisoners. Do you think I've finished my list yet? What a fool I'd look letting those priests and gendarmes slip through my fingers. There's

an American there, too, whom I intended to strangle. But there will be no time—make sure of him first of all. You 'd better do this job up quickly or you 'll have a bayonet in your back before you know it!”

François took the order and followed an officer into a room where he quickly clothed himself in the uniform of a colonel. Rigault watched him sarcastically.

“What battalion am I to take?” asked François.

“Any you can find,” replied Rigault, “get out, you fool!” and he turned on his heel and walked away toward the river.

It took François all day to collect his rabble, but when they were assembled he could justly boast that he commanded the vilest mob that ever howled for blood.

They entered the court-yard of the Prison of the Condemned and attempted to rush the stairway, but the twelve rifles and Philip's revolver choked the stairs with dead and dying and the mob fell back disconcerted. Then they tried diplomacy and sent a white flag up the stairway with solemn promises of safe conduct. The prisoners consulted. A dozen priests and citizens who believed that the barricade could not hold out, and if it did, starvation would drive the defenders to make terms, left the barricade bearing a white flag, and entered the court-yard of the prison.

“You promise us safe conduct?” they repeated.

“It is a sacred promise,” answered Jean Verig, opening the gate into the street.

One by one the prisoners stepped through the

narrow wicket, and each, as he disappeared, was seized and silently butchered by the mob. So noiselessly was this done that had it not been for one of the mob who fired at the last priest to leave the court-yard, the defenders of the barricade might have believed that the way to safety was open. It did not comfort François very much to smash the skull of the ruffian who had fired contrary to orders, for now the prisoners were alert, and François knew they would die behind their barricade rather than trust to promises. So he threw off the mask and incited his mob to the attack. Three times the howling rabble surged into the prison court-yard and charged up the stairs, and every time they fled in a panic, leaving scores of dead and wounded behind them, while the defenders of the barricade cheered and shouted defiance. Hand to hand the brave priests met the onslaught, and their bars of iron played havoc with the skulls of the mob. Enthusiasm animated the disheartened Line soldiers and the gendarmes, and they sprang at the mob with no weapons but clubs and bits of pointed stone. Twice the Federals succeeded in setting fire to the barricade, but Jeanne and Ynès were ready with basins of water and the fire was quickly extinguished.

Night fell, and under cover of the darkness, François himself led his cutthroats to the foot of the stairway and directed the placing of inflammable material. A cask of crude petroleum was rolled under the arcade and a dozen loaded shells piled around it. Twice the desperate prisoners succeeded in dampening the powder train, but at last a blazing

torch was flung into the petroleum and a frightful explosion shook the arcade. Great masses of stone tottered and dropped into the court, and the wooden ceiling of the arcade blazed and crackled, but the massive prison was not injured, and the fire in the arcade burnt itself out against the stones.

It was the last attempt that the mob made that night. The garrison of the barricade posted sentinels at the head of the stairs, changing them every two hours. Philip dragged a mattress into his cell for Jeanne, insisting that she should sleep.

"I will try," she said, dropping wearily on the couch, "but I cannot sleep if you are going back to the barricade."

"No, I am not going there," he said, "I shall be very near you."

"Then you are going to sit up with—with——"

"Yes, with my friend Wilton; I can't leave his wife alone there. Try to sleep, Jeanne."

"I will try. Good-night, dear Philip." She raised one little hand and he bent and kissed it.

"How cold your fingers are," he said, "are you ill?"

"No, only tired."

He looked at her anxiously, sighed, and turned away, saying: "I shall be in the next cell; call me if you are feeling ill."

Ynès, beside the body of her husband, looked up as he entered, but he silently placed himself at the foot of the couch, and she bent her head again without speaking.

So they sat, watching beside the dead until in the

gray of the morning a rifle cracked, and the barricade swarmed in an instant.

"They 're coming again," he said, "I must go back to the others. Would you care to have me send a priest?"

She shook her head.

"Then try to eat something. See, here is a bit of bread and a cup of wine which I saved from my dinner. You must try to eat."

"I cannot eat," she said.

"You must. No one knows how long we may be kept here, and there is no food left in the prison."

He placed the bread and wine on the stones beside her and turned away into the next cell, where Jeanne still lay.

"Have you slept?" he asked.

"Yes. The shot woke me. I lay very still, for I heard your voice in the next cell."

Philip sat down beside her and took her hand. It was burning. "You have a little fever," he said; "you must lie quite still. Here is your breakfast." He took a roll from his pocket and laid it on the bed.

"I am not hungry," she murmured, "but I am very thirsty."

He brought her a cup of red wine and water, and at his urging she swallowed some bits of bread soaked in it. Then he took off his jacket, rolled it up, and placed it under her head. "Do not leave the cell while they are firing," he said; "I will come back every hour and see you." He walked to the door, hesitated, and turned around.

She looked at him listlessly. Her eyes were very bright and feverish, and the color in her face burned scarlet. She lay there, her hands clasped to her throat, her uniform torn, and soiled with prison grime. Both her spurs had been snapped off short above the boot heels, the riding breeches were dusty and faded, and her clustering hair fell over her eyes, now wide open and shining like stars.

"Jeanne," he said, carelessly, "if anything happens so that you are left alone, do whatever Father Launay tells you. Trust him in everything."

"Yes," she said, "I will do——"

Crack! Bang! rang the rifles from the barricade, followed by a cry of warning: "Attention! Look out for that grenade! Down on your faces!" Philip sprang to the door of the cell.

"Go back! Look out for the grenade!" they cried to him from the barricade, and at the same moment he saw a round black ball come rolling toward him over the stone floor. He stared stupidly at the sputtering fuse, scarcely understanding, then, as he stepped back, there came a blinding flash of light, a stunning report, and a cry from the next cell. They heard that cry at the barricade, and a soldier came hurrying across the corridor just as Philip hastened into the cell.

"Oh!" said the soldier, "a woman!"

Philip stood looking down at the limp figure, flung half across the body of Wilton.

"Struck in the head—see there," said the soldier; "the grenade was full of bullets and scrap iron."

"It must have rolled almost into her cell,—I was

standing in the next cell,—I never thought she was in danger,” said Philip. Then he turned away and crossed to the barricade, where two of its defenders lay wounded from flying fragments. And as he entered, the bullets began whistling into the corridor from the arcade and outer walls, and the hoarse cry of the mob: “Turn the cannon on them! Death to the prisoners!” was taken up by a new contingent, which had just arrived with two cannon and a mortar from the Mairie du Prince Eugène.

“Cannon!” cried Philip, aghast.

“That settles it, we are done for!” said a gendarme, bitterly, and sat down with his face in his hands.

Philip looked fearfully around. Most of the soldiers stood with folded arms, doggedly awaiting their fate, and the priests were praying, some on their knees, quietly, some standing, stern and rigid, with eyes fixed, and drawn lips scarcely moving. Then he went to Jeanne, and found her, trembling and shivering, on the couch.

“My darling,” he whispered, “I am afraid that we must give up. Put your arms around my neck, so—are you ready to die with me, Jeanne?”

“Yes—with you.”

He drew his revolver, loaded it, and laid it at his feet. Then he kissed Jeanne on the mouth.

“When the rush comes—I have two bullets for us,—it is better.”

“It is better,” she repeated calmly.

“And if—if I am hit,” he said, “before I can fire,

—take the revolver,—hold it so—close to your temple;—it is better that way than to die in the rue Haxo!”

“Yes, Philip.”

A dreadful tumult arose outside,—shouts, yells, shot on shot, and the hiss and explosion of falling shells mingled with the crash of volley firing and the patter of a mitrailleuse. From the prison court came voices raised in frantic appeal, the click! clash! click! of bayonets, and then horrid screams. There was a rush and trample of feet on the stairs, a flash of steel.

“Are you ready, Jeanne?” said Philip—“kiss me—good-bye——”

“Good-bye,” she murmured.

He cocked his revolver, hesitated, and turned one furious glance toward the stairs. A figure was ascending from the court below, not hastily either, but silently and alone, and Philip saw with a start that he wore the uniform of the Line. Before he could realize what had happened, a wild shout broke from the barricade: “The Line! the Line!” and the prisoners rushed out from behind their defences and flung themselves down the stairs to the prison courtyard, where the drums of the marine infantry were rolling, and the bugles sang a joyous chorus.

“Thiers’ army is outside! Here come the marines!” cried the frantic prisoners.

“Here they come!” shouted their Colonel, Blas, bounding up the stairs, “and the mob are falling like leaves in Père Lachaise!”

A tall, young artillery captain who stood beside him turned and looked straight at Landes.

“Alain!” stammered Philip; “Jeanne, the army is here—do you understand, my darling?”

“Yes,” sighed Jeanne, and fainted away in his arms.

CHAPTER XXIX.

THE RETURN OF THE BLACKBIRD.

ONE sunny afternoon in September, Jack Ellice sat on the edge of the stone fountain in the studio garden and watched the two goldfish aimlessly drifting among the water weeds. Insects had been plenty that summer, and when Ellice thoughtfully captured a giddy gnat and dropped it on the water, the goldfish merely stared at him, and sank to the bottom in the insulting way they had.

Toodles, now grown into a beautiful silky setter, watched the proceeding with all the interest of his puppy days.

"Cynical, are n't they, Toodles," said Ellice, as the two fish turned their backs and coldly waved their tails.

Toodles cocked his ears and looked at Ellice.

"Not like you," said Jack, giving the dog a hug; "do you want to go in and swim?"

Philip had forbidden Toodles the use of the fountain for bathing purposes, fearing it might injure the goldfish. Ellice knew this, and Toodles knew it also. They looked at each other with perfect intelligence.

"Shall I go?" was the expression in Toodles' eyes.

"Go," nodded Ellice.

There was a flash, a splash, and Philip, looking up from the chess-table under the almond trees, cried: "Toodles! come out of that this minute!" Toodles emerged, dripping and cheerful.

"Oh, I know you put him up to it," said Philip, glancing across at Ellice; then turning to Alain de Carette, "Alain, it's your move, you know."

"I know," replied Alain, smiling at Ellice. Then he turned to the chess-board, saying: "I wonder, Philip, why you don't push Jack in when he does that."

"I will if he does it again,—here! get out, Toodles!—don't shake yourself over me! Really, Jack, you ought to find some other amusement for your declining years."

"You may play with my sword," suggested Alain, moving his King behind a white Bishop to avoid destruction; "it's bright and shiny, and rattles too."

"Just because you wear a braided dolman and red stripes on your legs——" began Ellice, when he was interrupted by a squall from Tcherka, who had marched up behind him, and now sat staring at him with enormous emerald eyes.

"She wants her milk," observed Philip, "for Heaven's sake get it, Jack, or she'll raise the roof,—hold up a second, Alain, did you mean that last move?"

"Of course," replied Alain, calmly.

"Then it's check—and mate in two moves."

"How?"

"Why, here,—check to your King,—that forces you to interpose. Now I double my Castles,—so, and you're mated in the next whatever you do."

“ But I move my Pawn into your King row—— ”

“ All right, mate ! ”

“ But you can't, for my new Queen holds your King in check ! ”

“ Heavens ! How could I have overlooked that ! ” mused Philip ; “ it 's the racket that Toodles and Jack make,—I can't think ! Just listen to that cat ! Stop teasing her, Jack, and give her the milk, or I 'll duck you ! ”

“ Let 's wait until Monsieur Ellice and his circus have finished the matinee, ” suggested Alain, leaning back in his chair and lighting a cigar.

“ All right, ” said Ellice, cheerfully, “ here comes the clown now. ”

Jacques Jean Marie Louis Joseph Bottier, unconscious of this announcement, entered the garden with a tray on which were balanced three slender glasses.

“ Bet he breaks one ! ” said Ellice in English.

“ Take you, ” replied Alain, in the same language —“ steady there, mon enfant, steady—oh, the devil ! ” as a glass fell on the gravel and shivered to splinters.

“ Get a dust-pan and a broom, ” said Philip, without any annoyance, “ and if I have another whole glass in the house, bring it in a basket. ”

Jacques Jean Marie Louis Joseph Bottier grinned. He was used to this duty, and considered the whole performance an exquisite piece of pleasantry.

“ Bien, Monsieur Landes, ” he said, and retired to be withered by Joseph's sarcasm.

“ Imbecile ! ” snorted Joseph, “ go and get that dust-pan ! Do you think Monsieur Landes owns a

glass factory? Give me the glass and the bitters and the coquetelle,—et puis file! espèce de cornichon!” Thus did Joseph exercise sovereignty over Bottier, and Bottier respected and feared him.

When the cocktails were brought, and a silver pitcher of mint juleps added as reserve, Ellice came and sat down to watch the game of chess, saying that the opera was over and he was ready to watch the circus. Alain clicked his spurred heels together and stared at the chess-board. Philip lighted a cigarette.

“How long is Alain’s leave?” asked Ellice.

“Thirty days with privilege of—here! don’t joggle the table, Jack!”

“I’m not. How the deuce did the General give him thirty days? He has n’t done anything.”

“No, nothing—except to get the Legion of Honor.”

“Pshaw!” said Alain; “you fellows deserve it more than I do——”

“I do,” said Ellice, amiably; “by the way, is it true that Rigault is dead?”

“Why, of course. Alain saw them finishing him, did n’t you, Alain?”

“Oh, yes, I saw it,” said Alain, pushing his white Bishop forward two squares.

“Was he shot?”

Alain leaned back in his chair and struck a match to relight his cigar.

“Yes. I was coming along by the Luxembourg, just opposite the rue Gay Lussac. A man was running with a mob in full chase, and I pitied the fellow

and—er—kept them off until they told me who he was.”

“And after?”

“Oh, I tried to persuade them to let the court-martial do the rest—but you know what a mob is! They tore him to bits and then shot what was left.”

“Did—did he die game?” enquired Ellice.

“Probably not,” said Philip, picking up his black Knight.

“On the contrary,” said Alain, “he died like a mad wolf, foaming and snapping and—ugh! I can hear his yell even yet!”

“What did he yell?” persisted Ellice, devoured by curiosity.

“Vive la Commune! You’ve heard it before, I imagine,” said Alain, with a faint smile. “Give me that pitcher of juleps, if you please, my son.”

“Here you are. Is it true that Weser escaped after all?”

“There seems to be no doubt of it,” interposed Philip. “He has been located in Hester Street, New York. They can’t extradite him either. Alain, I don’t see how I’m going to get out of this hole here. I stand to lose either my Knight or those two Pawns.”

“So it appears,” smiled Alain, quaffing his julep and looking at the board through the glass. “What time is it, Jack?”

Ellice opened his watch. “By Jove, it’s nearly three o’clock!” he exclaimed. “I’m going into the studio to see if things are in order.”

“My wife may be late,” said Alain, with a scarcely

perceptible smile, "she is going to call first on some friends of ours who have just arrived from Chartres."

"Chartres?" asked Philip, looking up from the board.

"Yes. By the way, how long since you heard from Mademoiselle de Brassac?"

"A month."

"Then you have not heard since she left for Switzerland?"

"No—yes, indirectly from her guardian——"

"My cousin, de St. Gildas?"

"Yes. He has not permitted her to write. He has his reasons, they 're good too. I suppose he will never approve of me."

"How do you know?" asked Alain.

"Oh, the whole affair has taken a turn for the worse. Now that Mademoiselle de Brassac has recovered from the shock of—of those days and has been for months among her own people, she will begin to look at things in a proper light. I suppose also she will try to forget."

"Forget what?"

Philip ostentatiously moved an important Pawn and looked at Alain.

"Forget what?" repeated de Carette.

"Oh, everything—all the horrors that she—and I went through."

Alain advanced his white Knight and captured the unfortunate Pawn. "You 're playing carelessly, Philip. Why should she wish to forget—you?"

Philip stared at the board.

“By the way,” continued Alain, “I suppose that the Abbé Lagarde has deposited the de Brassac diamonds in the Bank of France.”

“Yes, the Abbé wrote me. How fortunate that the poor Archbishop should have sent him on that mission to Versailles! They are criticising him now for not returning, and the Communistic journals charged him with breaking his parole, but the Archbishop wished him to remain and plead with Thiers and he was quite right to stay. Don't you think so?”

“Of course. He could do more good there than if he had returned to Mazas before his mission was ended. I am glad he thought to sew the diamonds into his soutane. Mademoiselle de Brassac is an heiress now.”

“Yes,” said Philip, trying to smile.

“And it's your move,” began Alain, when a ring at the lodge gate interrupted him. He rose quietly and smiled at Philip.

“It's your move,” he repeated—“on this game before us and in the game of life. Move boldly and fear nothing, mon ami, Philip. I think that is my wife,—here she is now.”

Philip hastened down the path and bent low over the slender gloved hand which Marguerite, Countess de Carette, graciously extended.

“Alain,” she said, laughing, “is n't it delightful, this studio garden? Did I not tell you? Thank you, I prefer to sit on this dear little fountain,—where, Monsieur de Carette, I have often sat before——”

"With Jack Ellice," said Alain; "I am very jealous and—hello! where has Philip gone?"

"You goose!" whispered Marguerite, "why don't you let them alone? Turn your back, as I do."

Jeanne de Brassac stood under the almond trees that she knew so well, and now Philip was beside her and was bending over her.

"I did not know," he stammered; "Madame de Carette did not tell me. I thought you were in Zurich——"

"How should you know?" she said, with a happy light in her eyes; "I did not know it myself until Madame de St. Gildas told me that we were going to Paris." Then looking around: "Oh, the dear old garden!—and the fountain and the almond trees! I met Joseph in the court and I shook both his hands very hard, and I also smiled at Jacques Jean Marie Louis Joseph Bottier,—and I wish to hug Tcherka and Toodles at once."

She walked swiftly over to the chess-table and sat down under the almond trees.

"Sit there, opposite," she said,—"and tell me everything. Oh, Monsieur Ellice!"

Jack came up radiant, and seemed disposed to stay, but Marguerite got him away, and between her and Alain he found no time to intrude on Philip and Jeanne.

"Alain has seen the studio?" she asked, with a charming smile.

"Oh, he's seen it," said Ellice, but Alain took his cue, and insisted on seeing it again.

“We are going to drink a cup of tea in the studio,” said Marguerite to Jeanne.

The sunlight fell across the gravel, gilding the pebbles and searching the depths of the brown water in the fountain. Tcherka was polishing her claws on the lilac trees, and Toodles, who had unearthed an ancient bone, dry and toothless as an Egyptian mummy, sprawled at full length on the gravel, gnawing and cracking it as if he were dying of starvation.

“Make him stop, Philip,” said Jeanne, unconsciously falling into the familiar tone of the past.

“Toodles!” cried Philip.

The dog thumped his silky tail on the gravel.

“He won’t—oh, let him have his bone,” laughed Jeanne, capriciously. “Is the blackbird here yet, Philip?”

“Yes. He’s out in the Luxembourg Gardens a good deal, but he always comes back. There is Monsieur Prudhomme too.”

“That toad! But—I am even glad to see him.” Monsieur Prudhomme hopped stolidly into the hole under the wall, and Toodles raced after him,—too late.

“He’s gone, Toodles,” said Philip, kicking the bone into a clump of grass. Then he went back to Jeanne. “I have not even asked you how you are,” he said, with a little return of his constraint.

“Why, I am well, of course. And you, Philip? Are you happy?”

“Well, thank you,—and happy.” She noticed the stiffness of his manner.

"Here is a chess-board," she said, "I did not know you played."

"I was playing with Captain de Carette," he said, looking vacantly at the pieces.

"But which were yours? Come, I will finish the game with you if you wish. Do you care to?"

"Yes," he smiled, "these are mine, the black. It is your move."

"Very well, check! to you, Monsieur."

"You play too rapidly; check! in turn to you, Mademoiselle!"

Jeanne leaned back in her chair, examining the board with grave attention. Once she bent to pick up a piece which had rolled to the edge of the board, and her white hand, resting so easily on the arm of the chair, brought back to Philip the picture of the past,—that Christmas, Victor, the blue-eyed child, standing so quietly in the firelight, her slender hand on her mother's arm.

"Check! to your Queen, Philip," said Jeanne. Then raising her eyes: "Why do you look at me so strangely?"

"Checkmate! Jeanne."

"Mated already! Oh, Philip!"

"Mated," he repeated. "Listen, Jeanne, I had no mercy."

She raised her eyes again, and looked at him long and silently.

"What does Monsieur de St. Gildas say?" asked Philip, meeting her gaze steadily.

She did not pretend to misunderstand him. "He says what I say," she replied. Then the soft color

spread over her neck and temple. Her lips trembled imperceptibly.

“And what do you say, Jeanne?”

She held both her arms out toward him.

“Philip, can you ask?”

* * * * *

There was a flash of wings in the branches of the almond tree, a flutter and rustle among the leaves, then the blackbird uttered a low, sweet note.

THE END.

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